













# THE INDIAN REVIEW

## CREAM of Current Literature

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information on it.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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MADRAS

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# The Indian Review.

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## THE EMPEROR AKBAR.

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SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, Count Nöer, a member of the Schleswig-Holstein family, came to India for the second time, and made the acquaintance of Professor Blochmann. Mr. Blochmann was then engaged on that splendid piece of scholarship, his edition of the *Ain-i-Akbar*, and he spoke much to his countryman of Akbar's greatness. The result was that the Count was so smitten with admiration for Akbar, that he resolved to write his biography. He worked at this with great assiduity, and was so happy as to see the first volume published. Then he died, and the remainder of the work is being brought out by his widow. The book is a good one, and written in a fine spirit, but even if it were less intrinsically valuable than it is, it would still be most interesting as a proof of the greatness of Akbar's personality.

It is surely no small tribute to Akbar that a German Prince, not himself a scholar, or having any private connections with India, should have felt inspired to devote so much time and labour to the description of his deeds. The book is being published at Leyden; it has been partially translated into French, and it is now being translated into English.

The Emperor Akbar, or to give him his full name, Abul Fath Jalaluddin Muhammad Akbar Padishah-i-Ghazi, was born at Amerkot, in Sindh, on 14th October 1542. He became Emperor

in the beginning of 1556, when he was only thirteen years of age and he died in 1605 after a reign of nearly fifty years. Thus his lot was cast in the great sixteenth century, and he was a contemporary of the Reformation and of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

Though he was the son of the Emperor Humayun, he cannot be said to have been born in the purple, for his father and mother were wanderers and fugitives at the time of his birth, and they had only two months previously encountered frightful distresses in crossing a desert. Humayun was in two successive years completely defeated by Shir Shah, first at Chausa in 1539, and again at Kanouj in 1540. After that he led a life of wandering and of exile for many years, and when at length a gleam of prosperity shone on him, he did not live to bask in it, for he rolled off the steps of his library, and was killed, only a few months after he had re-entered his capital.

It was in the midst of his wanderings, and on a sultry day in August, that he and his party approached the little desert fort of Amerkot. Many of the party had already died of hunger and thirst, and when he at last reached the fort he was accompanied by only seven horsemen. Hamida Banu, the mother of Akbar, was among the fugitives, and such was the relaxation of discipline, or the dearth of chivalry among Humayun's followers, that a Mogul officer, whose horse the Empress was riding, insisted on her dismounting, and returning the horse to him, though they were still twenty miles from Amerkot, and the lady was in a very delicate state of health. Humayun was probably riding in advance, and when he heard of what had happened, he dismounted and sent his own horse for the Empress. After this he had to walk for some way, until another Mogul surrendered his horse to him.

Jouher the Aftabchi, or valet of Humayun, who tells us the above story has another tale about the Emperor, which does not do him so much credit. After mentioning that they began one march at noon and travelled for seven and twenty hours before finding water, and that many of the party died on the road, he says, "when about four hours of the day remained, we came to a few trees where, by the grace of God, we found a well, a rivulet, and a pond of water; here His Majesty alighted, and having prostrated himself on the ground, returned thanks to the Almighty for his beneficence. He then ordered all the water-bags to be filled, to be loaded on his own horses, and to be sent back to the people who had fallen in the rear, to assist them in joining the party. It so happened that a Mogul

merchant, to whom the Emperor was much indebted, was one of the persons who from fatigue and thirst had fallen down on the road, and his son was standing by him; as the Emperor had also rode back part of the way, he came to where the Mogul was lying, and deeming it a favourable opportunity to cancel his debt, proposed to the unfortunate sufferer that he should have as much water as he could drink, provided he would relinquish his demand. The poor man said, a cup of water is in my present situation more valuable than the wealth of the whole world, and I consent. Three of the attendants having witnessed the agreement, Humayun ordered them to give him as much water as he wished; the Mogul being satiated, proceeded and joined the camp!"

There is certainly something very cold-blooded, and what Matthew Arnold would call the procedure of a legal Philistine in the arrangement that the surrender of the debt should be attested by three witnesses, but I am inclined to hope that the thing was after all a pleasantry, and that Humayun did not really mean to wash out his debt by the gift of a cup of water. Humayun was all his life a light-hearted man and fond of fun and jokes, and this story may be of a piece with his adventure with a *bhisti* after the battle of Chausa. On that disastrous day he was swimming his horse across the Ganges, but the animal sank, and Humayun would have been drowned if a *bhisti* had not lent him his *masak*. The Emperor crossed in this way, and when he got to the other bank he asked the *bhisti* what his name was. Hearing that it was Nizam, he said that he would make him as famous as the Delhi saint Nizamaḍdin Auliya, and that the *bhisti* would sit on his throne. In due time the *bhisti* appeared at Agra and paid his respects, and Humayun mindful of his promise seated him on his throne for two hours, and desired him to ask for whatever he wished. Tradition adds that the *bhisti* made good use of his time and bestowed upon himself and his friends a number of well-paid appointments.

Of Akbar's mother, Hamida Barū, we know little, except that she was virtuous and beautiful. By Mahomedan historians she is generally known by the name of Miriam Makani, which seems to mean that she was of the household of the Virgin Mary, or that she was a second Virgin Mary. The epithet probably chiefly refers to her virtues, but there may be an allusion to the resemblance between the journey to Bethlehem and that across the desert of Sindh. She was a native of Khorassan, and was the daughter of Prince Hindal's tutor, so that we may hope that she inherited a love of letters; she was but a girl of fourteen when Humayun saw her at

an entertainment and was smitten by her beauty. While he was staying at the town of Pat near the Indus, his step-mother, Dildar Begam, who was one of Babar's widows, and was the mother of Prince Hindal, gave a grand entertainment, and, as was the custom among the Moguls, all the ladies of the Court were present at it. Hamida Banu was among them, and when Humayun saw her, he was charmed with her, and asked if she was betrothed. He was told that she had been asked, but that the ceremony of betrothal had not taken place. Then, said Humayun, I will marry her. His half-brother Hindal was very angry at this. He was some eleven years younger than Humayun, and it is very likely that he wanted to marry the young beauty himself, for he said, I thought you had come here to do me honour, and not to look out for a young bride; if you do this thing, I will leave you. This offended Humayun, who left the party, and retired to his boat, but Dildar Begam was more polite, or more politic than her son, for she went after Humayun, brought him back to her house, and next day gave a nuptial banquet, after which, says Jouher, she delivered the young lady to His Majesty, and gave them her blessing. I think that this is an interesting anecdote, especially as it shows how a Mahomedan lady maintained her dignity, and asserted herself as mistress of the house. It was her house, and the entertainment was given by her, and so, in spite of the sulkiness of her son Hindal, she brought back the insulted guest and gave him his bride.

Humayun was a light-hearted, volatile Prince, of an amiable temper, and fond of pleasure, though he was capable upon occasion of great exertion, and he had besides the Ulysses-like faculty of springing up again whenever he seemed most depressed. He liked to follow his impulses—a tendency which generally causes great misery to one's self and others, but which sometimes results in one's drawing the premier prize in the lottery of life. Such was the case with Humayun when he fell in love at first sight with Hamida Banu, and resolved upon marrying her, for the result was the birth of Akbar, and the deathless fame to Humayun of being the father of such a son. From his father, and still more from his grandfather Babar, Akbar inherited a knightly spirit, a joyous disposition, and a love of literature. It is a notion not uncommon among the Western nations that all Orientals are grave and solemn. Thus the gravity and reserve of the Turk are almost proverbial, and yet the original Turk was far from being sedate and solemn. The great Mogul of latter days may have been a pompous potentate, too magnificent to indulge in mirth, but certainly the first descendants of Timur had

### ~~The Emperor Akbar.~~

nothing stiff or brocaded about them. Babar was a bright, jovial man, a brave and active soldier, and a most pleasant comrade. The fact is that both he and his son Humayun were open-air men, who rejoiced in the use of their muscles, and were not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," or given to reflection and introspection. Their descendant Akbar was more addicted to metaphysics, especially in his later and sadder years, but he too had always much that was boyish about him. It was fun and a love of sport, quite as much as a desire for self-improvement, which made him delight in those Thursday conferences at Fatihpur Sikri, where the professors of all religions disputed before him about the merits of their creeds.

In his heart he was not much inclined to religion of any kind, and the Catholic priests from Goa at length found out that he was only amusing himself with them. He was not disinclined to be the prophet of a new religion, but he was certainly not disposed to leave all and follow this side of himself. Whatever happened he was determined to remain Emperor of Hindustan, feeling no doubt that there was his real work, and that his business was, like that of the Romans as described by Virgil, to rule the peoples of the earth and to put down the proud. I suppose that the fact is that it is not the Oriental *qua* Oriental who is grave and solemn, but that it is the inhabitants of Deltas and other flat countries who are so. It would seem as if humanity increases in seriousness, and consequently in sadness as it advances along the course of rivers. Thus the Bengali is a far sadder and more meditative being than his lighter-hearted brother the Bihari, though the latter, it seems to me, is far the poorer of the two. Similarly it is the Dutchman among his slow moving canals, and the muddy debouchments of the Rhine, who is most noted among European nations for his gravity and talent for silence. The early Aryans and Turks and Afghans and other Northern invaders of India were joyous and light-hearted, and rushed along like an Indian river before it enters the plains, but just as such a river becomes slow and stately when once it has set down to its work of building up land and of transporting merchandise so have the immigrants into India become sedate and tranquil, when they have once taken possession of the fertile plains of Bengal.

The first thirteen years of Akbar's life were spent amidst danger and hardships. When he was yet an infant he was captured by his uncle Kamran, and it is said that he was exposed on the battlements of Kabul in order to prevent his father from firing

on the city. It is probable, however, that Kamran only threatened to do this, and that the story of the actual exposure and also of the devotion of his nurse Maham Anaga in throwing herself in front of him are embroideries of romancing annalists.

In 1555 he was present with his father at the battle of Machiwara, and in the following year he, or rather his general Bairam Khan, defeated the famous Himu.

The Afghans had established themselves in India long before the descendants of Timur entered that country. The Afghans came in with Bakhtiar Khilji and other chiefs in the beginning of the thirteenth century. They overthrew the Hindu dynasty of Laksman Sein, and soon spread themselves over India. One Afghan family established itself in Bengal, and had its capital at Gour from the middle of the fourteenth century. Another Afghan house, that of Lodi, whose name perhaps we find still preserved at Patna where a quarter of the town goes by the name of Lodi Kattrra, established itself on the throne of Delhi. It was with this rival house rather than with the Hindus that Babar had to contend when he set himself to regain, as he considered, the territories which had been conquered by his ancestor Tamerlane. When a country is conquered, it is generally partly accomplished by treachery from within, and so we find that Babar was assisted in his invasion by the Rajput Prince Rana Sanka. This prince, hero though he was, seems to have been foolish enough to think that it was good policy to play off one foreign invader against another, and so he called in Babar to help him in putting down Ibrahim. As usual the Prince was overpowered by his auxiliary, and when he awoke to his danger it was too late. Babar vanquished Rana Sanka on the field of Fathpur Sikri, and from this time the Mahomedans were safe from any attempt of the Hindus to shake them off. Though the Afghans were so long settled in India, it does not appear that they produced any eminently great man till the time of Farid Khan, better known by his subsequent name of Shir Shah. He twice defeated Humayun, and reigned over India until he was destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder at the siege of Kalinjer. His descendants were not his equals in ability, and fell before the arms of the Moguls. The Afghans clung tenaciously, however, to India, and fought stubbornly in Bengal and Orissa long after they had lost Upper India. To this day there are many families in Bengal and Orissa which are of Afghan origin. It is interesting to reflect upon the old supremacy of the Afghans, and on their present insignificance. Like the Mahrattas, they shot up into great splendour for a time, and then passed away.

So true is it, as the Eastern proverb expresses it, that nothing can stand the slow grinding of these two millstones of God, the earth beneath, and the sky above. One would like to know if any thoughts of their ancient splendour now trouble the minds of the Afghans, and if they ever sigh for India, and for Bengal, that paradise of countries, as the Mahomedans called it, in the way in which the Moors and the house of the Abencerrages sighed for the goodly land of Spain. The Amir is our good ally, and long may he remain so, but do these wandering Cabulis who come among us in the cold weather, bringing their nuts and their fruits, carry back no tales of the splendour of India, and do not the Afghans feel that it would be more pleasant to swoop down on the plains of India as of old, rather than to remain cooped up among their rocks and run the risk of being crushed between the two meeting trains of Russia and England? It is interesting to discover that the Afghans, like all other conquerors of India, found it necessary to employ the Hindus in administration work, and that at least one Hindu rose to great eminence under them. I refer to the famous Himu, who drove Tardi Beg out of Dehli, thereby reconquering it for his master, and who disputed with Akbar on the plain of Panipat for the sovereignty of India. Oriental historians are prone to exaggeration, and they show this tendency in unduly depressing as well as in unduly exalting the subjects of their descriptions. Thus because Himu was a Hindu, the Mahomedan historians are determined that he should be the lowest of the low. They tell us that he was a petty Bakkal, or shopkeeper, and Abu Fazl with greater particularity says that he was neither distinguished for his descent nor for his personal appearance, and he supposes that he was appointed by Providence to rule the Afghans in order that the latter might be punished for their sins. He was, he says, a Dhosar by caste, and he used to sell salt in the lanes of the town of Rewari in the country of Mewat. I do not believe this story, for we find that not only was Himu talented and high spirited, but also that his father was no mean man, and one who knew how to die. Poor Himu was killed at the battle of Panipat. An arrow, from the quiver of the wrath of God, as Abu Fazl expresses it, pierced Himu's eye, and the wound, says Abu Fazl, pierced through and through, and came out at the neck so that the smoke of his pride passed out thereby. He was led bound before Akbar, but when he was questioned, he disdained to make any reply. Bairam Khan urged Akbar to put him to death, and thereby acquire the fame and merit of killing an infidel, but Akbar refused,



saying that there was no merit in slaying a captured enemy. Bairam Khan, it is said, then put him to death with his own hand, and Abu Fazl expresses his regret that Akbar did not preserve Himu, and take him into his service. Some time after this, Pir Mahomed, the Nazir Al Mulk, was sent into Mewat to conquer it for Akbar. He defeated his opponents, and captured Himu's father who was a very old man. When he was brought before Pir Mahomed, the latter told him to become a Mahomedan. The old man replied, for eighty years I am worshipping God in my own fashion; at such a time why should I abandon my religion, and why merely for fear of my life should I adopt your religion, when I do not understand it? To this Pir Mahomed only answered, by the tongue of the sword, as Abu Fazl expresses it. It is satisfactory to learn that Pir Mahomed was afterwards drowned in the Nerbudda when he was flying from the enemy, and that even a bigoted Sunni like Badaoni exults over the fact, and says that Pir Mahomed was drowned by the tears of those whom he had made widows and orphans, and that he went into hell-fire by the way of water.

Akbar's first great military achievement was the conquest of Chitore in 1568. I suppose it was inevitable that the Moguls and the Rajputs should come to blows, and probably it was best for humanity that Akbar prevailed. The Rajputs were deserted by their king, though he was the son of the heroic Rana Sanka, but they fought bravely, and it was many months before the fortress could be taken. It was, however, the contest of one city against the whole empire, and so like the sieges of Syracuse and Numantia in ancient times, and that of Paris in modern times, it ended in the success of the besiegers.

The siege is remarkable for the skill in engineering shown by the besiegers, and for the fact that Akbar is said to have decided the fate of the place by shooting, with his gun called Sangram, Tai Mal the great defender of the city.

The Rajputs were not, however, entirely subdued, some of them escaped to the hills, and the war was resumed by Pratap, the son of Udai. He fought with distinguished valour against Akbar and Jahangir, and succeeded in regaining much of his ancestral dominions. His exploits have been celebrated by a distinguished Bengali novelist, Babu Bankim Chunder Chatterjee, and they deserve to be so recorded.

It may be doubted, however, if his heroism was really beneficial to himself or his country. The wise and gentle Bishop Heber remarks with truth that "it has been the misfortune of the Udaipur family

to have been the oldest and purest in India; to be descended in a right line from the sun without any debasing mixture, having resisted all attempts of the Emperor of Delhi to effect an intermarriage of the houses, and reckoning, I believe, in their pedigree, one or two avatars of the deity. In consequence they have been generally half mad with pride, perpetually marrying among themselves, fond of show and magnificence beyond their means, or the usual custom of Hindu sovereigns, and very remarkably deficient in knowledge and intelligence." It may seem a hard saying, but I think it is a true one, that conquest is often beneficial to a people. We all know the apologue of the wolf and the dog; how the wolf saw the dog sleek and comfortable, and was half inclined to follow his example and become the servant and friend of man, when the sight of the mark of the collar drove him away and resolved him to endure hunger with freedom. The story is told to the advantage of the wolf, and our sympathies are naturally with him, but for all that, we know that the wolf is still the wolf—a cruel and cowardly savage, and that the dog is rising higher and higher in the scale of existence with each century. The Roman eagles never flew in Ireland, and the northern part of Scotland boasts that it never was subdued. Candour, however, obliges us to acknowledge the justice of Gibbon's observation that the native Caledonians were indebted for their wild independence to their poverty as well as to their valour. The masters of the fairest and most wealthy climates of the globe, says the historian, turned with contempt from gloomy hills assailed by the winter tempest, from lakes concealed by a blue mist, and from cold and lonely heaths, over which the deer of the forest were chased by a troop of naked barbarians. If Ireland had been invaded by the Romans, we should have had many interesting historical details which we now want. Bishop Thirlwall, after dwelling on the sanguinary quarrels between the factions in Greek cities, asks with truth if, in spite of all this, one would not rather be an inhabitant of a Greek city than of the apparently tranquil and motionless Persia? In a similar spirit we may ask if even the most perfervid Indian nationalist would not rather be a native of British India than of China, or of the inviolate country of Nepal.

Akbar waged many other wars, and among other things he was the first to bring Bengal into subjection. It is not my purpose, however, to inflict on my readers an account of his wars. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, as Milton sings, and they are more interesting to us. Akbar's permanent fame rests on his internal administration, and as it is well known he greatly employed

the Hindus. Todar Mal was his minister of finance, and Man Singh and Bir Bal were among his generals. Hindu writers are justly proud of this circumstance, but I think that they sometimes forget that Akbar was able to do this, because the Hindus met him half way. I lately read a review of a work by some ardent Bengali, in which he denounced in very strong language the custom of adopting English dress, etc., and implied that no such compliances were required by Akbar from his Hindu ministers. He forgot to tell his readers that the Hindus of those days gave way in more essential points, that they intermarried with Mahomedans, and that Man Singh gave his sister in marriage to Akbar, and that Bir Bal gave his daughter. The idea of hermits and sages mingling in the world, and yet preserving all the views which they had in retirement, is a figment of poets and young novelists. Compromise is of the essence of practical life, and no one can act with others without conceding something to them. The great Shitab Rai in the last century was half a Mahomedan, and there can be no doubt that Man Singh and Bir Bal were the same. Bir Bal, indeed, was an adept of the divine faith invented by or for Akbar.

It was to the influence of Akbar's Hindu wives that the pharisaical among the Mahomedans ascribed many of his deviations from the true faith, and in their bitterness they probably compared him to Solomon, and would have been ready to speak of him in the language of Milton as "that uxorious king, whose heart, though large, beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell to idols foul."

Mr. Blochmann in his invaluable notes to the *Ain-i-Akbar* gives Badaoni's summary of the reasons which led Akbar to renounce Islam, and among them is mentioned the fact that Akbar had from his youth been accustomed to celebrate the homa worship from his affection towards the Hindu princesses of his harem. Badaoni's (his full name is Abdul Qader Badaoni) account of Akbar is very curious. He is the sort of *advocatus diaboli* in the matter of Akbar's fame, and gives us the other side of the shield from that shown by Abu Fazl. I think, however, that many people will admit that the side of the shield shown by Badaoni is really fairer than that exhibited by Abu Fazl. If Abu Fazl has shown us the silver side, Badaoni has shown us the golden one. Badaoni considered himself, and wished others to consider him as a very orthodox Mahomedan of the Sunni sect. His religion, however, could not prevent at least one ugly outbreak of the original Adam, nor did it prevent him from compromising his principles by friendship with Faizi, the brother of Abu Fazl, or from consenting to translate Hindu

books. Perhaps the most characteristic exhibition of his character is his account of the battle of Goganda. He tells us that, as there were Rajputs engaged on both sides, he asked his commander how he should distinguish between the friendly and the hostile Rajputs. Oh, said Asaf Khan, let them be shot on one side or the other, and the end be as it may. On which Badaoni, with evident commendation of this view, quotes a verse to the effect that, whatever party was killed, Islam was benefited. The principal reason given by Badaoni for Akbar's perversions, as he considered them, was the large number of learned men of all denominations and sects that came from various countries to Court, and received personal interviews "Night and day, he says, people did nothing, but inquire and investigate; profound points of science, the subtleties of revelation, the curiosities of history, the wonders of nature, of which large volumes could only give a summary abstract, were ever spoken of. His Majesty collected the opinions of every one, especially of such as were not Mahomedans, retaining whatever he approved of, and rejecting everything which was against his disposition, and ran counter to his wishes. From his earliest childhood to his manhood, and from his manhood to old age, His Majesty has passed through the most various phases, and through all sorts of religious practices and sectarian beliefs; and has collected everything which people can find in books, with a talent of selection peculiar to him, and a spirit of inquiry opposed to every principle."

The result of all this, says Badaoni, was that His Majesty arrived at the conviction that there were sensible men in all religions, and that there was no reason why truth should be confined to one religion, or to a creed like the Islam, which was comparatively new, and scarcely a thousand years old. One of the dreadful heresies which Akbar embraced was that of the ultimate salvation of Pharoah, King of Egypt.

Among other teachers Akbar had two Brahmans named Purushotham and Debi, and the latter used to be drawn up in a *charpai* till he was abreast of the scraglio, and from this elevated position used to discourse of religion. Akbar's noble attempt, however, at improving religion did not escape the evil caused by his position. He was not tolerant, and was cruel and bigoted to those who did not adopt his views. There was also no adequate preparation made, and the time was not ripe, and so the divine faith, as it was called, collapsed as soon as he died. Aurangzeb, though far inferior to Akbar, had the advantage of swimming with the tide, and so his policy had far greater effect than that of Akbar.

Akbar's mind was restlessly active. His intellect was ever on the move, and as he only slept about three hours, he was able to get through a vast amount of work. He interfered in everything, and regulated all matters from the management of the finances to that of the stables. Among other things he took up the question of chronology, and invented a new era. Like Cæsar, he was ambitious of improving the calendar, but the result was not so fortunate. The only result of his interference was to give poor distracted India one era more. And here I cannot help expressing my regret that when our Government thought itself under the necessity of introducing a new period for the submission of accounts, in order I believe to suit the meetings of Parliament, it did not, instead of inventing the new era from 1st April to 31st March, content itself with adopting the Bengali year. It differs by only a few days from the financial year, and how simple it would have been to declare that all accounts would be prepared according to the era already in use among the people! Akbar was more fortunate in some of his other changes. He abolished the *Jezia*, or capitation tax, he forbade the burning of widows against their will; (it is an error to suppose that he actually put down *satti* altogether). He even abolished the pilgrim-tax, one which was revived in our own day, his words being that, though the tax fell on a vain superstition, yet as all modes of worship were designed for one Great Being, it was wrong to throw an obstacle in the way of the devout, and to cut them off from their mode of intercourse with their Maker. He also prohibited the making slaves of persons taken in war. These were great deeds, and when we are told of them we are inclined to wish for a return to personal government. Yet when we look again we see that such a wish would be wrong, and that Akbar's government was not free from the evils inseparable from despotism. All Akbar's abilities could not prevent him from being the dupe of flatterers, and from doing many wrong things. We may feel inclined to sympathise with his burst of indignation at the murder of his foster-father, at his striking Adam Khan to the ground with a blow of his fist, and his commanding him to be flung over the parapet. But sober reason compels us to say that it would have been better if he had controlled his indignation, and listened to what Adam Khan had to say. A trial would have brought the whole truth to light, and might have saved the dreadful shock to Adam Khan's mother which led to her death within forty days. So too when he flung his mother's brother into the Jumna for assassinating his wife, it would have been better if he had had him regularly tried. No doubt there was always a good deal of the

with Tartar blood about Akbar, and the inclination to act on his impulses sometimes hurried him into crime. We may approve of the execution of Adam Khan, but what shall we say to his throwing over the palace walls an unfortunate farosh, whose only fault was that he had gone to sleep in the royal chamber? To all personal government, too, there is the fatal termination; death in the end. The strong man dies, or worse still sometimes, he grows old and feeble and sinks into the sad condition of Edward the Third in his latter days, or he has a son who almost destroys all the benefit of his rule. Marcus Aurelius was succeeded by Commodus who wrought so much cruelty that it may almost be a question whether Aurelius' life was not as injurious to Rome as it was beneficial; and Akbar was followed by Jehangir. Let us then not sigh for these old days of personal government, and wish for a return of Akbar, but at the same time let us do homage to the greatest man who ever sat on an Eastern throne.

The marvellous thing about Akbar is that he was able to do so much with so little training. He reminds us of those Indian jugglers and workmen who produce such great effects with so very little machinery. It appears to be a fact that Akbar had not even the education of a charity school boy. He apparently could not read or write, and his son Jehangir calls him an *umi admi*.

But if so, the career of the two men indicates the difference between knowledge and wisdom. Jehangir was much more instructed than his father, but his knowledge had little influence on his conduct, for he was a drunkard and a debauchee. He murdered Abu Fazl because he thought he influenced his father against him, and he murdered Sher Afghan because he coveted his wife.

The drawing of historical parallels is a fascinating exercise, and I think it is especially interesting when it helps us to make a rapprochement between the Oriental and the Western. The ordinary natives of India are so different from us that for a while we feel inclined to regard them as beings of another planet. Their habits and customs are so remote from ours, their modes of life so simple and monotonous, that we feel that they must be of other clay from ourselves, as otherwise they could not go on as they do. At best the Indian peasantry strike us as a nation of hermits whose abstemiousness, and regularity of life we can admire without being able to imitate. They are, as Burke called them, creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days falls short of the allowance of our austere fasts, or as Mr. Abernethy puts it, they are priests in that mysterious temple of the

dawn in which we of noisy mess-rooms, heated courts, and dusty offices are infrequent worshippers. It is only, or at least chiefly, when we come among the Emperors and the Nawabs of the East that we recognise that human nature is the same both in the East and the West. The fact is, I suppose, that it is only the upper classes in India who have by dint of wealth attained to something of the comfort and luxury which are general in Europe.

The two great lines of Emperors that the world has seen are those of the Emperors of Rome and of the Emperors of Hindustan, and it is very natural that we should endeavour to trace resemblances between them. On this point it may be said that the Emperors of Hindustan have neither risen so high or fallen so low as the Emperors of Rome. Among the Emperors of Hindustan we have neither a Cæsar or a Marcus Aurelis, nor a Commodus, or a Heliogabalus. This may be partly due to the fact that the line of Emperors of Hindustan is much shorter than that of the Roman Emperors. The line of Roman Emperors from the time of Augustus to that of Valentinian, when the empire was divided, extended over upwards of three and a half centuries, while the empire of Hindustan did not endure with any vigour for half this period. The period from Akbar's accession to the death of Aurangzeb is barely one hundred and fifty years. Something, however, must be ascribed to the higher development of the Roman race, and to the superior education which was at the command of the Roman Emperors. Cæsar, Marcus Aurelius, Julian the Apostate, were learned in all the learning of their time, whereas nearly all the great names of Indian history are those of self-taught men. Still more, I think, must be ascribed to the fact that the succession in the Roman Empire was not confined to one family. The principle of adoption was in vogue, and the Empire was also to some extent elective. If the principle of choosing outside one's own family had not been followed on two memorable occasions, the Roman line would have been shorn of its brightest ornaments. If Nerva had not adopted Trajan, Rome would have lost the great Emperor who recalled the days of Cæsar, and whose virtues excited the enthusiasm of Pope Gregory, and of Dante. And if Hadrian had not chosen Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, we should have lost perhaps the two best Emperors who ever reigned. I think that nowhere in history was there ever such another beneficent act as this of Hadrian. The result was to give the world 42 years of unbroken good government. It is a splendid instance of what Burke called the ambition of an insatiable benevolence, which not contented with reigning in the dispensation

of happiness during the contracted term of human life, had strained with all the reachings and graspings of a vivacious mind, to extend the dominion of its bounty beyond the limits of nature, and to perpetuate itself through generations of generations the guardian, the protector, the nourisher of mankind. On the other hand, I think that the fact that Hindustan did not produce a Commodus, or a Heliogabalus, may be partly ascribed to the improvement which had taken place in the world, and especially to the introduction of purer religions. One thing which Christianity and its off-shoot, Mahomedanism, did for the world, was to make it impossible that there could be any more apotheoses of Emperors. These religions drew the distinction between the Creator and the created with far too great distinctness for this to occur.

In Aurangzeb the crafty and dissembling prince we recognise the features of Tiberius and perhaps also of Augustus. The *nimizi* as he was called, was the man who by his power of waiting and his perseverance was able to carry the day against his more impetuous rival. In Jchångir we see resemblances to the Emperor Claudius to whom also our first James had affinity.

For a parallel to Akbar we must look to the great founder of the Roman empire—Julius Cæsar, or, as it seems to me, to Julian the Apostate as described by Gibbon. The resemblance between these two men is indeed somewhat startling. In both we find the same warlike spirit, the same love of literature and the same proneness for discussion. It is known that Akbar used to hold discussions at Fatihpur Sikri on Thursday and Friday evenings, where the professors of the different faiths disputed before him. Similarly we read in Gibbon that Julian invited to the palace the leaders of the hostile sects, that he might enjoy the agreeable spectacle of their furious encounters. And just as Akbar found that the disputants waxed noisy and would not allow each other to speak, or be heard, and would not even be silent at the Emperor's command, so we find that Julian in vain endeavoured to silence the controversialists, though he appealed to his successes in war. Hear me, he cried; the Franks have heard me, and the Alemanni, but, says Gibbon, he soon discovered that he was now engaged with more obstinate and implacable enemies. There was also this curious point of resemblance between them that both were zealous sun-worshippers. It is clear that both had an ample vein of superstition, and that both were somewhat intolerant in enforcing their views. I think, however, that it must be admitted that, though Julian was much the better educated man of the two, he was far more of a prig than Akbar, and possessed



of far less common sense. Possibly some of this was due to Julian's being a much younger man. Akbar never committed the absurdity of Julian of trying to rejuvenate a worn-out faith. His divine faith failed because the time was not ripe for it, but it is much more venial to put on the clock of time than to wrench the hands backwards as Julian did. He vainly strove against the stream, while Akbar only tried to go faster than the current was able to carry him. If we look among modern kings it seems to me that the nearest parallel is Henry Fourth of France, who was his contemporary, and who, like him, spent a youth of danger and hardship. Both of them aspired to be the fathers of their people, and as Henry said, that he wished that he might live to see a fowl in the pot of every peasant of his kingdom—a sentiment of homely benevolence which, as Burke says, is worth all the splendid sayings that are recorded of kings—so it seems to have been Akbar's wish that every ryot in India should have a sufficiency of rice. I have no doubt too that Akbar would have been lax enough to approve of Henry's remark about changing his religion, that Paris was well worth saying a mass for. In his own country I do not find any one who can be compared to Akbar. He is the first and the last really great Indian ruler, for Babar cannot be called an Indian ruler and there was no one of Akbar's successors who even approached to his standard.

Perhaps the Indian prince who most nearly approached him in ability and character is one who acted in a much smaller theatre. I refer to Aliverdi Khan, the grandfather of Sirajadaula and the last but one of the native rulers of Bengal. Aliverdi was a prince of great ability and judgment, and was a distinguished soldier. It is a great pity that we have not an adequate record of his actions. Akbar, however, is the one Indian prince in whom all India takes pride. The Mahomedans can be proud of him, because he was born of their race and their religion, and because he received much of his teaching from Mahomedans, and the Hindus can be proud of him, because he adopted so many of their views and employed so many of their notions.

And the whole world can take pride in one who was such a magnificent type of a ruler ; of one who was so strong in action and yet full of the sweetness and light which come of meditation and thought ; of one who could see the greatness of Alexander and of Diogenes, and was strong enough and various enough to play the parts of both.

H. BEVERIDGE.

## GLAUKOS.

## ARGUMENT.

(Glaukos, a fisherman of Boetia, seeing that some fishes he had caught were, on biting a certain herb growing by the shore, enabled to leap back into the sea and escape, was impelled by curiosity to taste it likewise, with the result that he plunged into the sea, but not to die, for he was granted immortality and became a sea god, a strong helper of mariners.)

Glaukos, the fisherman, came from the sea with the fish of  
 his capture,  
 Homewards he hied through the cliffs o'er a carpet of sweet  
 smelling grass,  
 Pausing he turned to gaze, then laid him down in a rapture  
 Full of the loveliness of the scene, at the mouth of the pass.  
 Then what a marvel he saw! The fishes, that near him were  
 lying  
 Seemingly dead, at the touch of that grass, seemed to stir  
 and revive;  
 Opening their mouths they snapt at its blades, and next  
 moment were flying  
 Down to the sea which they reached to swim off once more  
 blithely alive.  
 Glaukos beheld and he marvelled, and thought "I will see  
 how it fareth  
 Also with me if I taste of this wonderful herb that can  
 save."  
 Tasting, strange thoughts arose in his mind as of one that  
 despaireth.  
 Hating the life in this world, and longing to plunge 'neath  
 the wave,  
 Mused he: "Here under the shadow I lie of this hill that  
 looks seaward,

- " Dark and steep are the cliffs, below me a narrow strand  
 " Bound with a thin white line of foam, and further to leeward  
 " The sea is languidly rising made dark by the shade of the land,  
 " Far as to where the sweet breeze that comes o'er the hill's crest with the sunbeams,  
 " Hastens to play in its joy with them out on the face of the sea,  
 " A countless laughter of waves is glancing there, and each one beams  
 " Like a miniature sun speeding its sparkle to me.  
 " I am sick in my heart even here on the odorous grasses,  
 " Where the wild thyme flowers peep purple specks in the green.  
 " It is a fair soft spot for my couch, enclosed in the masses  
 " Of darkest rock, that upreared, encircle me round as a screen.  
 " Save where below me in front to the sea an opening is given ;  
 " Surely, if anywhere, here should man's heart in its joy once expand.  
 " Silence, or almost silence, reigns ; the warm air is not riven  
 " By any sound save the quiet plash of the sea on the strand,  
 " Like a sublime old air to divinest words that are uttered  
 " Only in such a spot as this by the heart to the mind,  
 " Like an eloquent song that tells of thoughts that have fluttered  
 " Through the brain of many a one yet never expression may find,  
 " Thoughts of stories of old, of legends now almost forgotten,  
 " Mingled with those that spring from baffled emotions within,  
 " From hatred that springs from friendship betrayed and sorrow begotten,  
 " Of pleasure, and what one had hoped to be virtue, turned into sin.  
 " Life, I am weary of life ; what it is I know not—a vision,

- "A dream that was fair but only to fade and the end thereof  
shame,
- "That marshals before us sweet shapes, such as brighten the  
valleys Elysian,
- "But waxing as we approach them distorted, eyeless, and  
tame,
- "A dream, a laugh or a sigh—The sun is hung in the  
heaven,
- "The air is bright with his beams, the grass is green on the  
earth,
- "The sea like a burning sapphire quivers and sparkles, a  
leaven
- "Of fire runs wild in its veins, a barren, beautiful birth.
- "A dream, a laugh, or a sigh, a day as of spring without  
summer ;
- "Yea, life is only an April day of sunshine and rain ;
- "Grey clouds wax dark o'er the end, the pulse grows feebler  
and number
- "The nerves but lately alive to keenest pleasure and pain.
- "From the utmost ways of the world our parts were gathered  
together,
- "Their union begat in us life, and soul with the body grew—
- "Grew as the scent with the rose that is nursed in the soft  
spring weather.
- "Kist of the sun by day, through the warm nights fed by  
the dew,
- "Nurtured only to fade, the rose I admired in the morning,
- "O'er which I stooped, from her lips inhaling the fragrant  
breath.
- "The evening has come and still she is there, but no longer  
adorning
- "The garden ; scentless and withered her leaves lie scattered  
in death.
- "Dies the soul then with the body as dies with the roses  
their sweetness ?
- "We know not ; we may not know till death himself shall  
reveal—

"Death, the assuager of sorrows, a runner of marvellous fleetness.

"Silent, stealthy of tread, as the feet of the pard are that steal.

"Death destroys the frame and life the parts reuniteth

"In other frames, to dissolve and be scattered as what were before.

"Alternate conquerors life that disquiets and death that affrighteth

"Waging an endless war through the sea, the air and the shore.

"There is nothing that increaseth, but at the expense of another,

"And we that live to live for a while must absorb and destroy

"To be absorbed after death ; but to-day we live, shall we smother

"Thoughts like this ? Shall we take while we may our little of joy ?

"Nay, I sicken of life's dull toil ! How sweet it were under the billow

"Where the keen light of day grows soft through the green of the sea,

"Stretched on the cool brown sand, and alone, with the seaweed for pillow.

"Dreaming and scarcely feeling the life now throbbing in me."

Seemed he to see on the waters the hands of the Nereids that beckoned,

Seemed he to see their long tresses astir with the heave of the wave, " "

Plunged he to never return—But of men he was afterward reckoned

One of the sea gods that hear, when the mariner prays, and can save.

M. R. WELD.

## THE UMBEYLA CAMPAIGN OF 1863.

*An Historical Retrospect by a Russian Officer.*

THE recent attitude of the Bonerwals, which has led to an unfortunate encounter resulting in the death of a much esteemed officer, recalls the narrative of the Umbeyla Campaign of 1863, as told by Colonel John Adye,\* C.B., R.A., in a work published under the title of *Sitana: A Mountain Campaign on the Borders of Afghanistan in 1863*.

This work, like very many others of the same kind, has been translated into Russian, and has formed the subject of a review of England's frontier on the North-West of India, which will not be of less interest after the light turned in this direction by the rapid advance of the Russian frontier towards Afghanistan and the fast disintegrating Khanate of Bokhara.

The Russian author heads his text—*The Relations of the Anglo-Indian Government with its neighbours on the North-West Frontier*, and he starts off with two very adequate reasons for having gone to the trouble of translating Colonel Adye's book above quoted, but we will allow him to put these reasons in his own words.

"The work has been translated because in it are traced in relief the character of the tribes of the North-West frontier of India, and because it describes the difficulties in which a peace-loving country may be placed through its relations with neighbouring warlike mountain races." The account, too, which is given by the author of *The Mountain Campaign on the borders of Afghanistan* in many passages reminds us of our own expeditions in the Caucasus.

There are the same difficulties of transport—the same necessity for constructing roads; there exist too, in a special degree, the same complications which attend the fanaticism of independent mountain tribes. Besides which, circumstances are drawing us nearer to the Anglo-Indian possessions. Thus Samarkand lies

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\* Now General Sir John Adye, Governor of Gibraltar.

about 800 *versts* ( $533\frac{1}{3}$ rd miles) from Peshawar, and the upper course of the Amu-Daria is distant in a direct line not more than 200 *versts* ( $133\frac{1}{3}$ rd miles) from the theatre of the English military operations which are described in Colonel Adye's book. Furthermore, the complications met with during the English expedition are fully deserving of study since caution requires that we, on our part, should be thoroughly prepared to encounter a conflagration similar to that which for a long time hindered the movement of the English forces in the Umbeyla Pass.

"Muhammadanism always preserves the possibility of the appearance of fanatical leaders of the type of Schamy<sup>1</sup>, or of the Akhund of Swat,\* whose influence amidst the ramifications of the Hindu-kush range Colonel Adye compares to the influence exercised by the Pope of Rome. Indeed, in the presence of the English, shut up in the Umbeyla pass, the fanaticism of many of the independent tribes that were previously disunited burst forth. They forgot their tribal enmity and centuries of discord as soon as an enemy's forces entered their mountains, and they joined together to expel a common foe. External blows possess then the property of exciting like latent phenomena, and it may happen that, in proportion as such shocks culminate in one uninterrupted pressure, the temporary concord betwixt the various races will assume a more steadfast character. And this is the more possible, since our civilising rivals in the question of the influence possessed in Central Asia will no doubt exercise every endeavour and employ all the firmness of their own clever policy, so as to divest from themselves fanatical outbursts and to direct them into another channel.

"Colonel (now General Sir John) Adye, whose name appears at the head of our translation of his work, is a very competent judge of the affair which he has described, for he took part in the Umbeyla Campaign, and when he was Director-General of Artillery in England many important reforms in the English army (especially the considerable increase to the complement of the field artillery) were effected. When, too, English society was stirred on the occasion of our preparations for the Khivan Campaign (1873), it was he who gave public lectures on the subject—lectures which aroused considerable interest in the papers and amongst the various classes of English society.

"In order that the reader may form for himself a clear idea of the scene of military operations, and rightly understand the

\* And in these days of *Mahdis*.

contents of the last chapter—(CHAPTER XIX. *Remarks on the insecure state of the N. W. Frontier of India and suggestions as to our future policy. The advance of Russia in Asia*),—we have added a map\* of the locality compiled expressly for the purpose. This map shows the country lying between our own possessions in Central Asia and the North-West Frontier of British India.

"The Umbeyla Campaign, which was undertaken by the English, is specially worthy of attention, because it is the type of all past and of all future campaigns on the mountain border line of British India. Readers of the *Voyenne Sbornik* (*Military Magazine*) for June and July 1873 will have seen how an expedition of extraordinary difficulty, and involving the greatest dangers, has been brought to a conclusion after the complete attainment of nothing short of the immediate object, *viz.*, the destruction of Mulka, a nest of fanatics plainly but secretly hostile to the English power in India. And yet in the abstract the Umbeyla Campaign was of its kind an 'abortive expedition,' because the destruction of Mulka had no real importance, since that object having been attained, English influence throughout the mountain country was far from being increased. Certain it is that campaigns similar to that of the Umbeyla Campaign had to be repeated on a much larger scale. The commotion of 1868 amongst the fanatics of the Black Mountain required an army of not 5,000 or 6,000 but of more than 20,000.† Whilst there can be no doubt of the bravery of English soldiers and of their exemplary discipline—and that these qualities will for a long time triumph over the disproportionate numbers collected by Mussulman malcontents—yet the English themselves very well know that Muhammadanism in India is a volcano which threatens constant danger. This danger is in the highest degree worthy of our own serious study, because in our own possessions in Central Asia such volcanoes exist, even though they may be of incomparably a weaker description. Moreover, with regard to our Central Asian territories, we are becoming very near neighbours of the English in India. And if the underground forces of the volcano in British India were to burst forth in all their power, some shocks at least would be felt amongst our subjects—shocks that would not be advantageous to our peaceful possession of Turkistan.

\* The map in question is a very incomplete one, but a map which has recently been issued at St. Petersburg does not bear the same character. Map of Afghanistan and adjacent countries compiled by N. Zuyeff—scale 100 *versts* (66½ miles) to the inch. St. Petersburg 1885.

† About double the number of troops actually employed.



"It is true that India is excellently fenced in on all sides. Her shores on the south-west and south-east are washed by the ocean. On the north-west and north-east her frontiers are encircled by the highest mountains\* of the earth's surface, and behind these mountains extend the most extensive tableland in the world. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Abul Fazl, the historian of Akbar's reign, said that if only Kabul and Kandahar were well guarded Hindustan would be perfectly secured against a foreign invasion. India in fact can only be reached through its North-West Frontier, and then only by certain mountain passes. Babar, the Great Mogul, who may be classed as a judge in determining the importance of strategic points, speaks in his writings of the four passes leading from Hindustan to Kasul, and he adds in winter the best point at which to cross the Indus is just above where the Kabul river falls into it. He conducted nearly all his inroads by this route. Akbar the Great Mogul built the Fort of Attock opposite the mouth of the Kabul river, in order to offer especial protection to his own territories from this quarter. The very word "Attock" signifies an "obstacle," and the word applies both to the river and to the fort of the same name. According to Hindu legends the Indus is an "obstacle" across which pious Hindus cannot go. It is positively certain that they cannot go into the waters of the *Karamnassa*, which separates the province of Behar from Benares; that they cannot bathe in the Karatuyi, a small river of Bengal; that they cannot sail in the Gondolakh, one of the eastern tributaries of the Ganges, and that they cannot cross the Indus. None of these things can an orthodox Hindu do, and the conquerors who have so often desolated India have passed over this "obstacle" without having an idea that it is forbidden them to do so. This "obstacle," however, is only approached from the North-West by two roads, or rather by two tortuous defiles, the Khaibar and the Bolan. The former is guarded by an English garrison at Peshawur. Moreover it is so difficult that the semi-barbarous hill races in the neighbourhood can hold it completely with their own forces alone. Indeed this pass is to the Khaibaris a large and steady source of income. It is impossible to get from Kabul to Peshawur direct, except through this defile which is 42 *versets* (28 English miles,) in length. Nadir Shah, himself that dreaded conqueror, who pillaged India during 30 years of the past century, was detained for 1½ months in this pass, because the

\* This myth is apparently being fast removed.

Khaibaris, who turned out to hold it, routed his attacking parties, and, when at last had recourse to negotiations, he was obliged to pay the mountaineers a considerable sum for the right to pass through. Again, Shah Shuja, whom the English seated on the Afghan throne at the time of their famous campaign, had to enter into diplomatic relations with the Khaibaris, who obliged him, in return for their undertaking to afford a free and safe conduct to travellers and trade caravans, to pay them yearly the sum of Rs. 60,000. This tribute was, it is true, marked under the title of "a gracious gift" issuing from the bounty of the Shah. The second pass, *viz.*, the Bolan, is much more to the south. It is likewise inconvenient and difficult. The English entered Afghanistan through it when, at the commencement of the Afghan campaign, they started off an army from Shikarpur towards Kandahar. • Indeed, writers of that day (1838) have compared the march of the English through the Bolan pass with the retreat of the French from Moscow.

But from Kabul into Central Asia there is no route save through defiles considered inaccessible to such a degree that the mountains on either side are called "Hindu-kush\*" or "Hindu-koh," which means "Death to the Hindus." This expressive designation was given in ages long ago to the snow-clad mountains through which large gangs of Hindus were borne in captivity to the northern land of Bactria. The passes through the western portion of the Hindu-kush are well known to the English. They are, therefore, marked on the maps with thorough accuracy.† And indeed the English have had need to study them, for during the Afghan war Dost Muhammad lay concealed in the country north of the Hindu-kush. And when he at length essayed to penetrate into Kabul through the pass of Ak-Rabat and the town of Bamian, he was utterly defeated by the English forces. The eastern half of the Hindu-kush range, on the branches of which lies the vast country called Kafiristan, and which is peopled neither by Hindus nor by Muhammadans, is altogether unknown, perhaps less so than is the surface of the moon. This much alone is certain that the inhabitants of Kafiristan have never been subdued by any conqueror. It is said that they profess a form of the Christian faith which was imparted to their ancestors by the early preachers of the religion of Christ some 17 or 18 centuries ago, and that in the form of the religion which now obtains amongst these people there is a very considerable admixture of Paganism.

\* Kush or Koosh (derived from the Persian verb *Kushtan*) means a *slayer, an oppressor*, but Koh is probably the Persian noun *Koh*, which signifies a *hill, a mountain*.

† Very delicate irony this.

Still further to the north is the yet more extensive province of Kushkar or Chitril. This belt of country lies south of the mountains that connect the Hindu-kush with Kara-koram.

To the south-east of Kafirstan lies Yagistan, which adjoins Buner, Swat and Bajour countries known only to the English, because their inhabitants are warlike and steady partakers in the "holy wars" waged by the "fanatics" against the "faithless."

With regard to the country which lies to the north of the mountain ranges of the Koh-i-Bàba, the Hindu-kush and the Kara-koram and contiguous to the Russian possessions in Central Asia little is known of it. Geographers are even now obliged to quote Ibn Batuta, an Arabian traveller of the fourteenth century, or the autobiography of Babar, or Marco Polo and other ancient writers, and they have to rely on the incorrect maps and data of Chinese missionaries, and also on the information collected by some seven or eight modern travellers who have casually visited but a part of the country which they describe, and hence the distances from one point to another are determined only approximately according to the number of days occupied in the several journeys. In the face of such a condition of our knowledge of this part of Asia, large rivers, such as the Punj, Surkhab, Kucha, Kunar, &c., are placed on our maps not according to actual survey, however superficial, but because some traveller or other, after going a certain distance along the banks of any such river, has been content with the information afforded him by the people of the country to the effect that such and such a river falls into this or that lake or inland sea, and that it takes its rise a long way off somewhere between the east and the south. Such data afford excellent material for the compilation of maps of these unknown countries, because the erudition required is not extensive, and because a vast field is left for the play of the imagination. Hence we find on such maps the names of towns that have never existed, hence too we miss ranges that undoubtedly do exist, and hence we find explorers confusing proper names of languages quite unknown to them with appellative nouns and so on. Confusion of this kind is immeasurably increased owing to the changes that constantly take place amongst the rulers of such localities.

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But however imperfect be our geographical information regarding Central Asia, there is not a doubt that a large portion of its inhabitants belong to various Mussulman sects, either of those who

pronounce the word "Amen" aloud, or of those who say it to themselves. Moreover, however impracticable in a certain sense be the routes uniting India with Central Asia, they are quite feasible for the wandering bands of Wahabis. And it is an undoubted fact that thousands of preachers, zealous men—be they the chosen or the rejected ones of mosques—wander throughout Asia. These people speak all the dialects of Central Asia, lead moderate, nay ascetic, lives, and they all work for one common object, *viz.*, the purification of the Muhammadan religion. Their success would have been still more apparent had they confined their teachings to social ways of life, and had they asserted the one true God and prayer without intercessories, &c., &c. But they at the same time have appealed to the worst passions of man by striving to excite an interest in plunder and rapine. To use their own words, "the orthodox has one alternative only; he must engage in a crusade or quit the country which is at war with the enemies of his faith. The faithful cannot dwell under the rule of the faithless, lest by so doing he should destroy his own soul. He must then wage a holy war to save his soul and acquire wealth."

We have no data by which to determine how far Wahabi propaganda has penetrated to our border and to the Muhammadan countries contiguous thereto, but we cannot do otherwise than suppose that the Tatar population of the Crimea and the Circassian inhabitants of the Caucasus are in league with the Wahabis. Of course this fact cannot injure our dominion in Central Asia, which is supported by the entire strength of Russia, and yet it should not be disregarded. We ought to be ready for serious hostile action. In order to be prepared for unexpected hostilities, it would be very useful to establish the most friendly relations possible with the local priesthood, and by this means to gradually diffuse European manners and customs. The priesthood has ample means of knowing every detail regarding the progress of this, Mussulman Puritanism. Moreover it hates it with all its heart, and so would do what it could to preserve the Russian provinces free from a detested innovation.

But as touching the English rule in India, besides the actual

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\* "The truth, indeed, is that so long as Muhammadans are true to their own creed, so long will it be impossible for them, when they are the governing power, to grant perfect equality to their subjects of other creeds, or, when they are subjects, to render loyal and hearty obedience to a sovereign professing any antagonistic faith. For it is manifestly preposterous for them to profess obedience to, and act contrary to the whole spirit, and to the very letter of their "Book of Directions," the Koran, in which it is laid down that the unbelievers are to be held under tribute, and the Christians to be reduced low." (Sura ix, 29) Stobarts' Islam, p. 222.

danger from the Wahabis, there exists what seems a still greater danger, *viz.*, the extension of our dominions in Central Asia. This danger of course appears to certain Russophobists an infinitely more terrible thing than it really is. And this is quite comprehensible. With their mountain foes Anglo-Indian military leaders can cope with comparative ease. The respective forces are considered pretty equal when for every ten of the enemy the English can put forward one soldier. But an encounter with the same number of disciplined troops would be quite a different matter, and English officers themselves do not even know how their native infantry soldiers, who are very brave when fighting with mountaineers, would behave themselves when opposed to Russian forces.

However this may be, the imaginary danger of which we speak has induced our respected neighbours to make a number of combinations which have cost much money and many lives, to say nothing of the innumerable speeches in Parliament in which orators have battled with chimeras.

To the number of such costly phantoms belongs the famous Afghan Campaign. Since that time more than 45 years have passed away. The Campaign itself is almost forgotten, but in connection with it Russian influence, Russian intrigues, Russian roubles are ever present to the minds of English Russophobists. English ministers of foreign affairs, who know very well that all these fears are exaggerated, find them useful in working upon the unfounded fears of capitalists. It may be that they know from experience that to arouse people, into whose heads prejudices have entered in calmer moments, is a waste of time. Especially deep and far-sighted were the rich members of the Council of Directors of the East India Company and of its Secret Committee. They designed the Afghan Expedition, and they considered that it was necessary for them to wage war against Russian influence. The opinion of these rich persons was shared by the English Press, which on such occasions form a very united body.

Notwithstanding so great a concession, the Afghan Campaign, which had already been decided on, was not abandoned. This is what Lord Auckland, Governor-General of India, wrote on the 13th August 1838, to the *Secret Committee* of the Court of Directors: "Since my later despatches there have been fresh indications of the manner in which Russian agents are endeavouring to extend their influence to the very confines of India. A Russian envoy at Herat has been thwarting the endeavours of MacNeill who has laboured to bring the contending parties to a

peaceful settlement, and has paralyzed his successes. This same envoy has supplied the besieging force with money, and finally, what is still more important, an officer attached to the Russian Embassy has supervised the siege operations. These are circumstances which will draw upon themselves all the attention of your committee."

On the 1st October 1838 the Governor-General issued a proclamation, in which the following passages occur: "Dost Muhammad Khan, without declaring war, has attacked our old ally the Maharajah Ranjeet Singh. It is evident that His Highness the Maharajah will avenge himself for this, and thus the peaceful and honorable intentions of the English Government, relating to the development of trade, will be upset.

"Further the Governor-General has learnt that a Persian army is besieging Herat, and that in Afghanistan active intrigues are being carried on, having for their object the extension of Persian influence to the banks of the Indus, and even further. In such a position of affairs the Governor-General is convinced that it is necessary to adopt active measures in order to arrest the swift successes of foreign influence, and the aggression which is threatening even our own territories. The attention of the Governor-General has been especially arrested by the position of the rights of Shah Shujah-ul-Mulk who so conformed to our views when the power was in his hands." "The well-being of our rule demands that on our Western Frontier we should have an ally, whose interests should be such as to oppose invasion and maintain peace instead of the present rulers who are always ready to meet the views of hostile powers, and to further the fulfilment of their aggressive plans. Quiet will be established on our most important frontier, and we shall erect a solid barrier against the intrigues and designs of our enemies. There is no need to indicate how laboured all this is, and how devoid it is of truth."

The Bengal Presidency was at first to furnish five infantry brigades, each consisting of three regiments, a brigade of artillery and a brigade of cavalry—total 13,000 men, of whom 3,000 were to be Europeans. Afterwards these figures were reduced to a total of 8,000. For service under Shah Shujah's immediate orders there were collected at Ludiana 2,000 cavalry, 4,000 infantry and foot artillery, or 6,000 men in all. At the same time a force was formed in Bombay for the occupation of Scinde, and for the march on Kandahar.

The Bengal quota crossed the Indus on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th February 1838 by a bridge of boats constructed opposite

the town of Bakar. On the 20th of the same month Shah Shujah's contingent joined it at Shikarpur. Lieutenant-General Keane assumed the command of the allied forces.

During this period a considerable portion of Dost Muhammad's army was snowed up in Turkistan, north of the Bamian pass. It afterwards operated against the Governor of Kunduz. The Bolan pass therefore presented to the English forces no especial difficulties, save that there was a very great want of water. And so it was that an army afflicted with thirst reached early in April Swat the most charming valley in the world, without any peculiar losses.

How it happened that not one of the Kardahar Chiefs attempted to defend the Bolan pass has not up till now been explained, but one may suppose that on the occasion under notice money was of great assistance.

Without a shot Shah Shujah entered Kandahar, his ancient capital. The ceremony observed on the occasion was very grand, the enthusiasm evinced unheard of. The hearts of his subjects were overjoyed at the return of their lawful sovereign, and they, therefore, gave him a reception which he never expected. At his audience in the palace, the English General in Chief himself tendered to the Amir the gifts customary on such occasions in token of his personal respect for the royal person of Shah Shujah. There then of course followed a grand review of the forces assembled.

After resting for a while in Kandahar the army moved northwards, and on the 21st July reached the famous fortress of Ghazni, which had hitherto been considered impregnable. The siege artillery had been left behind in Kandahar. The fortress appeared to be excellently armed.

The English force had not been provided with scaling ladders, nor had any previous preparations for the attack on the fortress been made. But the place had been carefully surveyed beforehand by Colonel Parley. He was one of the many officers *who were travelling in Afghanistan (and in other countries) by the order of the Governor-General of India*. He had therefore been to Ghazni, had examined its fortifications, and had drawn up a plan of attack on the fortress. His plan had been lithographed by order of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and had been circulated amongst engineer and artillery officers for their opinion. The plan proposed was that the Kabul Gates of the Fort should be blown up and a breach in the walls made. By the 22nd the necessary arrangements for carrying out the plan suggested were completed. On the 23rd at 3 o'clock in the morning an artillery

fire opened, and there then followed a terrible explosion. Four European regiments, followed by some Sipahis, rushed to the assault, and five hours after sunrise the fortress of Ghazni was in the hands of the English, who then learnt from the Commandant, a son of Dost Muhammad, and one of those captured, that his father had calculated on the siege of the fortress lasting at least one if not two years. Accordingly the impression made by so speedy a capture of the place was extremely profound. Dost Muhammad preserved, however, sufficient presence of mind to move out from Kabul, his Northern Capital, against the English with 13,000 men and 28 guns; but his army did not wait for an encounter. It did not even give the English time to come up but fled, and so its leaders had to fly too. He went in the direction of Balkh. All his guns fell into the enemy's hands. On the 7th August Shah Shujah entered Kabul, and in a month's time the contingent of 5,000 men, furnished by Runjeet Singh for the occupation of the Khaibar pass, came in too. Following on these events the English General made arrangements for the return to India of a part of his army leaving some 5,000 or 6,000 men for the occupation of three points in the country, *viz.*, Kabul, Kandahar, and the Shah Valley. The work given to the detachments that were left behind was not light. They were marched off in various directions to pacify the unruly, some being sent across the Bamian pass to overthrow Dost Muhammad, who had started for Kabul in the hope of recovering his capital and his throne. At this stage it seemed indeed that the success of the English had been complete. Much money had been expended, but the object had apparently been attained. On the throne of Kabul a trusty and sure ally of England had been seated. The usurper had been driven to the north across the mountains. The army had covered itself with glory. The capture of what was thought an impregnable fortress had taken place in the space of about two hours, and the performance of other similar exploits had amazed the inhabitants of the country. English influence in a word seemed established for evermore, so that were the remainder of the army withdrawn across the Indus, no harm could possibly arise.

We will now dwell on the unfortunate termination of this campaign, firstly, in order to call to mind to what an extent the spirit of Russophobia was carrying England, and secondly, in order that the example afforded by the mistakes of a civilized army operating far from its real base may be instructive to ourselves. The end of 1839 and the beginning of 1840, Shah Shujah passed at Jellalabad. With him was Macnaghten, the Political Agent attached



to the English forces. But when the Amir returned to his Capital, Kabul, he demanded the evacuation of Fort Bala-Hissar by the English forces. This fort is situated on a height which commands the town. The demand was accompanied by a representation that the Amir's grand palace, of which he was very fond, was situated within the fort, and that he wished to take up his residence there. In vain the most experienced English officers put forward all the disadvantages and dangers of abandoning such a strong position and of moving the army to another spot. This prudent counsel was rejected, the Amir removed to his favourite residence, and the English army encamped outside the city. During the entire spring and summer, Afghanistan was in a state of unusual tension, and was strongly agitated. The rightful Amir, Dost Muhammad, was the cause of apprehension. He was doing all he could to get back his dominions. At length the danger from this quarter disappeared, because the Amir, after one unsuccessful encounter with the English force, surrendered himself to Macnaghten, and was sent to India, where he dwelt peaceably, and consented to receive a pension of 120,000 roubles\* *per annum*.

In the beginning of 1841 insurrections again took place in various parts of the country. It had appeared that the fall of Dost Muhammad must bring about the pacification of the country, but it proved otherwise. The English began to perceive that the chiefs of the several Afghan tribes were going to rise, not against Shah Shujah but against themselves. By great ill fortune there had been appointed to the chief command of the English army in Afghanistan, a very old and feeble man. This was General Elphinstone. He was a man thoroughly incapable of responding to the strains that were imposed upon him. And so it arose that in the beginning of November some conspirators got into the house of Burnes, the English envoy, and literally hacked him to pieces. The next day a small detachment was sent out to re-establish communications with the city, but it was obliged to retire. The town was by this time in the hands of the mob, and armed Afghans entered it from all sides. They seized the English Commissariat stores, cut off supplies, and so in a few days the English army were in a strait and suffering from cold and hunger.

Dost Muhammad's son, Akbar Khan, appeared on the scene as the leader of the insurrection. He at the head of large masses of men cut the English off from all their communications. Macnaghten now opened negotiations with him and agreed to his de-

\* Taking the rouble to be worth (in those days) 3s. = £18,000.

mands, which was that Shah Shujah and his English allies and patrons should quit Afghanistan, and that Dost Muhammad should be restored to the throne of Kabul. But at the very same time the Political Agent had entered into other negotiations of an altogether different kind with the leaders of Kizilbash, Barakza and Ghilzi tribes. Whilst at one of these meetings Akbar Khan ordered Macnaghten and three of his associates to be seized, and when the Political Agent entered into a discussion with him, Akbar Khan drew out a pistol and shot his victim in the side. Notwithstanding all this the English army made no move and the conferences went on. It was then decided that the English artillery, with the exception of six guns, should be left in Kabul, that all the married men with their wives and children should be made over as hostages until Dost Muhammad should arrive. On the 6th January 1840 the disastrous retreat began. An army of 4,500 men, accompanied by 12,000 followers and baggage waggons, moved out of the city. The snow lay on the ground to a great depth. It was very cold, and at the close of the first day's march, instead of getting through the Khurd-Kabul pass, the army had to encamp for the night at the foot of the mountains. On the evening of the 7th it reached the hills. There Akbar Khan demanded three other hostages from among the number of the superior officers. These were made over to him. On the 8th the English army entered the Khurd-Kabul pass. It was there surrounded by large numbers of the Ghilzi tribe, and in a very short time lost 3,000 men from the murderous fire of the savages who scaled the crags. Akbar Khan now proposed to take the women and children under his own protection. In this way their lives were saved, and they were taken back to Kabul. On the 9th the remnants of the English army entered the narrow pass which is called Tungi-Tarik. The width of the road at this point was about ten feet. Volleys from the mountaineers scaling the height and stones rolled down from above killed yet more of the unhappy fugitives, so that on the 10th there remained of the entire force only the following—50 gunners, 250 men of the 44th Regiment, 150 troopers with 4,000 camp followers.

Akbar Khan at this stage offered to be answerable for the lives of all remaining if they would deliver up their arms. The chief of the army distinctly refused to agree to this, and so the remnants of the force continued the march towards Jellalabad. On the 13th the number of those remaining had dwindled down to 20 officers and 45 rank and file. At the last but one officer only remained (the present Dr. Brydon) and he, severely wounded and mounted on a sorry

steed, arrived at Jellalabad where General Sale was still bravely holding out with a very insignificant force. General Nott, at Kandahar, several times defeated parties of insurgents. Colonel Palmer, who commanded the fort of Ghazni, abandoned his post and retired with his detachment which was cut up to a man.

A more thorough defeat, a more calamitous finale to a campaign could not have taken place. It was evident that Lord Ellenborough, the successor of Lord Auckland in the office of Governor-General, could not abide by such an issue, without endeavouring to restore in some degree the honour of the English arms in Afghanistan. General Pollock was therefore sent off to Jellalabad to first of all relieve the brave garrison in that place. In order to get through the Khaibar his detachment moved very cautiously, advancing in three parallel columns, two of which moved along the heights crowning either side of the pass. Advancing gradually forward these flanking columns drove off the enemy whilst the main column went quietly forward through the defile. On the 15th April Pollock relieved the long imprisoned garrison of Jellalabad. The enemy fled, not being in a position to encounter determined opposition.

Now began those incomprehensible vacillations on the part of the Governor-General, which finally resulted in the permission given to General Pollock to move on Kabul. This did not, however, take place before August.

Meanwhile Shah Shujah, the unfortunate object of all this dreadful waste of blood and money, had ceased to exist. He was reviewing his troops when a shot from the ranks, fired by an unknown hand, caused him to fall. The power passed wholly undisputedly into the hands of Akbar Khan, who, of course, occupied himself with preparations against a second English invasion. He caused it to be notified to the English General that if they did not return to India he would slay the women and children who were imprisoned in Khooloom, and put to death the hostages. But this threat was not carried out. Akbar Khan was defeated, and fled on the 16th September, when the English again entered Kabul. General Notts' force from Kandahar, after blowing up the fortress of Ghazni, now joined General Pollock.

Thirteen women, nineteen children and various persons who had been left as hostages, were brought in, and on the 17th October the English army finally quitted Kabul; thus was the object of the expedition attained. With the conclusion of peace Dost Muhammad now became confirmed in his dominions.

It can readily be understood why the English do not like even

the name of Dost Muhammad. The attempt which they made to oust him from his throne cost them more than 100,000,000 *roubles*, and the lives of nearly 20,000 men, and all this because they alleged that the famous Amir had listened to certain Russian suggestions.

For more than 12 years no diplomatic communications passed between the English Government and Dost Muhammad. In the beginning of the year 1855, a mission composed of English officers paid a friendly visit to Kandahar during the Persian war. The English desired to establish a permanent embassy at the Court of Kabul. This idea was not, however, pleasing to the Amir. He indeed consented to receive a permanent Resident from the English Government, but only provided he was not an English officer. Friendly relations were so far cultivated that the good will of the Amir was purchased by the monthly payment into his treasury of one lakh of rupees (65,000 *roubles*). This was a very clever settlement, and the results were extremely productive. The Panjab was saved from all Afghan invasion during the great Indian rebellion of 1857.

Meanwhile the English power in India was tending towards an extension of its limits, being impelled by the force of circumstances to seek a solid boundary. After the bloody war of 1849 the Sikh possessions had been added to the British Crown. Amongst these was Peshawur—that indispensable vantage ground which protects the mouths of the Khaibar pass. Again in 1856 Oude was annexed. In the following year burst out the sepoy mutiny—an event which was distinguished on the side of both master and servant by singular severity—the sepoys on the one hand disgracing themselves by the merciless slaughter of English women and children, and unarmed traders and officials, the English Government exercising no less severity\* in permitting the destruction of the rebels who were taken prisoners. Russophobists of course made out that in the insurrection of the *Sipahis* Russian influence was at work, and this notion, notwithstanding its extreme absurdity, was upheld for some time.

In 1862 Dost Muhammad was at war with his nephew Ahmad the ruler of Herat. The declared occasion of the quarrel was the possession of the district of Farrah, on the border land of Herat and Afghanistan. Both uncle and nephew wished to gain sole possession of this important point.

But in reality Dost Muhammad had long been making preparations for the punishment of his nephew, who had always

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\* This criticism does not come with force from a Russian, whose nation is connected with the revolting cruelties in the Caucasus and in Trans-Caspia.

favoured the cause of Persia. Here again Russophobists saw in this outbreak the working of Russian influence, so the English Resident did all in his power to dissuade the Amir from attacking Herat. It is in fact evident that the Anglo-Indian Government itself does not know very well what it wants respecting Herat. At first it endeavoured to entangle Persia in the Herat question under the pretence that she was submitting too much to Russian influence. Then it arranged that Herat should declare itself in favour of Shah Shujah, whom it had placed on the throne of Kabul. Then it induced the Amir to take steps to pacify the errant city. According to the somewhat incomprehensible imagination of a Russophobist, it is necessary that Herat should be independent. An intelligent reason for this opinion it is difficult to divine. It is true indeed, that we can in no way reach India except through Afghanistan. This being so, sound policy should have suggested to the English the expediency of making Afghanistan as strong a power as possible, and should have restrained it from interfering in the internal affairs of the country, the more so as Dost Muhammad had evinced a capability of governing his unruly subjects.

But all apprehensions were removed, and all the foundations of Russophobist schemes were shattered in the summer of 1863. The Amir, instead of listening to the advice of the English Resident, laid siege to Herat, and on the 27th May took it by storm. The loss of the city was the cause of the death of Ahmad its ruler. On the 9th of the month following the Amir, Dost Muhammad, died at a ripe age.

Dost Muhammad left nine sons. It is surprising that the Russophobists do not attribute the presence of this large offspring to the workings of Russian influence and intrigues, since the dissensions that have arisen in consequence of there being so many candidates for the throne will not permit of Afghanistan becoming a strong power, nor will it allow her to mould into the form of a state which would, with the aid of a lakh of rupees a month, preserve India from the immediately impending invasion of Russian forces. The English Government had earnestly wished to conclude a treaty of the kind indicated, but knew not to whom to give the money. Now Afzul Khan, Azim Khan (sons of one mother) and now Shir Ali Khan, Amin Khan, and Shari Khan (sons of Dost Muhammed by another wife of a better family) each wished to secure for himself, if not absolute power in Afghanistan at least perfect independence of his brothers. Shir Ali Khan had, it was

evident, a better right to the throne than any of his brothers, because the deceased Amir, long before his death, had nominated him as the heir to the throne. He was even recognized as the Amir. Notwithstanding that his brother Azim Khan, Governor of Kuram and Khort, was in revolt. The example of Azim Khan was followed by Afzul Khan, Governor of Balkh, on the grounds of his being Dost Muhammad's eldest son. After the overthrow of his brothers, and the concluding of peace with them, Shir Ali directed Abdul Rahman, Afzul's son, to appear before him. Instead of obeying the rebel nephew fled across the Amu Daria to Bokhara, whereupon Shir Ali threw Afzul Khan into prison, and after confiscating his property returned in triumph to Kabul in November 1864. The Amir of Bokhara, who was Abdul Rahman's father-in-law, assisted the fugitive to collect a body of adherents, and to march to the south. The new ruler of Balkh immediately went over to the side of Abdul Rahman, and proceeded with him to the capital. Azim Khan, Abdul Rahman's uncle, had meanwhile declared himself Amir. Shir Ali moved out of Kandahar with an army against the latter, but in the height of the battle the greater portion of his forces proved traitors, and went over to the enemy. Thus Afzul Khan became Amir. After his death Azim Khan was proclaimed ruler of Afghanistan. Abdul Rahman had intended to declare himself Amir on the death of his father, but preferring a warrior's life he went off to pacify the province of Balkh, which was then in rebellion. Shir Ali took advantage of Abdul Rahman's absence in the mountains to proclaim himself once more Dost Muhammad's lawful successor.

From what has taken place in Afghanistan, it will be seen that Balkh, Bokhara, Kunduz, Khoolm, and the entire country north of the Hindu-kush, and the Koh-i-Baba, which lies parallel with Russian territory, is essentially necessary to the Durani Monarchy. It is in fact a safety valve from which issues forth the superfluity of Afghan enterprise. It is also the refuge for Afghan fugitives, and the home of the wives of Afghan princes. Russophobia causes Englishmen to imagine that these distant mountain regions only weaken Afghanistan without giving her the power of welding them into a homogeneous whole somewhat similar to a monarchy. By allowing Shir Ali Khan or any other Afghan Amir 65,000 roubles a month, the English in point of fact maintain him in a state of vassalage, whilst they enable him to protect himself from predatory inroads, and to strengthen his power generally within his own territory. If indeed the wild, and turbulent country of Afghanistan was a profitable state like Oude

or the Panjab or any of the Mahratta provinces, England would long ago have incorporated the Durani Empire with her own colossal Indian Empire.

But it was not found advantageous to annex it, and so Afghanistan has remained independent, at least as much so as Nepal and Kashmir. Neither was it thought expedient to annex Kashmir and Nepal, because both countries are held to be inaccessible. Indeed in 1846 a favourable opportunity presented itself of selling the former for one million pounds sterling to Gholab Singh, grandson of Runjeet Singh. In the case of Nepal the English forces there suffered heavy losses. It would not be so difficult to get possession of Afghanistan, but it is not considered expedient to do so since its people are warlike, and are not readily subjugated. Every man is armed, and the occupation of the country would cost much more than could be got out of it. Hence it follows that if England were to occupy Afghanistan with forces sufficient to hold it permanently, and were to preserve order in the country, the deficit in the budget would far exceed the 120,000 pounds which she had already spent in subsidising the Amir.

But the force of circumstances will compel England to abstain from such a mercenary policy. She will be obliged to occupy Afghanistan and to finally annex it to the dominions of the British Crown. She will be compelled also at the same time to establish a footing far into the mountains, and to carry on a war somewhat resembling our own Caucasus campaign.

Only by such methods can she finally emancipate herself from a long standing threat of fanatical movements on the part of the mountaineers (that is the Wahabis); only thus can she fulfil her mission of civilization in Asia, that grand business which Western Europe readily acknowledges, not only as the right, but also the duty of Russia as well.

Englishmen make a distinction between the political and the real boundary of India. The former they take to be the borders of Afghanistan, whereas the latter they say terminates at the foot of the Suleiman range, the Khaibar pass, Mahaban and the lower ranges of the Himalayas. The force of circumstances will indeed compel them to make the political their natural boundary as well. The sooner they do this the better will it be for the world.

It is true that this end will not be attained cheaply. But then they will admit that "*la force comme la noblesse oblige.*"

But instead of divining far into the future it may be as well to observe that many Englishmen are beginning to take a simpler and

more correct view of the Central Asian Question. For instance, Captain Trench,\* in his book entitled *The Russo-Indian Question*, very properly estimates the great difficulties which would present themselves in the path of a Russian invasion through Afghanistan, and he shows the utter groundlessness of the dangers depicted by Russophobists as likely to occur to the English in this quarter from such a cause. He supposes that the occupation of Herat by an English force would be considered by ourselves a "casus belli," and he further considers that Bokhara, Balkh, Kunduz, and Bamian are outside the political border line of the Anglo-Indian Government. This proposition of Captain Trench's is as discreet as it is moderate, since it would make the boundary between Russia and England in Asia, that which nature has provided, *viz.*, the summit of the Hindu-kush and the Koh-i-Baba.

In any case one cannot but confess that if betwixt Russia and England in Central Asia a rivalry does exist, it is only because each power preserves a distinction as to what is the political and actual boundary of the other. The one must always be indistinct, confused, and productive of strife, whilst the other possesses all the merits of clearness and reality. The limits both of the Russian and of the English dominions are sufficiently wide, and neither power aims at an increase thereof for the sake of mere extension. The natural boundary is in fact such a good one that in order to attain it each country should be prepared to sacrifice certain substantial advantages.

Meanwhile, and until the natural turn of events shall determine what is the proper boundary between Russia and England in Asia, both countries have within their respective borders much administration work. Providence has put a problem before the English and ourselves, *viz.*, the work of civilizing Central Asia—a work alike difficult to each. They and we must grapple with the fanaticism, the ignorance, and the barbarity with which we both shall meet. And so betwixt them and us there is no possibility of finding opportunities for strife, or even of rivalry, of a hostile kind, to both of us presents itself a work in the same direction at once difficult and precious.

W. E. GOWAN.

\* Now Lieutenant Colonel, Military Attaché at St. Petersburg.



## THE DAISY.

Through the bush meadows spread  
 When skies are soft o'erhead  
 Is thy white radiance shed  
     O "flower of flowers.\*"  
 And when rose blue and gold,  
 "That gaudier blooms unfold,  
 Nipt by the winter's cold,  
     Fade in the bowers,  
 Still glimmering through the green  
 Is thy sweet presence seen,  
 Though sharp the blasts and keen  
     The sleety showers.  
 Cold then that heart must be  
 That turneth not to thee,  
 Emblem of constancy  
     In darkest hours.  
 Fair maid who bear'st the name  
 Of this sweet flower, that fame  
 Hands down for age the same  
     White queen of flowers.  
 Peerless reine Marguerite,  
 Dreaming I see thee sweet  
 O'er love's court take thy seat  
     By feudal towers.  
 Then let these verses bear  
 To thee my pearl, my fair  
 Greetings from thy trôuvère  
     Though poor their powers.  
 Greetings for this new year,  
 Bright be it to thee dear.  
 And void of care or tear  
     Its golden hours.

M. R. WELD.

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\* Chaucer.

# THE CREAM Of the Quarterly Review.

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## THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

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ENGLAND, AFGHANISTAN, AND RUSSIA.—The writer of this article takes an optimistic view both of recent events and of existing prospects in Central Asia.

He thinks that, considering the irreconcilable divergence of views that existed with reference to the principle of demarcation, there is some reason for regretting that the Russian proposal to settle the basis of operations before the Commission took the field was not more carefully considered.

The English Cabinet may have been right in displaying a loyal and almost chivalrous regard for Afghan claims. But seeing that the Russian Government had intimated, not obscurely, a determination to enforce, by arms if necessary, against the Afghans their claim to Penjdeh, it behoved our Government to count very deliberately the cost of refusing to entertain this demand. The Russians had their troops in the neighbourhood; they could not only decree the suit to themselves, but could put in instant execution, while the least effect of declining a preliminary settlement of the point must be to bring the boundary demarcation to a standstill. The resolution with which the English Cabinet

nevertheless persisted in upholding the Amir's possession of Penjdeh, until his claim should have been disproved, was honourable and disinterested ; but the consequence was that all the advantages of an amicable and solid arrangement, essential to the peace of Asia, were placed in imminent jeopardy by a futile attempt to preserve for the Amir an outlying Turcoman village with the adjoining pasture lands. For it would have been military pedantry, as is now generally admitted, to argue that the retention of Penjdeh is a matter of great strategic importance to the Afghan State.

That the policy of bringing all Afghanistan within military lines of defence, in order that Russia may be kept at a long distance from our frontier, commits us to too loosely extended a position, is now recognised in Afghanistan and India, as well as in England and Russia. The Amir, Abdul Rahman, himself took a very shrewd and hard-headed measure of the importance of the Penjdeh incident.

To one who has been a man of war from his youth up, who has won and lost many fights, and has been tried by various fortunes, the rout of a detachment on his frontier may probably have seemed no sufficient reason for plunging headlong into a contest that would certainly bring upon him Russian troops across the Hari Rud and the Oxus, and would probably recall Ayub Khan into the field, backed this time by formidable support. The province of Herat and the Turcoman districts of the north-west are the most vulnerable parts of his kingdom ; the country is inhabited by tribes held under very loose subordination to the Afghan Government ; it is naturally open to the west, and it is so far removed from the chief centres of Afghan population that the Kabul Amir cannot rapidly bring the real fighting strength of his nation to bear upon invaders. In these circumstances the chances of making a good stand on that frontier against even the flying columns of Russia did not, we may guess, commend themselves to a wary and experienced chief, who must have seen at once that his prospect of consolidating his government, and of quietly retaining his northern provinces, would be materially endangered by the war.

Such consolation as might have been afforded him by the knowledge that, under certain circumstances, England would march to his defence, must have been alloyed by the reflection that no care or consideration could be relied upon to prevent such operations from bringing on a relapse into the political confusion of 1878—1881. The Amir's expectations never, in fact, ran so high as was implied in Earl Granville's remark to M. Lessar, "that it was not merely necessary to consider whether the frontier was a good one, or even the best in a military and technical view ; the Amir would naturally expect, and we were bound to see, that he should be confirmed in the possession of territory which really belonged to him." On the contrary, he would have been content if the frontier assigned to him had really been such as M. Lessar promised. Had he been desired to let our officers know confidentially whether

he considered Penjdeh worth the risk of a rupture, his answer might have saved England considerable anxiety and expenditure.

The Amir's prime interest lies in keeping powerful neighbours, whether friends or foes, outside his dominions; and this is the only foreign policy which would ever command the unanimous assent of the Afghan people. To suppose for a moment that the zealous and fanatical tribes would care to see their lands turned into a battle-ground for Russians and English, unless their independence should be in imminent jeopardy, would be a complete and, after the least reflection, an obvious illusion. Still more illusory, if possible, would be the notion of Abdurrahman, of all Amirs, being eager that a border skirmish (as he might regard the Penjdeh affair) should light up such an explosive train of consequences. It is possible that an ordinary Asiatic prince, born in the purple, and therefore ignorant and arrogant, might have been tempted by the arms and money that we have been pouring into Afghanistan to try his breech-loading rifles and newly modelled regiments upon the Russian outposts, and so to repeat on his own score, upon a larger scale, the Penjdeh blunder. But in Abdurrahman we appear to have found a ruler of no ordinary calibre; while both he and his admirers must have foreseen that our proceedings, and the movement of Russian troops on the boundary, would be likely to lead to this very dilemma, and they must have counted the cost not only of Russian hostility but of English interposition. They are quite aware that by calling in a great foreign army they bind themselves to place all the resources of their country at the disposal of those who undertake its defence, and they know what this obligation would mean. The politic attitude, therefore, of the Afghan chief at Rawalpindi would be that of courteously declining to put pressure upon the English for the fulfilment of their engagement to defend him, and of expressing profound confidence in the ability of our Government to find for him and for themselves a safe and honourable issue out of a rather disagreeable predicament.

There can be no doubt that in April last the question of peace or war depended very much on the attitude of the Amir. Had he taken advantage of the situation to demand armed support, the British nation was in the humour to take up his quarrel with all its heart and strength, and preliminary steps were taken in anticipation of such a contingency.

After describing the basis on which a settlement is now being worked out by the Boundary Commission, the reviewer asks how, when accomplished, it will affect the fundamental difficulties, present and prospective, of the Central Asian question, and what conclusions we can venture to draw as to our own position and future liabilities. No one, he thinks, will be sanguine enough to regard it as a final settlement.

It would be imprudent to reckon on the line that is to be traced on our future maps, from the Murghab river across the Turcoman wastes to the Oxus, as constituting more than the provisional embankment thrown up to check periodical floods until more scientific and lasting works can be constructed for controlling the general drainage of a country exposed to inundations. Moreover

the movements of Russia in Asia are governed by remote causes, and by impulses connected with the play of distant forces. Her progress eastward has hitherto naturally followed the line of least resistance; but it was the Crimean war that may be said to have first given it deliberate aim and continuous direction. The main impulse to our early territorial conquests in India was given by our struggles with the French for predominance in the country; and these arose out of, and were episodes in, the great European wars between England and France. In the same manner, and by a similar chain of consequences, the antagonism between England and Russia over the Turkish question has directed and accelerated the march of Russia upon the flank of our Indian possessions; and the movement, though suspended, may again revive. Yet it does not at all follow, because a treaty frontier is not an impassable barrier, that it is of little or no value. On the contrary, the actual advantage of a clear demarcation of the Amir's jurisdiction, and of our own responsibilities, is very plainly on the side of those whose wish and duty it is to maintain the *status quo*. Such a dispute as that about Penjeh or Zulfikar could always be contemplated in England with some haziness and hesitation as to the rights of the matter; whereas a treaty and a frontier are things understood of European people at large, and capable of being handled by the rules of international law.

The resolution to draw a line across Russia's path implies a pledge to resist its transgression, and means the near approach to an end to the system of political buffers, which was intended not to prevent, but to break the shock of, collision.

Now that the space interposed between England and Russia is reduced within the limits, whatever they may be, of Afghanistan, and the line of our present protectorate is to be traced within a few marches of Herat, the effect is at last to map out and sharply delineate the respective positions of the three principal pieces upon the chess-board. Russia will now know with certainty, without need of further diplomatic controversy, what moves will inevitably bring her into check, and will order her game accordingly. And for ourselves, now that we are face to face with the task of maintaining inviolate a foreign frontier, we have discovered, not too soon, how much depends on carefully considering beforehand where, for our own purposes, that frontier should be. If it is drawn very far from India, it may reach beyond our ordinary military control, and be left in the hands of indifferent or untrustworthy allies. If it is drawn nearer our base, what becomes of the integrity and independence of that part of the country of our ally which lies outside the line? and are we prepared for the inevitable contingency of our rival marching up to it? If the frontier towns are not properly fortified they are liable to a *coup de main*; if they are regularly armed and strengthened, who is to guarantee the defence, by a set of half-disciplined soldiery of an important *place d'armes*? If we equip and reinforce with money and material an able and well affected ruler of the intermediate state, how long will he reign, and which way may the breechloaders be turned by his successor? In short, to what extent and to what degree are we prepared to rely upon the vigilance, the firmness, and the unity of the Afghan nation for holding the front fighting line of India's defences, and for performing, in their own interests and ours, their essential part in the engagement between England and the Amir now ruling them?

All these perplexing questions have long been dimly present in the minds of our statesmen and our generals, and they are now being forced upon us very pointedly by the concentrated pressure of circumstances. The effect is to extinguish a great deal of the vague and discursive speculation that has been going on for many years about Russia's advance and the methods of counteracting it. A short time ago no range, in the opinion of high authorities, could be too wide for our defensive operations, military or political. Persia was to be drawn into an offensive alliance; the Turkomans on the Attrek were to be our light horse; Merv was to be preserved at all hazards; and the game would be lost whenever Cossack horsemen forded the Hari Rud. All such discourse has now become superfluous; the tide of events has already flowed over it, and we are no longer recommended to use large-scale maps in measuring the distance between Russian and Indian outposts.

The effect of the disillusion has been to produce in some quarters an extreme re-action.

Because the buffer runs back very easily and hardly breaks the shock of a smart collision, some people are beginning to declare that it is an entirely useless invention. We are to fall back behind our Indian frontiers and upon our own resources, relying entirely, like other civilised continental states, for our self-defence upon a complete system of fortifications, and a national army strong enough to hold them, abandoning as futile the expedients of territorial guarantees and subsidies to weak rulers of a half-grown nationality.

There is, no doubt, much to be said in favour of a policy of freedom from engagements beyond our frontiers and of concentration within them.

Not much good can, in the long run, come to anyone out of the practice of keeping a pack of Afghans trained to worry the Russian bear; and the Afghans are so disunited, so loosely coherent as a nation, and usually so ill-governed, that no one can pretend to foresee the result of giving their present Amir a well-equipped standing army. The result of strengthening the Afghan Government may be to weaken the Afghan people; for no Asiatic tribe ever puts its trust in princes, and no Asiatic prince ever trusts his own troops. The population of the north-western and northern provinces under Abdurrahman is not Afghan by race or connexion; the fighting tribes of the frontier are not in the least disposed to die in defence of the independence and integrity of the dominions of a Kabul Amir, while the Russians now on their border will be not much more hated and much more feared than the Afghan officials. In these circumstances, and while every movement or turn of politics in the country is watched with jealousy by two heavily armed and irresistible states on either side of it, the prospects of consolidating Afghanistan into a compact and stable kingdom do not seem to be improving. The position of all future Afghan rulers must be surrounded with growing difficulties. Having little or no communication with the outer world, admitting no envoys at home, and sending none abroad, ruling over a turbulent and fanatical group of tribes that are unmanageable without a large mercenary army, representing only the usual interval between two disputed successions, even the very able Amir now reigning may be excused for profound misgivings as to the future of his dynasty and his country.

\* \* \* \*

Russia may be compelled, by high political exigencies, to move forward again from the west, which will certainly bring on England from the east. The attack may be most inexcusable and the defence, most just, but when a wolf and a watchdog lay hold of a sheep's head and tail, the moral distinction of motives makes little difference to the sheep.

But it is certain that the hill ranges and the valleys in the heart of Afghanistan and the main passes towards India must always be within our power to control or occupy, and in certain contingencies we might be forced to take up a permanently advanced line of defence against further encroachment.

Our present relations with Kabul are, the writer thinks, closer and clearer than they have ever been. Each party comprehends fairly the real power, resources and disposition of the other.

If the Amir adheres faithfully and consistently to the arrangements, whatever they may be, which he will have concluded with the Viceroy of India, he is capable of proving himself a strong warden of the marches; and we may look for peace in his time within the country. This being the case, it is of paramount importance that no symptoms of mutability or indecision shall be discerned in our present policy toward him. It is of course not impossible that the temper and indications of an Afghan government may vary; but, on the whole, the probabilities are against a Kabul Amir or the Afghans turning away from us to the degree of turning against us. The people at large may fear and hate equally the Russian and the Englishman; but no Afghan prince could hold his own in Kabul, Ghuzni, Kandahar, if the English had resolved to displace him; while to the Afghans generally it must be evident that, between one power that would use their hills as stepping-stones and another that would use them as a barricade, the latter is much the less likely to seize their country permanently.

The writer does not believe that Russia fancies herself able to wrest India from England, but if a European war should find Russia and England in opposite camps, India might be well worth threatening by an inroad into Afghanistan.

If ever Russia occupies any part of the territory which now divides the two European empires in Asia, it is certain that all the country behind her advanced posts will be reduced, like the Caucasus, to a Russian province. On the other hand, that the English should ever be induced to cross Afghanistan in order to attack Russian possessions in Central Asia is exceedingly improbable. These considerations, most of which the Afghan leaders are quite able to appreciate, may be expected to throw weight into our scale if the nation has ever to choose between the friendship of England and of Russia. And though much is sometimes made of the idea that Russia might gain over the Afghan tribes by promising them the plunder of India, our own conviction is that their chiefs are quite capable of perceiving how ruinous to their own independence (which they value above all other treasures) it would be to open a passage across their mountains to a great Russian army.

In conclusion, he thinks that the present state and outlook of our affairs in Afghanistan are quite as favourable as could be expected; and, the new boundary once laid down and ratified, nothing short of some political commotion in Europe is likely to disturb it. But it would be imprudent to rely for the security of India on anything except the military strength, resources and energy of the whole of British Empire. Lastly, we are fairly assured of having at our back against all invaders the whole people of Upper India, including the Native States.

Within the memory, indeed, of this generation the position of the English Government in India, and its relation to the internal politics of the country, have undergone a significant transformation. During the first half of the present century we were still engaged in the contests for supremacy in India that culminated and ended with the two bloody but decisive campaigns against the Sikh army. The mutiny of 1857 was the natural and regular sequel of a long war time, when the sudden cessation of fighting and a general peace leaves an unruly mercenary army idle and restless. In suppressing that wild outbreak we were compelled to sweep away the last shadows, that had long lost their substance of names and figures once formidable in India. The ghost of the Moghul empire sitting crowned on the ruins of its former throne, vanished from Delhi; the last pretender to the honours of the Mahratta Peshwa disappeared from Cawnpore. The sovereignty of the English Queen now stands uncontested, in opinion and sentiment as well as in fact, throughout India; and the extinction of the last vestige of dynastic claims or rivalry has been the signal for the growth of a new and essentially modern phase of political life, and the formation within the state of parties which, however they may differ in administrative views, aspirations, and aims, are united in loyalty to the Crown. If the precedents of European history can be trusted, there are few surer signs of the final consolidation of a dynastic settlement or of a political system.

**THE SCARCITY OF GOLD.**—The writer of this paper attributes the prevailing depression in trade chiefly, if not entirely, to the growing scarcity of gold in relation to the commercial needs of the world—a scarcity which has been greatly aggravated by the demonetisation of silver, first by Germany and then by the Dutch and Scandinavian Governments, the States of the Latin Union and the United States of America.

From a variety of statistics he estimates the average annual production of the precious metals at  $41\frac{1}{2}$  millions, while the average wants are, for coinage alone,  $45\frac{1}{2}$  millions, and for arts and manufactures 19 millions more, thus leaving a deficiency of supply to the extent of 23 millions a year.

In answer to the objection of some theorists that money cannot be scarce, because the bank-rate of interest is low, it is pointed out that as a rule high prices and high rates of interest go together—a



phenomenon which seems at first sight puzzling, but is easily explained.

High prices and a high bank rate, we repeat, as the rule, go together, and so do low prices and a low bank rate; and the first step towards unravelling this relationship is to ascertain or observe whether prices or the bank rate is the superior and dominating or causative power. Unquestionably, prices are so; because (*inter alia*) they affect the profit or loss upon the entire capital, skill, and labour of the trader, while the bank rate only affects the return upon the borrowed portion of his capital. Moreover, high prices can offer an inducement to trade much beyond what can be offered by any lowering of the rate of interest. A trader, remarks Mr. Tooke in his "History of Prices," does not (at least, did not in his time) engage in an operation which does not promise to return a profit of ten per cent. No alteration of the bank rate would produce that result, but a rise of prices can do so. Consider the influence of prices upon trade and its profits. Rents or leases, wages and salaries, taxes and various other charges, component parts of the cost of production, are more or less permanent contracts; they cannot be altered from month to month, and only partially from year to year; and when a fall of prices occurs, it reduces the trader's gross receipts, first diminishing and by and by perhaps wholly sweeping away his profits. Probably the trader's first course is to make up for lower profits by extending his business operations; but this brings no remedy. He does more work, but his profit declines at a greater rate than his business expands—the new or extended portion of his business being usually less profitable than the old, although it is a gain in so far as it represents a greater outcome from his fixed plant or machinery. Thereupon his next course is to contract his business by dropping the unprofitable parts of it, and confining himself to the best paying portion of his original business; and as the fall of prices continues, so does the general contraction of business. In manufacturing trades, it is true, there is a gain from the fall of prices in the raw material; but it goes for nothing in the face of the price-fall upon the manufactured article, which represents alike the raw material and the labour and interest of capital employed upon it. What is the worth of a gain of ten or twenty per cent. upon raw material which constitutes (say) one-fourth of the cost of the manufactured product, when a similar percentage of loss is incurred upon the sale, or whole price, of the finished article? \* \* \*

As trade thus contracts, fewer trade bills are created, and fewer discounts and advances are required from the banks. Trade bills are the special commodity or security upon which banks lend out their spare money, and a lack of such bills never fails to cause a low bank rate—obviously, not because the banks' stock of money is increased, but because the demand for it has diminished.

When prices are "high," or above their ordinary or recent level, the producer and manufacturer makes a clear gain, inasmuch as his gross income or receipts increase, while all his more or less fixed charges—rent of house and offices or factories, taxes, contracts, salaries, wages—remain as before. Accordingly, the producing and trading classes enlarge their business operations, and increase their profits. What is the effect of this upon money? High prices of themselves call for more money to carry on an equal amount of business transactions, while the commercial prosperity of the time leads to an increase of these transactions. On both of these accounts more money than usual is drawn out of

the banks, whether by the discount of bills or by the withdrawal of deposits. And so the bank rate rises, money on loan becoming scarce. Thus it is, we repeat, that high prices and a high rate of interest go together, just as low prices and a low bank rate go together. In the former case, traders are eager for loans because they can employ the money with unusual profit; in the latter case,—i.e. of low prices,—money accumulates in bank because traders cannot employ it at a profit. If they can hardly make a profit upon their own money when employed upon and restricted to the select or best paying portions of their business, it is hopeless for them to attempt to make a profit upon money upon which they have to pay interest, and also employ it upon business of an extended and a less profitable kind.

But a monetary dearth affects not only current trade, but real property or fixed wealth of all kinds.

The value of money is rising, and consequently the sale value of all other commodities is falling. The manufacturer ceases to build factories, and the shipowner to build ships, not merely because there are already as many ships and factories as can be profitably employed, but because ships and factories, in common with other such kinds of property, are steadily losing value owing to the fall of prices or rise in the purchasing power of money; whereby not only does the owner find his wealth steadily diminishing, but in a few years some rival trader becomes able to build or purchase the same kind of property at a much lower cost, and thus enters into competition with him on advantageous terms. Look at the "speculative builder" or building companies who a dozen years ago created whole streets and rows of houses in the suburbs of London and of other large towns; most of these houses were promptly disposed of, but if sold to-day they would not yield cost price, and so the speculative "builder" has now all but disappeared. In this way, while current trade operations are being checked through low prices and loss of profits, the "plant"—buildings, machinery, warehouses, ships, &c.,—by which both production and trade are carried on, is likewise depreciated more and more, simply through the changing value of the circulating medium. In short, property of every kind becomes depreciated, except money itself: and even the moneyed class lose also, owing to the low rate of interest and the lack of remunerative kinds of investment. In short, capital itself is injured, although not so seriously as trade and labour.

But it is agriculture, in which lower prices cannot be compensated by cheapened production, that is most affected by a change in the value of the circulating medium, and the effect is aggravated by the slowness of this kind of production and the long contracts that prevail. The modern change in English farming from the system of annual tenancy to that of no leases, has, owing to the rise in the value of money, proved most disastrous, and, but for the heavy reductions recorded by the landowners, must have proved utterly ruinous.

Another respect in which land and agriculture suffer from a rise in the value of money, is its prohibitive action on investment in fixed property.

An improving landlord, who possesses an estate worth 20,000*l.*, spends 1,000*l.* or 2,000*l.* in improving his property, by drainage, fences, the reclamation of waste land, the erection of farm buildings, or the like; yet, at the end of a few years, perhaps by the time these works are completed, he finds (owing to the rise in the value of money) that his estate is worth no more than before; and further, if the money thus expended was borrowed, he would have to repay the loan at an enhanced value. Such a person will not repeat the investment, and his neighbours, taking warning, will likewise refrain. On the other hand, if a man keeps his wealth or property in a moneyed form he will find its value increasing every year. While a house or other fixed property sinks in value from 1,000*l.* to 800*l.*, money kept idle in bank (while yielding some interest, however small) will rise in purchasing power from 1,000*l.* to upwards of 1,200*l.* In short, the tendency of such times is to check industrial investments to an unusual degree.

Even those who keep their wealth in the form of money do not escape, owing to the fall in the rate of interest consequent upon lack of profitable investments for capital. Labour, though it may suffer most in the long run, is usually the last to suffer, the first losses falling on employers.

The previous epoch of hard times, between 1809 and 1849, showed signs and features very similar to those visible now, and was attributable to similar causes.

Previous to 1848, as Mr. Newmarch has stated in a sentence which we have already quoted, there had been a slow but progressive fall of prices in consequence of an inadequate supply of the precious metals; and more specifically, Professor Jevons said, "Between 1809 and 1849 prices fell in the ratio of 100 to 41"—a rise in the value of money, and consequent depreciation of labour and its produce, to the extent of 49 per cent., or about three-fifths. And the last years of the dearth were the worst of all; Professor Jevons adding, "in 1849-52 prices were unprecedentedly low." During this long period agriculture and manufactures suffered alike,—Sismondi attributing the greater degree of suffering to the latter, and Mr. Jacob to the former. Writing in 1830, and speaking of the first stage of this monetary dearth, Mr. Jacob said (vol. ii, p. 376): "In this country, where the cultivators of the soil are a class of capitalists distinct from the proprietors, their capitals have generally been diminishing; whilst the decline of the mines has been proceeding, and whilst the application of their produce to other purposes than that of coin has been increasing." He adds: "It certainly does not follow from these two courses having been in simultaneous progression that one is the cause of the other." But he continues, "the same has been the condition of the cultivators of the soil in every other country also, so far as it is accurately known. In every part of the continent of Europe the same complaints are heard, however various may be the tenures by which land is held." Nor was this agricultural distress confined to our own continent. "Such complaints," continued Mr. Jacob, "are not bounded by the limits of Europe. The cultivators in North America assert that the prices of their productions yield them no profit, especially those of corn, cotton, tobacco, and rice. The same," he goes on to say, "is the

case in the West India Islands, and also according to the common opinion, in South America and in India. There must be some general cause producing such extensive effects, which are thus felt alike where taxation is high or low; under despotic and free governments; and whether the land is cultivated by slaves, by serfs, by hired labourers, or by proprietors." And what conceivable cause was there, operating so universally and under the most various and opposite circumstances, save "that decline of the mines and increased application of their produce to other purposes than that of coin," which, as Jacob said, "have been in simultaneous progression?" He then stated with great precision the law which governs the rise and fall of prices at the present day. "If," said he, "the mass of commodities increased at a greater rate than the metals, we should expect that prices would decline; but if those metals increased faster than the whole of the other commodities, we should look for an advance in the prices of commodities generally." This sentence explains in a few words the inflation which followed the large discoveries of gold, and the depression which has followed an inadequate supply of the metal in all countries.

The well-known Belgian economist, M. de Laveleye, unhesitatingly attributes to this decline of the mines the long continued adversity which befell Europe and America for a dozen years after 1819—at the beginning of which period, also, in Great Britain, specie payments were resumed, while silver had been demonetised. Writing of our own country, M. de Laveleye says:—

"This period of 1820 to 1830, which ought to have been one of unparalleled prosperity, was characterised, on the contrary, by cruel distress. The fall of prices was so severe that Brougham proposed to reduce taxation proportionately, and in 1822 the idea was even put forward of reducing [in most monetary contracts?] the sovereign from twenty shillings to fourteen. Agriculture and general industry suffered alike. The distress of the labouring class was manifested in England by bread-riots, by threatening Chartist processions, and by demands for help addressed to Parliament. Armed repression had repeatedly to be resorted to."

Referring to the details of this persistent crisis in America, M. de Laveleye says:—

"From 1817 to 1827 such were the economic sufferings in the United States, that an increase of customs duties was demanded as a remedy.....In France there was the same pressure, and the same demand for the protectionist system. In the address of the Chamber of Deputies of November 26, 1821, 'the complaints of Agriculture, that nursing-mother of France, were laid at the foot of the throne,'"

From all quarters of France complaints were made as to the insufficiency of the measures taken against the importation of foreign corn. In Piedmont the landowners complained that the prices of agricultural produce had fallen more than one-half, and, according to the testimony of the farmers of Holland, the rent of land had fallen more than one-third. While farmers and landlords suffered alike, so did commerce as well as agriculture. From Italy, Germany, and the trading cities of northern Europe, says M. de Laveleye, came the same complaint as to falling prices. Bankruptcies multiplied; and in 1820 a severe crisis, consequent upon the fall of prices, occurred at Hamburg, where "the pre-

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\* See his Treatise on "International Bimetallism;" English edition, pp. 44—56.

mum on gold mounted to nearly 10 per cent., while *the rate of interest remained extremely low*—discount falling to only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum—a proof of the extreme stagnation of business.”

Finally, what does the philosophic historian Sismondi say of these times? Writing in 1827 of what he justly called “this great European calamity,” Sismondi says :—

“A cry of distress is raised from all the manufacturing towns of the Old World, and all the fields of the New World re-echo it. Everywhere Commerce is struck with the same languor ; everywhere it encounters the same difficulty of selling. It is five years at least since the suffering began ; far from being allayed, it seems increasing with time. The “Patriotic Societies,” which are being formed in Belgium and Germany to keep out foreign merchandise, are a grievous symptom of this universal suffering. The [protective] system now predominant in the public mind has been produced by the distress everywhere visible. At the same time, farmers and landlords complain of being ruined ; they loudly cry for protective laws, for monopolies ; they declare that they cannot withstand foreign competition ; and, in truth, many farmers have become bankrupt, while many landowners voluntarily give up a quarter or a third of their rents. Lastly, the frequent incendiarism of crops and farmhouses bespeaks the irritation and fermentation of the farm-labourers and the precarious condition of all society.”

The new Russian gold mines served to check, though they did not much relieve, this monetary dearth—the constant growth of population and of monetary requirements neutralising the effects of the new supply from the Ural and Siberia. Everything that ministerial wisdom could devise to alleviate the stagnation of trade and general distress was tried ; yet all was in vain. And so, although lightened by gleams of transient prosperity, hard times continued to prevail till near the middle of the century, when suddenly, in 1848, the apprehension of Sismondi was realised. “All society” was shaken to its foundations. Governments were overthrown by a wild impulse ; the *nouvelles couches sociales* deluged with blood the streets of terror-stricken Paris ; while wars and revolutions convulsed the continent of Europe.

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\* Sismondi's “Studies in Political Economy,” vol. ii, p. 226.

# THE CREAM

## Of the Monthly Reviews.

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#### THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF IRELAND TO GREAT BRITAIN.—

Looking at the proposal to part company with Ireland as a mere matter of business, Mr. Giffen, in this paper, discusses the question whether the separation would result in less or gain to Great Britain, and comes to the conclusion that Great Britain has not much to lose, while Ireland has.

First, as to population, he points out that the people of Ireland number rather less than five millions, as compared with nearly thirty-one and a half in Great Britain. Separation would, therefore, involve a deduction of only about one-seventh from the total population of the United Kingdom. If we granted only partial separation and retained Ulster, the deduction would be only one-twelfth. At the worst, the United Kingdom would be as great in population as it was in 1870, and the population would be individually richer.

Relatively, moreover, Ireland is steadily losing ground. Great Britain grows, every ten years, a new people equal to the whole disaffected part of Ireland.

Again, taking industrial character and resources, the people of Ireland are vastly inferior to those of Great Britain. Figures are given to show that the income of Ireland is probably not more than one-seventeenth, and its capital than one-twenty-fourth, of those of Great Britain. As regards taxable income, the proportion is only about one-fiftieth. Looking at trade, we find that our transactions with India are immensely greater and even with Australia considerably greater than with Ireland,—two hundred millions in the one case, and sixty-six in the other, as compared with forty.

Ireland, again, is no gain to the exchequer of Great Britain. Exclusive of the Post Office, she contributes, as far as can be ascertained, about £6,700,000 a year, the contributions of Great Britain being ten times that amount. Proportionally to her resources, indeed, Ireland should pay only about £3,500,000. But when we turn to the expenditure side of the account, the result is, however, less favourable to Great Britain. For the Imperial Government has to maintain a disproportionate garrison in Ireland, and also to pay disproportionately for her local Government. In the case of the army the excess expenditure is £1,800,000, if the calculation is based on relative population, and £3,000,000, if it is based on relative resources.

In the case of Civil Service expenditure the excess payment is £2,928,000, calculated on the basis of resources, £1,308,000 calculated on the basis of population, and £2,056,000 calculated on the basis of contributions.

Taking resources as the measure, and allowing for excess receipts, there is a net deficit, on Irish account, of £2,728,000. If Ireland paid only a fair contribution for Imperial purposes, the deficit would be £6,000,000.

As to British investments in Ireland, Mr. Giffen shows grounds for thinking that they are comparatively small. Probably the income derived from such investments is not more than two millions and a half out of a total income from investments of £400,000,000. The trade between the two countries is, probably, as already stated, about forty millions per annum, and even this need not be lost by separation.

As to the question of the indirect political danger of separation, it is too speculative to be included in an economic enquiry. But it is obvious that the sum of £2,750,000, which Great Britain now

expends in excess, would go some way towards the expense of extra military and naval preparation which the presence of a hostile Ireland near us might involve.

Mr. Giffen thinks, moreover, that the danger is exaggerated:—

I should like further to ask the question why a State like Ireland beside us if completely separate, should add sensibly to the dangers we incur from States like Belgium and Holland, which are just about as populous and much richer, and almost equally near. The question is one of military strategy; but, without being dogmatic, I would suggest that the experience of past times, when France tried to use Ireland against us, does not wholly apply. In past times Ireland was useful positively to Great Britain, because of the relative magnitude of its resources in both men and wealth. The loss of it would have been a great loss to Great Britain in the life-and-death struggles in which it was engaged. Further, Ireland's hostile might in former times have been a real danger to England for two reasons—the first, its relative magnitude, already referred to; and next, the necessity or convenience, in the days of sailing ships, of using as the basis of hostile operations against a State which was to be reached by sea a place near to that State, so that a Power like France might have gained something by “enveloping” Great Britain. Now all the circumstances have changed. Ireland is so poor in resources that the loss of it positively would hardly count. Even, as a recruiting ground it is no longer required, because a State like Great Britain with  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions of men, not to speak of its colonial reserves, can have as many men for soldiering as its finances can afford out of its own numbers. Negatively also we can keep military possession of Ireland much more easily than was formerly the case; it is an easier task than it was in proportion to our resources; and just because it is easier, it is less worth the while of an opponent to seek to overcome us through Ireland. In these days of steam also a great Power meaning to attack us could do so as easily, or nearly as easily, from Antwerp or Hamburg or Havre, or even Cadiz, as from Dublin or Belfast; to attempt to reach us through Ireland would not be worth while. To guard against accidents, it is prudent and best for both countries that we should keep military hold of Ireland; but it would seem to be conceivable that Ireland, even if disposed to be hostile, would not “count” when separate, if we were only to put forth our strength. If we lose command of the sea, we shall be liable to be assailed directly by a military Power; if we keep the command, Ireland will not count.

Mr. Giffen concludes with some important remarks regarding the representation of Ireland, the land question and taxation regarded in the light of the above facts. . .

The first of these remarks is that all claim of Ireland to be represented in Parliament, if it really contributes nothing material to the strength of the empire when properly taxed, is taken away. At present it is unprofitable to us, because, though it is overtaxed, the circumstances are such that it absorbs the surplus taxation. If it were to be taxed properly, and the present system of government were to continue, it would be still more unprofitable. It appears then to be an intolerable anomaly that such a State should be represented in the Imperial Parliament, helping to vote the taxes which another community pays, and



meddling in all the affairs of that community. The anomaly might be endurable if the representatives returned happened to be friendly or to be sensible of deriving advantage from the imperial connection. But to admit into the Imperial Parliament representatives of a State which can be no contributory to imperial needs; which could not bear the strain of an imperial emergency; which requires for its own internal administration all the taxable income it can spare, and which, moreover, sends representatives avowedly hostile, with no other mission than to make imperial government impossible, is nothing less than the *reductio ad absurdum* of Parliamentary government. The affairs of an empire like that of England cannot possibly go on upon such conditions. The enormous reduction or absolute extinction of the Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament, with or without terms of Home Rule for Ireland, is a measure on which both parties in Great Britain might justifiably unite.

Another remark I have to make is with reference to a certain scheme which appeared in the *Statist* newspaper, and which became known as "Economist's" plan of settling the Land and Home Rule questions in Ireland. There is no reason why I should not assume responsibility for a suggestion which I was encouraged to ventilate, when I first put it forward in conversation, by official and political friends, although for obvious reasons I am most anxious to keep out of political controversy, and could take no part, either in my own name or anonymously, in the incessant discussions of the last few months. What I should like to point out is that the idea of buying out Irish landlords at the expense of the imperial exchequer, and of handing over a rent-charge to Irish local authorities in lieu of the present imperial payments for the internal administration of Ireland, is closely related to the view of Ireland's economic position which I have set forth in this paper. It is all based on the notion that Ireland is a comparatively small State which has gained a footing in the imperial system of Great Britain to which it is not entitled, and for which, therefore, another system, excluding Irish representatives wholly, or nearly so, from the Imperial Parliament, must be devised. If Irish local authorities can be set up amicably, and with the consent of Ireland's representatives, so much the better; if no such authorities can be set up, then it will be necessary still to exclude hostile Irish representatives from the Imperial Parliament, and set up local authorities of a non-popular kind. As far as I can see, there is no getting out from between the horns of this dilemma. In either case a settlement of the land question seems expedient, in order to give the new authorities a chance, and in order to disentangle the imperial and Irish exchequers. No merely Irish authorities could buy out the landlords, because they would not have credit enough. If the exchequers are not disentangled, the Irish people would have the apparent grievance of being taxed without representation, whereas in some form or other they could be represented in local councils. It is, therefore, expedient at the same time at once to buy out Irish landlords effectively, which can be done by the imperial exchequer, and to give the new local authorities a revenue which they could collect and administer themselves, and which would be the *equivalent* of the contributions to the imperial exchequer they would continue to make under existing taxes, deducting a certain fixed proportion as due from them for the imperial protection. Subject to the condition that the Imperial Parliament imposed no new taxes on Ireland, which it is not worth while doing, there would be no injustice in such an arrangement, and the Irish people could not then say they

were taxed without representation. But the existing intolerable anomaly would be got rid of, and Great Britain would cease to be governed in a large degree by a hostile faction coming from a country which contributes nothing to imperial strength.

I desire, likewise, to call special attention to the fact which has come out incidentally that Ireland is overtaxed in comparison with Great Britain. It contributes twice its proper share, if not more, to the Imperial Exchequer. The taxation in one view is not reprehensible; it is levied in the shape of indirect taxes, mainly on spirits and tobacco. The Irish masses could untax themselves by the simple expedient of consuming less spirits and tobacco. This is the easy view which has often been acted upon when the subject has come up in the Imperial Parliament. Long ago, in 1864, when there was a Committee on Irish Taxation, Mr. Lowe embarrassed an able witness, Mr. E. Senior, a Poor-law Inspector in Ireland and well acquainted with Irish poverty, by putting this very point (see No. 513, Session 1864). But it is not the right view. How much of the expenditure of the Irish people on spirits and tobacco is really wasteful is not certainly known. People who have so little taxable income have at any rate a claim to have the money thus taken from them by the Government applied for their special benefit. At present, nearly the whole taxable income of the Irish people is, in fact, absorbed by the State. The taxable income being about 15,000,000*l.* only, the Imperial Government, as we have seen, takes nearly 7,000,000*l.*, and the local taxes are over 3,000,000*l.* more, or about 10,000,000*l.* in all. So large a proportion of taxation to taxable income would be a serious fact for any country, and there can be little accumulation in Ireland under such conditions.

**THE FREE-TRADE IDOLATRY.**—Lord Penzance, after a long consideration of the arguments in favour of the abstract principle of free-trade—the principle that it is bad economy to impose any import duties on such articles as are likewise produced at home—has come to the conclusion that it is unsound and erroneous, and he gives us in this article a first instalment of the grounds on which his conclusion is based.

The question of duty, or no duty, he maintains, is a separate question for each article of import, to be determined on a review of all the circumstances of the case, according as the balance of advantage to the whole of the community is found to lie in taxation or freedom from duty. Mr. Cobden, Sir Robert Peel, and all the early advocates of free trade based their proposals on an assumption that has been falsified by the event,—the assumption that other nations would certainly follow our example. Mr. Cobden speaking in 1844, said :

“You have no more right to doubt that the sun will rise to-morrow than you have to doubt that in less than ten years from the time when England inaugurates the glorious era of commercial freedom every civilised community will be Free Traders to the backbone.”

But these confident predictions have not been fulfilled :

Forty years have passed away, the sun has continued to rise, but the peoples of the earth, including our own brethren in America, and our children in the Colonies, have absolutely refused to accept our views or adopt our practice, and the beneficent project of 1845 reveals itself in 1885 as little better than a baseless dream. This is no reproach to those who framed the system—for the system has not failed—it has never been tried. It could not be tried without the co-operation of other nations—and they have refused to co-operate. And so we still stand alone—having performed, and still performing, our part of the general interchange, to no purpose as far as the original ends and objects of the system are concerned, and to the advantage only, I am afraid, of those who have refused to join us. It is as though a man had learnt his part in a concerted piece of music and were to insist on performing it, though the other performers had obstinately refused their co-operation.

The system of "Free Imports" may be bad or good; but it is not the system that the national judgment approved when the Corn Laws were repealed. The very essence of the latter is wanting.

And so far from each nation devoting itself to the production of what it could produce cheapest and best, to the general ease of all, every nation but our own is striving to find employment for its population by keeping their own markets to themselves, whilst enjoying the benefits of selling freely in ours. If the system of "Free Imports," therefore, is a good thing, it must be so upon very different grounds, and must be upheld by very different reasoning from that upon which the doctrine of Free Trade was preached and accepted.

The main argument in favour of "Free Imports," as stated by Mr. Mongredien, is that—

The trade of a country consists of the aggregate operations of individual traders, which are always equal, co-ordinate and self-balancing, and which *necessitate to a mathematical certainty (excepting bad debts) an import to every export, and vice versa.*

And again :—

Now if the country imports articles X, Y, Z, it necessarily exports in exchange for them (*for every increase of imports necessitate an increase of exports*) other articles of native production, which we may call A, B, C; and thus further channels of employment are created.

But the truth of this argument Lord Penzance denies. It is not true, he maintains, that the foreigner must be paid, or is in fact paid, by receiving British goods. It is surprising that any one could have ever thought it was.

For what is it that determines whether a particular country, say France, shall import half a million or a million or five millions' worth of any British produce? Surely nothing else than the wants of its population for the thing imported, and the comparative attractions in merit and price of the British article over those of other countries. The trade of a country consists of the aggregate operations of its individual traders, as Mr. Mongredien truly says. Let us take, therefore the case of some individual trader in France who is in the habit of import.

ing from England a given class of goods, say iron manufactures. Now, in any given year, what is it that determines whether he shall import much or little British iron? Does he inquire how much silk, or wine, or other, produce is being exported to this country from France, and has got to be paid for, and regulate his purchases accordingly? Has he the means of entering upon such a calculation? and if he had, how can he tell how far the operations of others in France have already supplied the needful payment? The bare statement of such a thing on paper looks foolish, and I cannot suppose for a moment that anyone, however keen in this controversy, will suggest that the Frenchman's purchases are really regulated in the smallest degree by anything but the one consideration of his own interest, or that he asks himself any other question than this; whether he can sell at a profit the amount of iron, great or small, which he is about to order from England. The purchase of British produce in any given year, or in other words British exports, is the aggregate result of the volitions of millions of foreign purchasers, each acting independently, and each in his own interests alone. And these volitions are again guided by the volitions of tens of millions of consumers, each acting independently, and producing collectively that demand for British produce which set the importers of it in motion. How is it possible that a result so brought about can be caused by, or regulated in its amount by, the quantity of foreign goods which are at the same time being imported by others into this country? An import of French goods into this country cannot of itself, therefore, as it seems to me, bring about an export from this country of the like value or of any value at all. The one thing cannot be the cause of the other. On the contrary, the causes which regulate the amount of either are absolutely independent of one another—the Englishman ordering just so many French goods as there is a demand for here, and the foreigner ordering such English goods as meet the demands of his own market on the other side.

The writer, then, proceeds to show that every year for these forty years there has been an enormous excess of imports over exports, which is irreconcilable with the truth of this doctrine. Mr. Mongredien himself admits this and explains it as follows:

Beside the normal commercial profits which naturally contribute to make what comes in of greater value than what goes out, wealthy nations which have lent money to foreign States, or otherwise invested money in foreign countries, have annually to receive large amounts for dividends on those loans and investments. These amounts are periodically remitted to them in goods (not in specie), which figure in their statistical returns as excess of imports. Let us take the case of England. She has yearly to receive about 60,000,000*l.* from abroad for interest on foreign investments. She has also to receive some 40,000,000*l.* to 50,000,000*l.* more for ocean freight (gross) and charges, because two-thirds of the entire ocean-carrying trade of the world is conducted by her mercantile navy. Now, since England has to receive about 100,000,000*l.* per annum from abroad in goods, for which, as they constitute a payment to her and not a sale, she has to make no return, it is clear that these will figure in the Board of Trade returns as imports without any corresponding amount of exports. They will appear as an excess of imports over exports to the extent of 100,000,000*l.*

The dictum of the "Free Importers" must, therefore, be reduced

to the following form: Every import, over and above a hundred millions, necessitates an equal export; or rather, since the debt due to England on account of capital invested, freights, and the like, varies from year to year, all that can be said is that imports are every year balanced by exports, coupled with the obligations of the foreigner, both of which are fluctuating in amount. Lord Penzance then goes on to show that the actual results, as recorded from year to year by the Board of Trade, lend no countenance to the view that an addition to our imports leads necessarily to an increase in our exports—while the total result of the 15 years shows an increase in imports of 163 millions, with an increase of exports of only 35 millions.

### Why does the argument fail?

I think it fails in this. Is it true that we do not pay for our purchases in money? It is plain that we do not pay by sending bullion abroad; the export of bullion is always, I think, under ten millions in any given year, and oftentimes the balance is the other way. How then *do* we pay? I know how the actual importer in any case pays. He *does* pay in money—that is, he gives his acceptance at two or three months or whatever “prompt” is customary in the trade, and when the bill falls due he pays it. When and how is it, then, that this money payment, before it arrives in the foreigner’s hands, is converted into goods, as the “Free Importers” say that it is? What becomes of the acceptance? We know that it is, or may be, transferred from hand to hand by endorsement in this country, or sold and sent abroad. It is impossible to conjecture into whose hands it may have found its way whilst running, or to whom it may ultimately be paid. But whoever may be the holder (unless the purchaser becomes insolvent, in which case the foreigner’s goods are never paid for at all, either in goods or money or anything else), the price of the foreign goods is *paid in actual money* when the bill falls due. Surely this closes the transaction, and if all foreign imports are paid for in this way (saving, as I have said, the case of bad debts) what room is there for the assertion that they are paid for in goods, and goods of British manufacture?

What, then, is the difficulty in paying the foreigner for the goods which we have imported? and paying him in a manner which leaves no record in the Custom House? The actual importer, as I have said, no doubt pays in money and not goods, for he pays his acceptance when it falls due. The foreigner who receives this acceptance may, as I have just pointed out, be paid at once in money, for he may turn the bill into money here, or may sell the bill abroad to anyone who wants to remit money to London, either in payment of a debt due here, or for the purpose of investment in the English Funds or the innumerable shares of industrial enterprise, or to meet any of the requirements of his business or the needs of his private life. In either case the foreigner receives payment for his goods in money.

It will, perhaps, be said—indeed I see it has been said—that though we may pay for our imports in the first instance with money, or bills, or securities, that in the end, if a hundred millions of value (so to speak) have been poured

into this country in the shape of imported goods, something of substantial value to the same or approximately the same amount, must go out of it in return; and that bills or notes only represent goods, which must in the end constitute the real payment which we have to make.

The first half of this statement is true enough—deducting the profits of trade, the value of imported goods into this country is no doubt met by a return of substantial value in some shape from this country—but that substantial value need not take the form of goods at all, and still less need the goods be goods of English production. Surely I transfer to a foreigner substantial value in return for his goods, if I give him the right to receive the price in gold either in London, when my bill is payable, or in any country in the world where he prefers to receive it! For he has only to turn my acceptance into money by discounting it or selling it, and he can, with the money, buy a bill payable in any country where he wishes to receive it. And as for securities, such as the bonds and obligations of foreign governments which pass by delivery from hand to hand, they are as much things of real—and not representative—value as gold or goods themselves. There is really no difficulty to deal with in this direction and nothing worth an extended explanation, but there has been set afloat a sort of hazy notion, founded upon the statement that all trade is in substance only barter, that if you hunt down a purchase of goods through the intricacies of modern commercial expedients, you will come in the end to goods as the real means of payment. This is not in the least true, unless in goods you include all things of substantial value. A hundred pounds' worth of English Consols, or the obligations of any admittedly solvent government or corporation, is as much a thing of value as a hundred pounds' worth of French silk, or German hops, or English iron. Anything, in short, that is readily saleable for a hundred pounds in gold, is as valuable and constitutes as substantial a payment as goods of that value, for the very simple reason that it will purchase goods of that value.

HOME RULE.—Under this title we have the question of home rule considered from different points of view by the Right Hon'ble G. Shaw Lefevre, Lord Edmond FitzMaurice, the Hon'ble Arthur D. Elliot, M.P., and Mr. Frank H. Hill.

Mr. Lefevre gives us a sketch of the different precedents furnished by recent and contemporary history for the treatment of the Irish question. From these examples two essentially different methods may, he points out, be deduced; the one that of "autonomous dependency," where the dependent state has complete autonomy for its own internal affairs, but no voice in the external policy of the superior state; and the federal method, under which Ireland, while receiving large powers of autonomy, would still retain a representation in the Imperial Parliament.

Under the former system the local Parliament would have full control over Irish administration and executive, and it might have full power of taxation, subject to a convention for securing free

trade ; but it would have no power to deal with imperial questions or raise a military force.

The position would be that of a reformed Grattan's Parliament, *plus* what was wanting in those days—a native administration responsible to it, and with strictly defined limits of power. What conditions or reservations it would be possible to insist upon for the protection of the minority or to make the Union more secure I will not now enter upon. It is obvious that the tie in such case would not be a strong one ; the danger, however, would be, not so much the desire of the assembly thus constituted for complete separation, but that it would still claim a voice in imperial matters and endeavour to influence decisions in important matters, in questions of foreign and colonial policy, from which it had been excluded by the Constitution. It is obvious that it would be impossible to call upon a subject state thus constituted to contribute to the costs of a policy in which it has no voice. It would be possible, indeed, to decide in advance for a fixed contribution to imperial purposes. The financial aspects of the subject, however, become less material and important when we consider the very altered proportions of Ireland to Great Britain as compared with what they were at the Union in 1800. The population of Ireland was then one-third of that of the United Kingdom ; and its wealth was probably not less than one-seventh. At the last census, in 1881, the population of Ireland was only one-seventh that of the United Kingdom ; its wealth was certainly not more than one-twentieth. Its civil administration, in spite of this great disproportion in wealth, is carried on at a relatively much higher cost, and it needs for the maintenance of order and in support of the imperial rule a very large police and military force. The financial result is that the cost of the administration and control of Ireland, civil and military, is greater than its payment in taxes to the Exchequer, and that consequently it does not really contribute anything either to the payment of the national debt, or to the support of the imperial forces, which are required for the maintenance generally of our colonial empire and the protection of our vast trade and commerce.

This financial position of Ireland relatively to Great Britain will fairly raise the question whether, if local autonomy be conceded to the former, it will be necessary and expedient to maintain its representation in the Imperial Parliament, or its voice in the determination of a policy to the cost of which it makes no contribution. The possibility of relieving the British House of Commons from the presence of Irish members may, when the alternative is presented to them, induce many to prefer an arrangement, even though it should entail some greater risk, and is more open to theoretical objection.

If the second method were adopted the best solution of it would, Mr. Shaw Lefevre thinks, be found in the precedents afforded by the relations of the dominion of Canada to its provinces, and of Hungary to Croatia.

In the first of these the powers of government are distributed and balanced with very great skill, and, as experience has shown, with the happiest results. There can be no essentially greater differences between the Catholic population of Ireland, with its separatist feelings, and its national sentiments, and incompatibility of temper, with reference to the people of Great Britain, than in the case of the French Catholics of Canada and the Anglo-Saxon Protestants

of the other provinces. The working out in detail of such an arrangement between Great Britain and Ireland would present difficulties, not indeed insuperable, but numerous and serious. Unless we assume that Scotland and perhaps Wales are, without any demand on their part having arisen, to be dealt with in the same manner, we should have Ireland alone with a special local Government, and yet represented in the Parliament of Great Britain for common and imperial purposes. Are its members in this Parliament to be excluded from taking part in purely English and Scotch questions? and if so, by what process? by legal enactment or by the regulation of Parliament itself? How would their presence affect the position of ministries? Suppose a Government with a majority when the Irish members were present, and in a minority when they were absent, how would its responsibility to Parliament be determined?

Assuming that this solution is the preferable one, the questions arise, What shall be the relation of the central Government and the Imperial Parliament to the local administration and local Parliament of Ireland? Are we to adopt the Canadian or the American method? Is the central Government to retain a veto over the local legislation of Ireland? How is the connection between the two Governments to be maintained? With respect to the Irish local Government and administration, what is to be its relation to the local Parliament? Are the heads of the local administration to be responsible to the local Parliament and members of it? Is, in fact, responsible government and Cabinet government on the English model to be carried out, or are we to adopt the American system of a governor elected by universal suffrage with the right to appoint ministers independent of the Legislature? Is the local Parliament to be composed of one or of two chambers; and if of one only, are any of its members to be nominated by the Crown? Is the Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament to be maintained at its present number? and if reduced, on what principle with respect to the wealth and the contribution of Ireland.

There is reason, the writer thinks, to believe that many of the leaders of the Tory Party do not substantially differ from Mr. Gladstone in their views of what ought to be done; and he considers it certain that if once a great scheme of autonomy is propounded to Parliament by Mr. Gladstone, supported by the bulk of his party, and meets with the approval of the Irish people, no alternative policy of coercion will ever again be possible to the opposing party, even if they should succeed in defeating the measure.

The Irish, when they have the moral support of one of the great parties of state to their claims, would thenceforward be justified in going to lengths, which I should be sorry to hint at, in resisting the alternative policy of coercive laws. The only effect, then, of defeating such a measure would be to entail upon the victors the responsibility of producing an alternative measure with the same object, or perhaps a wider and more thorough one. If I were to venture to predict what will happen in the event of the Tories succeeding in defeating a scheme founded on one of the two methods of dealing with the question to which I have referred, it would be that the Tory party,



when again in office and responsible for the government of Ireland, would find itself compelled to propose and carry a scheme founded on the other method. If the federal scheme should be adopted by Mr. Gladstone, the Tories would probably find that when once the principle of autonomy is adopted they would prefer the other and more advanced scheme, under which the Irish members would no longer be represented in the Imperial Parliament, and they would make this a special merit of their settlement. If, on the other hand, Mr. Gladstone should propose a scheme based on the colonial principle, it would be more open to attack as interfering with the unity of the Empire, and when defeated its opponents would make a merit of proposing a plan based on federation.

Lord FitzMaurice's paper is a purely historical account of the development of home rule in Austria.

Mr. Arthur Elliot's paper is a protest against the declaration made by Mr. Parnell last autumn that "Scotland had lost her nationality," and was to be pitied therefore, and against the notion that any desire for home rule exists in Scotland.

Whatever nationality Ireland may have lost, he remarks, it was not a nationality marked by any of the ordinary signs of independent national existence.

The Irish never *acted* as an independent nation, and if they really ever considered themselves an independent nation, they certainly were not so considered by any other nation of the world. Was ambassador ever sent by a foreign power to an Irish Government? Was the Irish flag ever seen upon the seas? Reference need hardly be made to Wales. A Welsh ambassador! A Welsh man-of-war! A Welsh alliance with a continental power! Possibly before long Scotland will be having held up to it as an example, the independence of the Isle of Man! That island is, no doubt, blessed with a local parliament—the House of Keys. If the Scotch only wish it, the English will be quite willing that Scotland should also have its House of Keys! For heaven's sake, let there be some consideration among Englishmen for historical facts, to say nothing of Scotch susceptibilities, and let there be an end of this talk of indulging us with semi-national institutions since Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen form three separate nations! Scotchmen will assuredly resent an apparently growing tendency to thrust upon them new institutions, not because the Scotch want them, nor because they are suited to Scotland, but because some persons think that party advantage is to be obtained by likening the cases of Scotland and Ireland, and that Scotland may possibly be conveniently made use of as a stalking-horse, under which English politicians may advance with greater safety to meet the demands of Messrs. Parnell and Biggar for Irish Home Rule.

Scotch home rule for Scotch affairs, he points out, would necessarily imply English home rule for English affairs, and this no Scotchman would be willing to grant. He claims, as a Scotchman, and by virtue of the union, a right to take his part in governing

England. No severer blow could be given to Scotland than by separating its legislature from that of the sister country.

As a Liberal, Mr. Elliot trembles for the result, should Scotchmen be ordered home to give exclusive attention to their own business, and asks where the Liberal majorities would have been since 1832, but for Scotland.

Again :

Among the Scottish members are fortunately many who interest themselves not merely in Scottish business but also in the affairs of the Empire. So it is with the electors, as well as with the representatives. Mr. Goschen, Mr. Childers, and Mr. Trevelyan are Englishmen, and Mr. Gladstone himself, though a Scotchman, owes his Scotch seat and his popularity in Scotland to the high renown he has acquired as a statesman in the wide field of Imperial politics, rather than to his special connection with Scotland. It is certainly pleasant to our Scottish pride to be able to claim the Prime Minister, three out of the five Secretaries of State, the Secretary for Scotland, and the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, as either Scotchman or Scotch members. It is undoubtedly a proof of the important part which Scotland plays in guiding the destinies of the Empire. But these statesmen would hardly sit in a purely Scottish assembly, whilst probably many other less distinguished Scotchmen would be unwilling to limit their aspirations and the scope of their services to an Edinburgh or Glasgow parliament. It may be said there will still be an Imperial Parliament, and the local assemblies will be in addition to, not in lieu of, the Imperial Legislature. These distinguished statesmen would find a place as before in the Imperial Parliament, and they would be relieved from troubling themselves with our local affairs. Again, as a Scotchman, I protest. No statesmen are too distinguished to give attention to Scotch legislation and to assist good government in Scotland. If we lose these men from among our members, inferior men will take their places, with unfortunate consequences to Scotch interests.

It is sometimes urged that local parliaments are required, in order that the Imperial Parliament may be relieved of the stress of work now falling on it. As regards private bill legislation, undoubtedly much might be done to relieve parliament by transferring some of its authority to local bodies or officials, contemplated in the proposals of Mr. Craig Sellar. But as regards public legislation, and the ordinary business of the House of Commons, there seems to be much more to hope from carrying out Mr. Gladstone's "principle of delegation" (that is, the House as a whole delegating to portions of itself its own authority) than from any multiplication of parliaments.

By carrying out, in short, the system of standing committees and by introducing a procedure under which the House of Commons would become the master of its own time, instead of being the victim of individuals and small minorities, Parliament would be once more rendered competent for all the various duties it has to perform.

We insure by preserving the unity of Parliament that legislation should progress steadily in accordance with the judgment of the whole nation. How would a Tory majority in England and a Liberal majority in Scotland keep the legislation of the two countries at all on the same lines? Differences and diver-

gences would necessarily tend to increase, at a period of our history when there is less reason than ever before for maintaining and perpetuating them.

Mr. Hill maintains that the main object of granting home rule to Ireland is to strengthen the union between the two countries.

The Act of Union has completely failed. After eighty-five years it has given us an Ireland more hostile to England than at any period of its history, and has created another Ireland across the Atlantic, which feeds animosity at home, and supplies it with means and instruments, and which in conceivable circumstances might give an unfriendly direction to the policy of the United States, and involve us in war. The supremacy of the Crown does not exist in Ireland, except as a constitutional fiction. The authority of the Imperial Parliament is set at naught; the National League is the executive and Parliament of the country. Let it be granted for argument's sake that it is necessary to put it down. Force, as Mr. Bright said in a wise sentence which has been foolishly ridiculed, is no remedy. It may, however, be the condition under which alone a remedy can be tried. The patient may need to be put under restraint before the proper treatment can be applied. But that treatment surely will not consist in a recurrence to the methods by which the malady has been engendered and fostered. If the Irish have not a lawful Parliament in Dublin, they will have a lawless one, as they have now. They have got Home Rule and local self-government already, but it is the Home Rule of the National League, and local self-government is exercised by its branches. Great alarm is expressed at the idea of giving Ireland control over her own police; but the real police is completely in her hands, and the official police is practically helpless. Nor is this all. In default of a Parliament in Dublin, the Irish have succeeded in establishing a Parliament in Westminster. The Imperial Parliament deals with little else than Irish business, and it deals with that unsatisfactorily. Scarcely anything else can be attended to. Imperial affairs are neglected because Ministers are absorbed in the eternal Irish difficulty. Self-rule in Ireland is the condition of self-rule in England and Scotland. Great Britain is practically governed, or deprived of its power of government, by Ireland. The votes of Irishmen in the constituencies determine the balance of party representation in the House of Commons. The Irish Parliamentary party decides the fate of Governments. Mr. Parnell is the dictator, not only of Ireland, but of the United Kingdom—the maker and unmaker of Ministries, choosing between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone for Downing Street, as he chose the other day between Mr. Lynch and Captain O'Shea for Galway.

There are only two ways in which this scandal, which would be ludicrous if it were not serious, can be abated and removed. One is by the abolition of Parliamentary representation in Ireland, a measure which to be consistent should be accompanied by the disfranchisement of Irish voters in the constituencies of the United Kingdom; and by governing Ireland as a Crown Colony through that pure and beneficent institution, the Castle in Dublin. Talk of this kind is angry nonsense. It is the safety-valve of irritated tempers. The position of a Crown Colony suits very well a certain stage in the development of a distant dependency, which through scantiness of population and failure of other resources has not within itself the instruments of self-rule. The essential condition of its salutary character is, however, the acquiescence of the population. The penal reduction of a nation of several millions of people, with a long though unhappy Parliamentary history, to the rank of a Crown Colony, would mean rebellion,

war, subjugation ; and, in spite of all these things, the real government of the country by secret societies, by *Vehm-gerichte*s and National Leagues.

Mr. Hill believes that the consent of the ablest men of both parties is in favour of the restoration of a certain degree of legislative independence in Ireland. Lord Salisbury he declares was prepared to consider fairly Mr. Parnell's suggestion for a reconstruction of the Union on the model presented by the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and was supported in this view by the two numbers of his Cabinet who were most directly responsible for Irish affairs. The question was discussed in the Cabinet ; but the weight of members was against the weight of authority and argument, and Lord Salisbury dared not face the secessions from the Ministry, and the split in the party that would have followed.

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## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1886.

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**FROM THIRTEEN TO SEVENTEEN.**—Mr. Besant, in this paper, gives a mournful account of what has long been obvious to impartial observers, the almost absolute failure of the Education Act in England.

Like the emancipation of the West Indian slaves, the Act is a failure, because, though it has done some things well, it has wholly failed to achieve the great results predicted for it by its advocates, and it is now understood that it never can achieve those results.

It was going, we were told, to give all English children a sound and thorough elementary education. It was, further, going to inspire those children with the ardour for knowledge, so that, on leaving school, they would carry on their studies and continually advance in learning. It was going to take away the national reproach of ignorance, and to make us the best educated country in the world.

As for what it has done and is doing, the children are taught to read, write, cypher, and spell (this accomplishment being wholly useless to them and its mastery a sheer waste of time). They are also taught a little singing, and a few other things ; and in general terms the Board Schools do, I suppose, impart as good an education to the children as the time at their disposal will allow. They command the services of a great body of well-trained, disciplined, and zealous teachers, against whose intelligence and conscientious work nothing

can be alleged. And yet, with the very best intentions of Board and teachers, the practical result has been, as is now maintained, that but a very small percentage of all the children who go through the schools are educated at all.

The fact is, the advocates of the Act overlooked certain very important factors ; first, stupidity, apathy and ignorance ; and, next, the exigencies and conditions of labour.

The situation is briefly as follows :

The children leave the Board Schools, for the most part, at the age of thirteen, when they have passed the standard which exempts them from further attendance ; or if they are half-timers, they remain until they are fourteen. At this ripe age, when the education of the richer class is only just beginning, these children have to leave school and begin work. Whatever kind of work this may be, it is certain to involve a day's labour of ten hours. It might be thought—at one time it was fully expected—that the children would by this age have received such an impetus and imbibed so great a love for reading that they would of their own accord continue to read and study on the lines laid down, and eagerly make use of such facilities as might be provided for them. In the History of the Well-intentioned we shall find that we are always crediting the working classes with virtues which no other class can boast. In this case we credited the children of working men with a clear insight into their own best interests ; with resolution and patience ; with industry ; with the power of resisting temptation, and with the strength to forego present enjoyment. This is a good deal to expect of them. But apply the same situation to a boy of the middle-class. He is taken from school at sixteen and sent to a merchant's office or a shop. Here he works from nine till six, or perhaps later. How many of these lads, when their day's work is over—what proportion of the whole—make any attempt at all to carry on their education or to learn anything new ? For instance, there are two things, the acquisition of which doubles the marketable value of a clerk : one is a knowledge of shorthand, and the other is the power of reading and writing a foreign language. This is a fact which all clerks very well understand. But not one in a hundred possesses the industry and resolution necessary to acquire this knowledge, and this, though he is taught from infancy to desire a good income, and knows that this additional power will go far to procure it. Again these boys come from homes where there are some books at least, some journals, and some papers ; and they hear at their offices and at home talk which should stimulate them to effort. Yet most of them lie where they are like logs. If such boys as these remain in indolence, what are we to expect of those who belong to the lower levels ? For they have no books at home, no magazines, no journals ; they hear no talk of learning or knowledge ; if they wanted to read, what are they to read ? and where are they to find books ? Free libraries are few and far between : in all London, for instance, I can find but five or six. They are those at the Guildhall, Bethnal Green, Westminster, Camden Town, Notting Hill, and Knightsbridge. Put a red dot upon each of these sites on the map of London, and consider how very small can be the influence of these libraries over the whole of this great city. Boys and girls at thirteen have no inclination to read newspapers ; there remains therefore nothing but the penny novelette for those who have any desire to read at all. There is, it is true, the evening school

but it is not often found to possess attractions for these children. Again, after their day's work and confinement in the hot rooms, they are tired ; they want fresh air and exercise. To sum up : there are no existing inducements for the children to read and study ; most of them are sluggish of intellect ; outside the evening schools there are no facilities for them at all ; they have no books ; when evening comes they are tired ; they do not understand their own interest ; after a day's work they like an evening's rest ; of the two paths open to every man at every juncture, one is for the most part hidden to children, and the other is always the easier.

The consequence is that they spend their evenings in the streets, which are always open to them, and where they find their companions of the work room ; where all is life and incident, and they can talk and play unrestrained. Their amusements and pleasures grow yearly coarser ; their conversation grows continually viler. This is especially the case with girls. There is a certain working girls' club with which the writer is acquainted, whose members, when they leave it at ten, always go back to the streets, and walk about till midnight. To say nothing of the moral aspects of this habit, its educational results are that, in the first two years after leaving school, everything learnt is forgotten.

The other day twenty young mechanics were persuaded to join a South Kensington class. Of the whole twenty one only struggled through the course and passed his examination ; the rest dropped off, one after the other, in sheer despair, because they had lost not only the little knowledge they had once acquired, but even the methods of application and study which they had formerly been able to exercise. There are exceptions, of course ; it is computed, in fact, that there are four per cent. of Board School boys and girls who carry on their studies in the evening school, but this proportion is said to be decreasing. After thirteen, no school, no books, no reading or writing, nothing to keep up the old knowledge, no kind of conversation that stimulates ; no examples of perservance ; in a great many cases no church, chapel, or Sunday-school ; the street for playground, exercise, observation and talk ; what kind of young men and maidens are we to expect that these boys and girls will become ? If this were the exact, plain, and naked truth we were in a parlous state indeed. Fortunately, however, there are in every parish mitigations, introduced principally by those who come from the city of Samaria, or it would be bad indeed for the next generation. There are a few girls' clubs ; the church, the chapel, and the Sunday-school get hold of many children ; visiting and kindly ladies look after others. There are working boys' institutes here and there ; but these things taken together are almost powerless with the great mass which remains unaffected.

But there are other results, which cannot be put on paper for general reading : \*

For instance, on last August Bank Holiday I was on Hampstead Heath. The East Heath was crowded with a noisy, turbulent, good-tempered mob, enjoying, as a London crowd always does, the mere presence of a multitude ; there was a little rough horse-play and the exchange of favourite witticisms, and

there was some preaching and a great singing of irreverent parodies; there was little drunkenness and little bad behaviour except for half a dozen troops or companies of girls. They were quite young, none of them apparently over fifteen or sixteen. They were running about together, not courting the company of the boys, but contented with their own society, and loudly talking and shouting as they ran among the swings and merry-go-rounds and other attractions of the fair. I may safely aver that language more vile and depraved, revealing knowledge and thoughts more vile and depraved, I have never heard from any grown men or women in the worst part of the town. At mere profanity 'of course these girls would be easily defeated by men, but not in absolute vileness. The quiet working men among whom they ran looked on in amazement and disgust; they had never heard anything in all their lives to equal the abomination of these girls' language. Now they were girls who had all, I suppose, passed the third or fourth standard; at thirteen they had gone into the workshop and the street; of all the various contrivances to influence the young not one had as yet caught hold of them; the kerbstone and the pavements of the street were their schools; as for their conversation, it had in this short time developed to a vileness so amazing. What refining influence, what trace of good manners, what desire for better things, what self-restraint, respect, or government, was left in the minds of these girls as a part of their education? As one of the by-standers, himself of the working class, said to me, "God help their husbands!" Yes; poverty has many stings; but there can be none sharper than the necessity of marrying one of these poor neglected creatures.

The case has also an economic side. If England is to hold her place as an industrial nation, her workmen must have technical education; but this is impossible without an amount of knowledge beyond the grasp of a child of thirteen. How then can it be made available to those who have lost the whole of what they once knew.

The working men themselves have already recognised the gravity of the situation.

At Nottingham an address, signed on behalf of the School Board and the Nottingham Trades Council, has been addressed to the employers of labour, entreating them to assist in the establishment and maintenance of remedial measures. At the meeting of the Trades Unions' representatives, held in London last year, two resolutions on the subject were passed. And the School Boards of London, Glasgow, and Nottingham are all willing to lend their schools for evening use.

The evening school is, in the writer's opinion, the only practical remedy; and this has been recognised on the Continent in Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium; children are compelled to attend continuation schools till the age of sixteen.

It is accordingly proposed that continuation schools should be established throughout the country, and that the children, instead of being compelled to attend them, should be persuaded and



attracted. The schools are to consist of two branches—the *Recreative* and the *Instructive*. For amusement there is to be "*Rhythmic Drill*," defined as "pleasant, orderly movement, accompanied by music, and the instruction is to be conveyed in an attractive and pleasing manner."

The latter announcement is at first discouraging, because effective teaching must require intellectual exercise and application, which may not always prove attractive. As regards the former, it seems as if the projectors were really going at last to recognize dancing as one of the most delightful, healthful, and innocent amusements possible. I am quite sure that if we can only make up our minds to give the young people plenty of dancing, they will gratefully, in exchange, attend any number of science classes. Next, there will be singing—a great deal of singing; of course in parts, which will still further lead to that orderly association of young men and maidens which is so desirable a thing and so wholesome for the human soul. There will also be classes in drawing and design—the very commencement of technical instruction and the necessary foundation of skilled handicraft. There will be, for boys, classes in some elementary science bearing on their trade: for girls there will be lessons in domestic economy and elementary cooking; and for both boys and girls there will be classes in those minor arts which are just now coming to the front, such as modelling, wood-carving, repoussé work, and so forth. In fact, if the children can only be persuaded to come in, or can be haled in, from the streets, there is no end at all to the things which may be taught them.

Details are given concerning management which need not be quoted. But there is to be no addition to the rates. To a certain extent, it is expected, the schools will be self-supporting, and the rest is to be supplied by enlisting voluntary work, for management and instruction in the "*recreative, the technical, the scientific, the minor arts, the history, the dancing and the rest.*"

Mr. Besant concludes:

Those who go at all among the poor, and try to find out for themselves something of what goes on beneath the surface, presently become aware of a most remarkable movement, whispers of which from time to time reach the upper strata. All over London—no doubt over other great towns as well, but I know no other great town—there are at this day living, for the most part in obscurity, unpaid, and in some cases alone, men and women of the gentle class, among the poor, working for them, thinking for them, and even, in some cases, thinking with them. One such case I know where a gentlewoman has spent the greater part of her life among the industrial poor of the East-end, so that she has come to think as they think, to look on things from their point of view, though not to talk as they talk. Some of these men are vicars, curates, Nonconformist ministers, Roman Catholic clergymen; some of the women are Roman Catholic sisters and nuns; others are sham nuns, Anglicans, who seem to find that an ugly dress keeps them more steadily to their work; others are deaconesses or Bible-women. Some, again, and it is to these that one turns with the greatest hope—they may or may not be actuated by religious motives—who are bound by no vows, nor tied to any church. When, twenty years ago

Edward Denison went to live in Philpot Lane, he was quite alone in his voluntary work. He had no companion to try that experiment with him. Now, he would be one of many. At Toynbee Hall are gathered together a company of young and generous hearts, who spend and are spent daily, and give their best without grudge or stint. There are rich men who have retired from the haunts of the wealthy, and voluntarily chosen to place their homes among the poor. There are men who work all day at business, and in the evening devote themselves to the care of working boys: there are women, under no vows, who read in hospitals, preside at cheap dinners, take care of girls' clubs, collect rents, and in a thousand ways bring light and kindness into dark places.

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Voluntary work in generous enterprise is no longer, happily, so rare that men regard it with surprise: yet it belongs essentially to this century, and almost to this generation. Since the Reformation, the work of English charity presents three distinct aspects. First came the foundation of almshouses and the endowment of doles.

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But the period of almshouses passed away, and that of Societies succeeded. For a hundred years the well-to-do of this country have been greatly liberal for every kind of philanthropic effort. But they have conducted their charity as they have conducted their business, by drawing cheques. The clergy, the secretaries, and the committees have done the active work, administering the funds subscribed by the rich man's cheques. The system of cheque-charity has its merits as well as its defects, because the help given does generally reach the people for whom it was intended.

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Its principal defect is that it keeps apart the rich and poor, creates and widens the breach between classes.

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It has been reserved for this century, almost for this generation, to discover that the highest form of charity is personal effort and self-sacrifice. It has also been reserved for this time to show that what was only possible in former times for those who were under vows, so that in old days the man or woman who was moved by the enthusiasm of humanity put on robe or veil and swore celibacy, and obedience, can really be practised quite as well without religious vows, peculiar dress, articles of religion, papal allegiance, or anything of the kind. The doubter, the agnostic, the atheist, may as truly sacrifice himself and give up his life for humanity as the most saintly of the faithful. There was an enthusiast fifteen years ago who cheerfully endured prison and exile, poverty and persecution, for what seemed to him the one thing in the world desirable and necessary to mankind. I believe he was an atheist. Then came a time when, for a brief moment, the dream was realized. And immediately afterwards it crumbled to the dust. When all was lost, the poor old man arose, and bare-headed, his white hair flying behind him in the breeze—this martyr to humanity mounted a barricade, and stood there until the bullets brought him death. This is the enthusiasm which may be intensified, disciplined, and ennobled by religion, but it is independent of religion: it is a personal quality, like the power of feeling music or writing poetry.

Considering these things, therefore, the impulse to personal effort which has fallen upon us, the greatness of the work that is to be done, the simplicity of the means to be employed, and the co-operation of the better kind of working men themselves, I cannot but think that the promoters of this scheme have only to hold up their hands in order to collect as many voluntary teachers as they wish to have.

There is a selfish side to this scheme which ought not to be entirely overlooked. It is this. The wealth of Great Britain is not, as some seem to suppose, a gold-mine into which we can dig at pleasure : nor is it a mine of coal or iron into which we can dig as the demand arises. Our wealth is nothing but the prosperity of the country, and this depends wholly on the industry, the patience, and the skill of the working man ; everything we possess is locked up, somehow or other, in industrial enterprise, or depends upon the success of industrial enterprise ; our railways, our ships, our shares of every kind, even the interest of our National Debt, depend upon the maintenance of our trade. The dividends even of Gas and Water Companies depend upon the successful carrying on of trade and manufactures. We may readily conceive of a time when—our manufactures ruined by superior foreign intelligence and skill, our railways earning no profit, our carrying trade lost, our agriculture destroyed by foreign imports, our farms without farmers, our houses without tenants—the boasted wealth of England will have vanished like a splendid dream of the morning, and the children of the rich will have become even as the children of the poor : all this may be within measurable distance, and may very well happen before the death of men who are now no more than middle-aged. Considering this, as well as the other points in favour of the scheme before us, it may be owned that it is best to look after the boys and girls while it is yet time.

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## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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**THE ARMY AND THE DEMOCRACY.**—In all the changes that have taken place in our army of late years, one general tendency is perceptible. It is gradually becoming less aristocratic and more in harmony with democratic institutions. The abolition of the purchase system ; the institution of tests for efficiency ; the shortening of the soldier's term of service ; the remarkable development of the volunteers,—all tend towards making the army less a class, and more a popular, institution.

It is the business of statesmen to recognise these modern tendencies and act in accordance with them. Much has been done in this direction, especially by Lord Wolseley, but much remains to be achieved.

With regard to the lower ranks, we must find out how to make the service more popular.

Men enter it for three objects : escape from past need, enjoyment of immediate freedom from care, with a fair measure of ordinary human happiness, and a future hopeful at least if not assured. In a very large number of cases the escape from penury overpowers all other considerations. Empty bellies are the recruiter's best allies, and will perhaps continue to be so. By this force are driven into the service hosts of the idle, the incompetent, even the criminal ; in

short, the waifs and strays left stranded by the active tide of human labour. Out of such materials have been and are made most of the soldiers who have caused British arms to be respected throughout the world. But they are not the best that we might find in the country, and their character too often acts as a deterrent force to better men who would enlist, had they not to live with such associates. For not only is past pain to be left behind, but present possibility of happiness to be secured. As an example, take a case which actually occurred lately. A young man of the yeoman or farmer position in society, enlisted in a cavalry regiment in hopes of getting on. He did well in a late campaign and began to rise, but, suffering from some malady incidental to war and privations, was temporarily invalided home. His friends, desirous to ascertain what his prospects would be, caused inquiries to be sent to his commanding officer, still in Egypt. The officer replied that he was just the right stuff to be pushed on, and advised that he should come out at once if his health were restored. But meanwhile the young soldier had purchased his discharge, saying that the language and the customs of the men in barracks at home were unendurable. In other words, no fair measure of present happiness was to be attained. Here is a vicious circle. Because good men will not enlist, worse are taken; because of the conduct of these worse, good men will not enlist, or, being enlisted, leave a service in which they cannot find happiness.

The day is past when the army could be largely recruited by men dragged unwillingly to the ranks. It has become necessary to find soldiers who will join them of their own free will. We have passed through various phases, from enlistment for twenty-one years, with a pension hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together, to enlistment for six years, with other six in the reserve. But we must advance yet further. From the results of all these experiments there is one law deducible—that taking military life as it exists, as the length of service is reduced the number of recruits tends to grow.

For instance, only two or three years ago it was found impossible to obtain men enough for the Guards. The experiment was made of reducing the minimum service to three years, and the men were found without difficulty. We may then lay down the principle that, taking military life as it exists, the greatest attraction will be found to be the shortest possible period of binding service, so that the recruit may feel that his liberty has only been pawned, not sold, and that it rests with himself to redeem it almost at will. How many men would an employer of labour obtain if he insisted on a binding agreement for a number of years, with severe penalties for leaving his service, while his workmen themselves had practically no legal redress against the employer for discharging them?

There is much talk about competing in the labour-market. Surely we can never compete if our terms are altogether different. What is the price of liberty to be offered to a grown Englishman? Shortening service in the ranks would produce larger reserves, though there would be some deduction to be made for men who, having tried military service, elect to make a career of it. A leaven of such men would be of great value in the young regiments, and to obtain them the service must be made more attractive, as a hopeful career not without fair prospect of moderate human happiness.

In order to render military service more attractive as a career, the tone of the army must be raised to a standard that would allow of respectable men joining it without degradation. As long as drunkenness and foul language prevail in the ranks, there is little hope of getting young men of decent habits and fair education to enter them. There appears no valid reason why we should not introduce a higher class of recruits for a minimum service of a year, demanding from them proof of fair education, allowing them to board out during service, and testing them at last by a military examination.

All Continental armies contain such men; indeed, general obligatory service would be a fearful curse without some such provision. It is well known that we have in the United Kingdom thousands of young men carefully brought up and with enough education, yet so devoid of prospects that the profession of arms, under such conditions as are sketched above, would be a godsend to them. What to do with our sons is becoming a more pressing demand every day, and parents would gladly meet that common desire of youth for the sword and uniform, if only it could be gratified without danger of corruption to body and mind. Such youths, afterwards turned into non-commissioned officers, would form a civilising force in the army, and soon extirpate, or, at least, greatly reduce, ruffianism in words and deeds.

Future prospects, again, must be improved. More commissions must be offered to men risen from the ranks, and the pay of officers must be improved.

To the proposal to give the recruit almost unlimited choice as to length of service, it will be replied that Great Britain cannot be treated like a single nation, while India and the roads to India have to be guarded. It must be granted not only that no system of reliefs can be organised, except with men whose services can be counted on for at least seven years, and that an army chiefly composed of very young soldiers is unfit to bear the torrid heat of the East, but that no regiments are fit for an Asiatic Campaign till they have been weeded and acclimatised. The solution of the difficulty is to be found in the maintenance of a separate army for Asiatic service.

There was never any difficulty in recruiting for the Company's white regiments, and no one seems to suppose that there would be any in doing so for a long-service Asiatic army. While enlisted primarily for Asiatic service, the men would be available anywhere in case of necessity; only wherever they went they must receive Indian pay. Sufficient conformity with the home army would be secured by inspection from England. The home army might then become national in a different sense from anything now possible.

Enlistment might be more generous in its offers, and bid for the help of all classes. Localisation might become a fact, not a mere word, and regiments

have their head quarters, their depots, and their reserves—in short, all their preparations for mobilisation—easily arranged and grouped together under the hand of the officers, whose credit would depend on the efficiency of their commands for war purposes. All the best features of the Continental systems would then be at our service, and the home army might give up that habit of perpetual motion, which is costly and annoying, forbids all arrangements for rapid mobilisation, and destroys the germs of a truly national system as fast as they are created.

But, whatever arrangements might be made, success must in the end depend on the quality of the officers.

Formerly long service produced a remarkably steady and efficient body of non-commissioned officers, who practically managed the regiments. The officers played, hunted, danced, drank, and led their men with great bravery, against any stone wall set before them. They were distinctly not professional. The blunders committed by English officers and repaired by their men, if repair was possible, would, if collected together, form a history absolutely phenomenal.

Lord Wolseley once made himself very unpopular by suggesting in an article that the regimental officer was capable of improvement; but no human being ever criticised the officers of his time so vigorously as the Duke of Wellington.

Some steps have already been taken for improving the military knowledge of officers, and among the rest, it is to be observed that any mention of the abolition of purchase still raises a cheer from a British crowd. The democracy thinks it has bought and paid for its officers, and can now have its will with them. Perhaps the general attitude of mind may be illustrated by an anecdote, the accuracy of which may be relied upon. A young officer was dressing for mess at an open window in one of the largest barracks. It was a summer evening, and many of the democracy perambulated the pavement outside. Two men stopped and watched the putting on and adjustment of the gold-laced waistcoat and jacket, richer and costlier than any dress they had ever seen so near. As the final touches to the costume were being given, the gilded youth exclaimed in a tone of some little annoyance, "You stare as if you wanted to know me again." "Well," said one of the men in the quiet tone of a proprietor, "Well, we pay enough for you, and I should think we might look at you."

Now this is just the point. Does the country pay for its officers to an extent which gives it a right over them *for value received*, or is it the fact that an officer serves for honour and absolutely declines to recognise the democracy as being in any sense a fountain of that commodity? The young officer so calmly claimed with an air of proprietorship as paid for, was able to reckon the value of his uniform, accoutrements, and horse, when he attended a full-dress parade, as worth more than two years' pay; he knew he could by no means escape debt unless he had a private income considerably exceeding the amount paid him out of taxes to which he himself contributed more than many such items of the Demos as then addressed him. It is hardly known to the public that officers pay exactly the same taxes as the rest of the community, or that their pay is absolutely insufficient to keep them in the army; what is more, that campaigning itself is costly and adds to the usual money out of pocket. So far as officers serve for any bribe except that of the military life itself, that bribe comes not from the people but from the Crown, in the shape of decorations

and titles, remnants of barbarism which continue to touch the barbaric side of man's complex nature. The public will ask, "Are there not high commands which are lucrative, and positions which correspond with the high emoluments of the successful in other professions?" The answer is, "Certainly not, unless an officer is satisfied to expatriate himself, and even then there is nothing which corresponds with the emoluments for life held by the bar, or the Church, or the medical profession. As a matter of fact, many an officer retires because after struggling through the lower grades he cannot afford to support the expenditure of the higher—an expenditure almost always largely in excess of the pay."

Moreover, the risks of the service have vastly increased of late years, without any addition to the prizes. A lieutenant must retire at forty years of age, and a captain at the same age, unless selected for promotion to major on half-pay—hardly worth his while, except in case of war. A major must retire at forty-eight years of age, or after having been unemployed for five years, and after seven years employment as regimental major he is placed on half-pay as a lieutenant-colonel. A lieutenant-colonel or colonel must retire at fifty-five years of age, or after being unemployed for five years. A lieutenant-colonel of Royal Artillery or Engineers is placed on half-pay after five years full-pay service in that rank, and a lieutenant-colonel or colonel of infantry or cavalry after six years service, or after four years in command of his battalion or regiment. A major-general must retire at sixty-two years of age, or after being unemployed for five years. A lieutenant-general or general must retire at sixty-seven years of age, or after being unemployed for five years. These are the rules now in force, omitting a few exceptional cases due to old vested interests and fast disappearing. There is no certainty in any grade; pitfalls abound on every side. Selection, if carried out in reality, which has never yet been the case, will do much to carry the best men through the rows of traps. Nothing could be better for the public, but the officer himself will often have to cry in good faith, *Nolo Episcopari*. So long as he is junior in rank he may have managed to keep out of debt. He will be ruined in keeping up the station of a major-general unemployed on £500 a year. Or if he receives a command at home, what will the public think of him if he refuses to give the customary entertainments, by which indeed he can alone come in contact with all his officers? It is all very well for individual Radical politicians to say, he need not make any display. Let him try parsimony, and the very first persons to accuse him will be the tradesmen who live upon him, and the public which exacts strict compliance with the usual style. The crowd at a review is not exactly complimentary to an officer who appears on a fifty-pound hack instead of a charger which costs a hundred and fifty guineas. Perhaps the crowd thinks it pays for the horses. Not at all; and if one such animal is lamed at drill or expended in autumn manœuvres, another has to be provided at the officer's expense. A poor gentleman had better take a broom and sweep a crossing than try his luck in the commissioned ranks of the army. If, then, the democracy would really count as its own the officers on whom the whole tone of the army depends, it may be as strict as it likes in qualifications, but it must pay officers enough to live upon in all grades, and, above all, offer such prizes for life as can be won by doctors, lawyers, and the clergy.

**FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS.**—Among the various functionaries of the Press there is none who has to encounter such formidable



difficulties, or to submit to such serious wrongs and annoyances, as the Foreign Correspondent. The official mind regards him as a dangerous interloper, and, except when it has some special purpose to serve by frankness, delights in misleading him. All really important intelligence being imparted to him under the stringent condition that, in making it publicly known, he shall in no way compromise his informant, he is always liable to be placed in an embarrassing position by the natural tendency of the editorial office to emphasise its authenticity. He is, moreover, constantly threatened with keen mortification, and not unfrequently with loss of reputation, by the publication of official *démentis*, which, however untruthful, are generally swallowed by the public. Subsequent events may prove the accuracy of the original intelligence, but the injury done in the meanwhile is not always thus repaired, and those who have lost money through the official denial, are sure to bear a grudge against the truthful newspaper, and not against the lying bureaucrat.

Possibly the correspondent derived his information from the lips of the very Minister who has instructed the director of the press-bureau to deny its authenticity and asperse the character of its promulgator. The latter, in such a case, is bound to swallow the *démenti* in silence; as for the imputations personal to himself, he must put up with them as best he may. Even when his lips are not sealed by any direct or implied pledge, neither he nor his employer can venture to disclose the name of his informant; for such a step, whilst involving a momentary victory of truth over falsehood, would practically disqualify him from continuing to occupy his post, by closing every official door to him and blocking all his sources of information. His only alternative to a martyrdom of indignant silence—to seeming acquiescence in the justice of the accusations brought against him—would be to throw up his appointment, publish an exact account of the means by which he obtained the impugned information, and appeal to public opinion for an impartial judgment between himself and the Minister who has deliberately sacrificed him to some consideration of political expediency. But newspaper correspondents—men, for the most part, who consent to exile themselves from their native countries and break up all their family ties and home associations in order to earn a few hundreds a year—are seldom possessed of private means enabling them to assert their independence by giving up a certain for an uncertain income.

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When, therefore, he has been utilised and thrown over by a great statesman or accomplished diplomatist, the best thing he can do in his own interest, as well as in that of his paper, is to hold his tongue, bend his head to the bitter blast of *démenti* until it shall have spent its force, and trust to time—the only effectual corrector of blunders and righter of wrongs—to vindicate his veracity and honour.

As an illustration of the wrong to which the Foreign Correspondent may be exposed from this cause, the writer relates an

incident which created some sensation at the time of its occurrence, but the truth of which could not then be told :

Peace had been concluded between two powerful nations after a fiercely-fought and costly war. The fulfilment of the peace conditions accepted by the conquered Power was an operation extending over a considerable period of time, and had only been executed in part by the Power in question, strictly in accordance with covenant, when circumstances arose which threatened to disturb the newly-established pacific relations between victor and vanquished, and in point of fact to lead very suddenly to a renewal of hostilities. A legislative measure of extraordinary moment was framed by the Government of the conquered nation, submitted to Parliament, and received by that body in a manner which admitted of no doubt that, should the Cabinet proceed in the usual manner with its Bill, the latter would be passed by a large majority of the Legislature. So repugnant was this measure to the Government of the victorious nation, that could the Bill not have been quashed by any less violent means, an ultimatum signifying that a resumption of warlike operations would be the penalty of persistence would assuredly have been dispatched, within forty-eight hours of the time to which I am referring, to the capital in which the Bill was then undergoing discussion. To take this extreme step, however, would have placed the conquerors in a curiously awkward position with relation to European public opinion; for the measure to which they so vehemently objected was a purely domestic one, such as every nation has an indisputable right to take in its own interest, without consulting friend or foe.

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Mattews were at this critical pass when an ambassador, accredited to the Court of the conquering Power, gave an evening party. Amongst his guests were the Premier of the Government then in office at——, and the correspondent of a leading London newspaper. This gentleman was personally acquainted with the great Minister, to whom he was privileged to have access whenever he made special application for an audience. In view of the gravity of the situation, he had sought and obtained permission to call upon His Excellency on the morrow of the reception above mentioned. Consequently, knowing how reluctant official personages are to be earwigged and buttonholed during their hours of relaxation from toil, the correspondent, encountering the Minister by chance in a diplomatist's drawing-room, did not verbally accost him, but bowed and passed on. As he was working his way through the crowded *salon*, he felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and, turning round, found himself face to face with M. de——, who said to him, "Come into the ambassador's boudoir with me; I want to speak to you to-night, instead of to-morrow." Mr. —— at once complied with his Excellency's request, and the latter proceeded to deliver himself of a series of disclosures so startling in character and of such tremendous importance that, after listening to him for several minutes in ever-growing amazement, his interlocutor interrupted him, saying, "Pardon me the question, but does your Excellency remember that I am a journalist? or, to put it even more plainly, am I to consider what you have told me a private communication, or one that you desire to be made public through the medium of the newspaper I represent?" "I am speaking to you," was the reply, "in this way *because* you are a journalist; and you are at liberty to publish every fact with which I have acquainted you in the columns of your journal.

Indeed, I wish you to do so, as thereby great calamities may be averted.<sup>6</sup> All that I exact from you as a man of honour is that you make no public mention of my name in connection with the information I am now giving to you. You can, of course, tell your chief editor that you received your news direct from me. That will be a sufficient guarantee of its authenticity. But I must not personally appear in the matter. Is it a bargain?" To this proposal the correspondent joyfully agreed, for his faith in the chivalric nature and straightforwardness of M. de———was unbounded, and he felt deeply grateful to that statesman for putting him in the way of enabling his newspaper to make one of those brilliant *coups* which so splendidly enhance even the most distinguished journalistic reputation. He at once resolved—with a view to the more certain preservation of his informant's secret—to efface himself completely with regard to the information thus imparted to him, and, in communicating the entire interview to his employer in London, requested that its purport should be embodied in an editorial article, authoritatively written, but observing absolute silence as to the source from which the intelligence imparted to the public in that form had been obtained. Before taking this step, however—being a man of considerable political experience and some natural prudence—he sought out his countryman, the ambassador in whose house the interview had taken place, and acquainted him, to the minutest detail, with every atom of information he (the correspondent) had gathered from M. de———. The ambassador, I may observe parenthetically, was so deeply impressed by the importance of that information that he transmitted it in cipher by wire to his Government in the course of that very night, which was spent by the correspondent in inditing a despatch of several thousand words to the proprietor of his newspaper. Subsequent events conclusively proved the wisdom of the precautionary measure by which he had placed the ambassador *au courant* of the situation, for that exalted functionary was thereby enabled, at a highly critical moment, to confirm the correspondent's statements (confidentially, of course) in a quarter where the lack of such unimpeachable confirmation might have wrought Mr.———irreparable injury.

In due course of time the news appeared, set forth with excellent discretion in an editorial article, which, however, was so manifestly prompted by authentic and authoritative information, that it caused a panic upon the principal European Stock Exchanges. Civilised mankind, then only just relieved from the pain and anxiety of contemplating a long and sanguinary struggle between two valiant and powerful peoples, was horror-stricken at the prospect of a proximate renewal of the slaughter and destruction of property which had so recently been stayed by a Treaty of Peace. I will not dwell upon the effect produced by the article in question upon the Power that had succumbed in that supreme trial of national strength. Suffice it to say that the end was attained to achieve which a great Minister had taken a humble newspaper correspondent into his confidence—was attained with amazing promptitude, and with a completeness that at once relieved M. de———from all the terrible responsibilities imposed upon him by the imprudence of his country's vanquished foes. To be brief, the objectionable portions of the obnoxious Bill were instantly suppressed, or so radically modified as to be purged of their menacing and provocative character; and assurances of the most pacific nature, pleasantly flavoured with polite apology, were proffered to and accepted by the Government of the victorious nation.

Simultaneously with these proceedings, which convincingly demonstrated

the perfect success of the *coup* so ingeniously devised and skilfully executed by M. de—, there appeared in the semi-official press-organ of his Government an editorial paragraph in large type, to the effect that the statements in connection with the alleged international crisis, published in such and such a London newspaper of such and such a date, were absolutely devoid of foundation in fact; and that, moreover, there was good reason to believe that those statements had been "derived from a maddy source." The immediate result of this astounding announcement was that the London newspaper alluded to was assailed by a storm of reproach and obloquy, raging with equal fury at home and abroad. It was burnt with more or less solemnity within the precincts of more than one Continental Bourse, and suffered, I believe, a similar indignity at the hands of a few exasperated jobbers on 'Change in the metropolis. Its timely and true revelations were stigmatised as falsehoods, prompted by the basest motives; its correspondent, although he had not figured in connection with those disclosures, was accused of accompliceship with a ring of swindling financiers. The invention of one of his foreign colleagues was so highly stimulated by a paroxysm of patriotic ire as to put forward the positive assertion that Mr.—had cleared a million of francs *a la baisse* as his share of the plunder; and this statement was published in a leading Continental journal, of which, I need scarcely say, the maligned correspondent received several carefully marked copies, forwarded to him by persons professing to hold him in high esteem. His position in the capital in which his residence was fixed became an extremely distressing one. Many of his acquaintances—all those, indeed, connected with the local official circles—looked askance at him and shunned his society for some considerable time. He received private intimations that his attendance at Court entertainments and Ministerial receptions could be dispensed with until further notice. Meanwhile his employers stuck to him manfully through thick and thin. They kept his secret and that of his informant inviolate, despite the heavy public pressure brought to bear upon them to disclose the source of their information. That it would have been a great relief to them to do so they hinted to their correspondent, but only once, and in the most delicate manner. He endeavoured to obtain permission to justify them and himself, but in vain; upon which they very kindly begged him not to trouble himself any further about the matter, as they were strong enough to "see it out" without budging an inch from the authoritative position they had steadfastly maintained throughout the whole untoward episode. And so they were. Within a week from the publication of the *démenti* above quoted—which, it should be added, *was never withdrawn*—they had scored a triumph of the first order, from a journalistic point of view. The modifications imported into the offending Bill and the "relaxation of the strain that had accrued in the relations of two great European Powers" (I quote from an official *communiqué* published at the time) were formally announced by organs of the respective Governments; and it became apparent to the dullest apprehension that the vilified journal had, from first to last, been correctly informed, whilst its revilers and calumniators had simply been the short-sighted victims of a gigantic and surpassingly audacious "semi-official" hoax.

As soon as the *revirement* in public opinion had become general, Mr.— found the asperities of his position less and less irksome daily, until they finally effaced themselves in obedience to the *mot d'ordre* of "As you were!" which had been issued, officially and socially, in his regard. But the great Minister,

having done him a serious wrong—indeed, all but ruined him—naturally enough could not forgive him; and though he continued to occupy his post at—for six years after the events above narrated, the fulfilment of his duties was rendered so difficult to him by the ill-will of the statesman whom he had implicitly trusted, to whom he had loyally kept his pledged word, and who had, to say the least of it, dealt somewhat unscrupulously with him, that his employers finally transferred him to another European capital, where he still renders them efficient and highly appreciated services.

To discharge the duties of his post efficiently, the Foreign Correspondent, needs to be a sort of latter-day admirable Crichton. He should be well bred and thoroughly versed in the "tricks and manners" of good society, qualified by his personal antecedents to take part as a guest in the entertainments given by the Court, Ministers and foreign diplomatists. He must have the *entrée* of royal palaces and ambassadorial hotels; for it is in the *salon*, rather than in the *bureau* or *chancellerie*, that the most interesting information is to be picked up. He should be, if not a linguist, thoroughly conversant with the language of the country to which he is accredited, its *finesses*, its *nuances*, and its social slang. He must have discretion, tact, and imperturbable temper.

His reports to his journal will be eagerly watched, and whatever censure, or even criticism, of local politics, men, manners, and customs they may contain will be bitterly resented, and will constitute an inexhaustible source of annoyance to its author. Many persons of condition will fight shy of him because he is a journalist, and, therefore—appraised by the standard of their own local pressmen—necessarily indiscreet, ill-mannered, and venal. Others will object to him on the general ground that he is an Englishman living abroad, and, therefore, under some sort of a cloud; for I regret to say that the impression prevails throughout good society on the Continent that a born Briton who, not being in diplomacy or business, takes up his abode in a foreign town, has probably quitted his country for his country's good, and by reason of circumstances over which he has had no control. To persons entertaining this particular prejudice his linguistic attainments—assuming that he possesses the gift of tongues—will only confirm their desire to avoid him and their inward conviction that he cannot possibly be a reputable or even respectable member of society. Prince von Bismarck himself confessed to an acquaintance of mine, some years ago, that he was always suspicious of Englishmen who spoke French idiomatically and without accent. "I have known many such," he added; "but only one thoroughly upright, trustworthy, and estimable man amongst them; to wit, Odo Russell, whose French is as good as his disposition. There was something shady about all the others. An Englishman who speaks French like a Frenchman is not altogether an Englishman. We Germans are more plastic than the English, and, therefore, learn foreign languages more easily than you islanders, than whom, moreover, we have a more musical ear, which is a great help to picking up a good accent. But I am glad to say that we, too, speak French very badly, though we study it exhaustively. Semi-barbaric races, such as the Slavs, for instance, whose leading characteristics are cunning and insin-

cerily, acquire French with the greatest readiness. Many Russians and Poles speak it better than average Frenchmen. But if an Englishman does so, depend upon it there is something radically wrong about him. Look at G—, and L—, and D—” (the Chancellor here mentioned the names of three English statesmen enjoying an European renown for their perfect mastery of the French idiom), “they are not persons of whom I should be proud as compatriots were I am Englishman !”

It is desirable, but since the telegraph wire has abolished the demand for literary style, not indispensable, that he should be a forcible, eloquent and picturesque writer.

- The adoption of the telegraph as the correspondent's regular, instead of exceptional, medium of communication, has deprived the Foreign Correspondent of the old school, with his descriptive matter, his criticisms and his humour, of his *raison d'être*. *Precis* writing, *résumés* of the situation, abstracts of interviews, and such journalistic meat lozenges have become the order of the day, and the adept in their preparation has suddenly acquired a pecuniary value never set upon his literary predecessor.

Most of the residential English correspondents abroad at the present time are trained journalists, but formerly the appointments to such posts were frequently bestowed on gentlemen, who had led adventurous lives, “such as English executive officers of foreign armies, or cadets of good families, whom a sudden turn of fortune's wheel had compelled to pitch their tent in some foreign capital.”

I remember well that when I took up my first post in Vienna during the fateful summer of 1866, two of my three English colleagues in the Kaiserstadt were distinguished book-men who had occupied the position of tutor in the families of influential Austrian and Hungarian magnates, and had received their journalistic appointments (which they were well fitted to hold) through the exercise of commanding influence on their behalf by the noblemen whose sons they had indoctrinated in the “humanities,” and whose daughters they had instructed in the language of Shakespeare. Another correspondent of renown, whose acquaintance I made in those good old days when the tyranny of the wire was unknown to “Our Own,” and but seldom brought to bear even on “Our Special,” had been a captain in the British Legion that went through so much hard campaigning in Spain under De Lacy Evans, and had drifted, quite by accident, into a berth on the foreign staff of the leading London journal of forty years ago. He was a man who had seen a great deal of the world, and had contemplated all classes of Continental society from various points of view ; a capital linguist, confirmed *bon-vivant*, and right good fellow. The names of Charles Lever, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, Lawrence Oliphant, and Francis Pulszky must not be omitted from the list of quondam “Our Own Correspondents” with whom I have been acquainted, and have claimed as colleagues with unfeigned pride and exaltation.

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**THE LIBERAL PARTY AND HOME RULE.**—Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, a highly rhetorical account of Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule, and the motives that have dictated it, with the following spirited appeal to the House of Commons :

All honour to those few members of the Cabinet who have entered it only to carry out convictions which, through good and evil report, they have previously avowed. All honour, too, to those statesmen who, all too few, have, at immense personal sacrifices and in spite of strong temptations, declined too false to their principles, and to support, by entering a Cabinet which is within measurable distance of advocating the disruption of the Union, proposals which they believe to be fatal to the true interests alike of England and of Ireland. Their example ought to be, and can hardly fail to be, contagious. Is there no one in Parliament—I care not what he calls himself, Liberal, Radical, or Conservative—who will start up ready armed, and, brushing away all party prejudices and claims, speak on this matter straight to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, and, through them, to the country at large? It is not so much consummate ability—there is plenty of that on both sides of the House—it is force of character, and, implicitly, and absolute unselfishness and moral courage that is wanted. Let him tell men on both sides of the House, what many scores of them feel already in their inmost hearts—that it is time to have done with that pitiful game of "beggar my neighbour," that gospel of reticence, that waiting on public opinion, that cultus of the jumping cat, that apotheosis of the politics of the gutter, which is getting to be regarded as the highest statesmanship, but is, assuredly, its emasculation, its paralysis, its annihilation.

Let a beginning be made at once with this Irish question. Let there be no more dangling for the Parnellite vote. Say to Mr. Parnell, and to all who are looking for his support, "All that commends itself to us as right and just, as soon

as we have secured the elementary rights of our fellow-subjects in Ireland, we are prepared to do, but this thing we may not do." There is a deep dissatisfaction, or rather there is a rapidly rising current of angry resentment, amongst thinking men throughout the country, at the way things are going on. Once put the issue clearly before the nation, and depend upon it, the nation will have none of it. It will refuse to put arms of precision into the hands of those who are already armed to the teeth against us with every weapon that has come to hand. Still less will it throw, bound hand and foot, as it were, into the butcher's or knacker's yard the most public-spirited, the most loyal, and—it must be added, to our shame—the most unfortunate and the least remembered portion of our Irish fellow-subjects. The condition of Ireland is bad enough already. Do not let us try to improve it by giving it over, under the guise of legislative independence, to the tender mercies of the men who have done so much to bring it to its present state.

**FRENCH INTEREST IN EGYPT.**—After narrating the various attempts made by France, since the days of Napoleon, to establish herself in Egypt, the writer gives the following account of French interests in that country :

They consist of the pungent memories of repeated failure to destroy England's power in the East, and of a fixed determination to utilize the next opportunity of repeating the attempt.

They consist in the ready adoption by Mohammed Ali and his successors, aiming at a cheap reputation for "civilization," of Frenchmen as officials, and of French legal and administrative methods, which are as autocratic in spirit and far more efficient in practice than the native systems.

They consist of the tradition of an ancient and successful, but hollow, imposture, whereby France, with her stationary and unadventurous population and her still-born official settlements, is allowed to assert claims proper to a strong maritime and colonizing Power, pushed eastward irresistibly by the necessities of trade and empire.

They consist, finally, in the attraction which France has long felt for a dog-in-the-manger policy on the Nile, which the Central European Powers have not been concerned to interfere with, as long as England, whose dearest interests are at stake, is content to bargain with France on an imaginary footing of equality.

These are, as nearly as it is possible to define them at all, the "interests" which England has hitherto allowed to stand between her and the efficient permanent control of Egypt. The fictions to which we have alluded could be swept away by the first breath of an England awakening to national life and self-assertion from the deathly torpor of the last eight years. But to an England "French in heart" and weak in fibre, these same fictions will oppose an adamant resistance.

**PARTY AND PATRIOTISM.**—Mr. Alfred Austin, whose voice resembles very much the voice of one crying in the wilderness, renews, under this title, his denunciation of the state of anarchy and corruption to which public life in England has been reduced by party politics.

In the greater part of what he says there is nothing new, and nothing that, in effect, he has not often said before, but his out-



spökenness is almost startling. In the course of the article he makes the following allusion to a recent scandalous case :

And does anyone suppose that you can demoralize a people politically, and leave them moral and manly in matters into which politics do not or should not enter? What have we just seen? A politician of note, in a cause non-political, advised and abetted by other politicians of note, to act with inconceivable baseness, and having done so, declared by his constituency to be without reproach, and "welcomed back to public life with fervour" by the chief organ of his Party. If they had assumed him to be guilty, there might have been some excuse for his having left the accomplice who had "turned on him," to do her her worst, while he did the same. But their assumption is that he is, as he declares himself to be, innocent. If that be so, the alleged partner in his alleged guilt must be innocent also, and the dupe of a melancholy delusion : and as a man of honour, he would never rest till he had proved her to be the victim of her sad imaginings. He preferred, and his friends preferred, a course that eminently recalls those manœuvres of Party strife, in which great Party Leaders meet a Vote of Censure with the Previous Question, and, having got a verdict in their favour by evading the point at issue, go their way rejoicing over the stupidity and discomfiture of their opponents.

Of cleverness in political life, there is an unfailing supply. But an ounce of Character is worth a ton of Ability, and, unhappily, it is Character that is wanting.

After reiterating his belief that it is the House of Commons that is at the root of our misfortunes, he says :

At the present moment Government does not exist in England, nor has it existed for some time. Hence the utter contempt into which all forms of authority have fallen, and the disdain people show for prescription, tradition, and even experience. If we can be said to have a Constitution at all, it consists of only one article, which is this : Out of 5,000,000 electors, 2,500,000 + j may do what they please, and their pleasure will be ascertained by a duel of invective, ridicule, mis-statements, and every manœuvre and device dear to electioneering agents.

What he wishes to see, is :

(1.) A Crown, anything but despotic, but possessing real attributes and exercising clear prerogatives. As an instance of what I mean, the Crown should have, not in theory only, a Right of Dissolution, quite apart from, and in despite of, the Ministry of the moment. It should likewise have the power to address Parliament and the Nation with its own voice, instead of having, as now, hypocritically to sanction with its voice measures and policies it thinks unwise.

(2.) A Second Chamber, likewise possessing well-ascertained attributes, against the exercise of which street demonstrations and clamour would have no more effect, and be no more tolerated, than street demonstrations and clamour against some decision of the Judges.

(3.) That the House of Commons should occupy its proper place, but only its proper place, in the body politic, and should wisely abdicate those excessive functions the attempt to exercise which have made it somewhat resemble, in its chaotic and incapable despotism, the Ruler we lately dethroned in Burmah.

(4.) That all men should say what they really think, and take the consequences.\*

He concludes with the following reference to an effort made during the late Ministerial crisis to promote the formation of an honest political party :

At a critical moment in the nation's fortunes, Lord Salisbury intimated to Lord Hartington that he, for his part, saw no reason why they should not act together, and that if Lord Hartington were to attempt to form an Administration, he should be ready to serve under him as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Conservatives have some reason to be satisfied with the mental resources Lord Salisbury places at their disposal. But in proportion as moral qualities are higher and more valuable than mental gifts, so may they be more proud of this proposal of self-effacement, than of all his speeches, all his writings, and all his statesmanship.

As I have said, I think the incident should be known to the nation, and I take upon myself the responsibility of publishing it here, in the hope that it may act as a tonic upon the lowered system of the body politic. But it also serves my purpose as an illustration of the difference between Party and Patriotism. Patriotism can still save us. But the Party system must either be destroyed, or it will destroy the Realm and dissolve the Empire.

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## LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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BECAUSE WE FORGET is a somewhat garrulous paper on the effect of forgetfulness in making life bearable, by a contributor who repeatedly writes "folks" for folk.

It is because the past is forgotten in so much of the little detail that makes up its essence, that so much is taken from the richness and fulness of our life, and so much, too, from its tragedy and sorrow.

It is because we forget things that we manage to live at all. We get over our trials because the remembrance of them has faded. It is because we forget things that we are so placable as we are ; that we forgive offences. A revengeful spirit, I fear, is the outcome of a good memory. The common phrase is *forgive and forget* : it ought to be *forget and forgive*. It is because we forget things that our present life is not infinitely fuller and richer : that we fail to carry with us all the pleasant acquisitions of past years. *The old time comes over me*, said the hero of a forgotten tragedy : wherefore was it not always there ? In times of great and depressing trouble all the brightness and pleasantness disappear from our past life : we look back, and we cap't see nothing but gloom and depression. It is hard, that it is on a bright day we vividly recall bright days gone : we could live without the recollection then : would it but come when most needed !

If we vividly and habitually remembered early privations, disappointments, mortifications, we should break down and die. Even the cheerful Robert Chambers, in the full sunshine of prosperity and success, told me he could not bear to look back on the sordid cares and struggles of some early years. It was suggested to him that pleasant occupation remained to him in the writing of an autobiography. "I could not do it : it would be too sad a story !" such was his reply. Dickens tells us that in the blaze of fame and fortune, he

solled like a child when he visited a frowsy district of London, associated with a certain dismal portion of his boyhood: he was the neglected, half-starved, solitary child again. Of course I do not forget the *Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*. I knew a terribly-overworked student who had the famous line, fairly written, always displayed on his table in the season when he went to bed at 2 A.M., and rose again (it was the dismal winter) at 6-30 for College at 7-30. The line is true in certain moods of certain minds. But it is true only of labour and hardship which did not include humiliation. It is never true of wrong-doing; never of extreme folly. The remembrance of past foolishness and wrong-doing is never other than keen pain.

If we remembered all the beauty we have seen, in nature and art: all the pleasant hours we have known: the green cloud of great beeches in July, and the blaze of roses; the warm fireside and the precious volumes: bright faces, kind words, cheering appreciation of work done: we should not be beaten down so easily when we get a blow on the head or even on the heart: we should hold up better under the present trouble. You utterly forget, just when it would be priceless to remember it, how cheerful you felt when you had done a stiff task of work to your very best: you do not take in that such modest elation has ever been yours. And when you have utterly run down, and are overwhelmed with the sense of your stupidity and failure, you have not the faintest recollection of the really difficult and trying duties you have got through not without credit. It appears to me at this moment that no man who has been able (been enabled) on occasions without number to stand up before a thousand (or two thousand) fellow-creatures, and speaking to them extemporaneously or even from manuscript to get them thoroughly to listen to him for more than half an hour, ought ever to absolutely lose all confidence in himself. It was the wise and good Sir Arthur Helps who once showed me an extremely depreciatory review of himself. Then, with a sad smile on the beautiful face, he went on, *But when I remember that X and Y like my essays, I feel it is impossible that I should be such a blockhead as that makes me*. But the thing which takes down a human being who has lived a good while, is not the unfavourable review written by somebody else: it is the condemnatory judgment passed by himself upon himself and his poor doings. And under that blow, it is impossible to remember anything that cheers. It was Thomas à Kempis who declared at such a time that *he could not remember he had ever done any good at all*.

THE DECADENCE OF FRENCH COOKERY.—Why is it, the writer asks, that, while æsthetic and literary tastes are making way among French artisans and peasants, the art of cookery is in its decadence in France? Where are the *déjenners*, the *diners* of days gone by; the inimitable *bisque* of the way side hostelry; the perfect *omelette* made before one's eyes by the hostess, the beefsteak *aux fines herbes*, worthy of the immortal Vatel? The domestic cuisine is every whit as good as it was; it is that of the hotel and restaurant alone that has fallen off.

Foremost among the causes of this lamentable phenomenon, the writer believes, is the increase in the number of tourists. Where a

*chef* had formerly a score of guests to prepare for, he has now a hundred. Messrs. Cook, Gaze and Co., the promoters of pilgrimages, and the adoption by the French in general of the English idea, not only of wedding, but of holiday, tours, are all more or less concerned.

As an illustration of his theorem, the writer takes the instance of any large town on the route of English tourists to Switzerland.

Abundance of the raw material of a first-rate dinner is at hand, fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruit, in such plenty as few countries can show; also a great and ever-increasing variety of those farinaceous food stuffs now so much used in cookery and so largely manufactured in France. The *chef* is skilful and experienced; his staff is up to their work; in the matter of appliances he has little or nothing to complain of. What he wants in order to do his work efficiently is time.

The average number of guests is suddenly, or at a short notice, doubled, trebled, quadrupled, and all these scores of famished travellers must be fed at the same hour. Under such circumstances it is quite out of the question to serve a perfectly cooked dinner. The dishes are expeditiously sent to table; the general hunger is satisfied. The inexperienced traveller finds no fault. There the business ends.

Celerity has come, perforce, to be substituted for skill. The mischief tells most on the cooking of meat, which is only warmed through. To all intents and purposes, "rosbif" is served up raw.

The French themselves, it is remarked, have done even more than the foreign tourists to spoil restaurant cookery. For it is particularly disagreeable to their amiable dispositions to find fault when on their travels; they shrug their shoulders, and take things philosophically.

Another reason is the comparative poorness of the modern traveller. Now-a-days not only the squire and the parson, but the shopkeeper, the clerk, and even the shopkeeper's assistant, gets his run to Chamouni or Quimper, and hotel tariffs have to be lowered to suit the pockets of the new class of travellers.

Another cause is the increased price of firing throughout France. Even in inns never frequented by English people the heat of the fire is begrudged for the sake of economy; and, in private houses where the cuisine is otherwise admirable, the same cause leads to the same results in the cooking of meat.

Kitchen fires are let out for hours at a time, and only just got up with bellows in order to prepare the breakfast and dinner. The astonishment of French cooks and housekeepers at our own lavish expenditure of fuel, whenever they witness it, must be tremendous. We must remember that the difference between the cost of fuel in France and in England is tremendous too. In some departments the tourist is charged for firing at the rate of twopence a small log, and residents will tell you that the wood is worth that and by no means unduly

charged for. I remember being laid up with bronchitis one winter at Nantes, and consuming a good deal of firing. My French hostess assured me that the fuel burned in my room during these eight days would last some families a whole winter. In the matter of firing our "comfort" is as yet by no means understood.

But the case has its moral, as well as its material, aspect, and among the causes of the degeneracy must be reckoned the inferiority of the class of people willing to adopt the profession of a cook, traceable to the aspirations fostered by a Republican regime.

Thus a peasant farmer in France no sooner finds himself in easy circumstances than he bends his whole mind to the social elevation of his children. Instead of sending his son to the nearest restaurant as an apprentice—a *gâté-sauce*, as these youngsters are ironically called—to be trained for the kitchen, he sends him to the city to study for the bar. [What would Lady Verney say to that?] Why indeed should a rich peasant condemn his son to an insignificant—perhaps in his eyes an ignominious—existence, when all the prizes of life lie within his reach? I know a village baker near Dijon who, instead of bringing up his son to kneading bread, has economised money enough to enter him as a law student in Paris. That baker's son may be deputy, even President of France, if he has the necessary stuff in him.

It comes about, therefore, that as the intellectual horizons of the laborious classes in France widen, the trade of a cook comes to be depreciated. Quite possibly, therefore, the intelligence, and we may add originality, now put into the business of cooking are vastly below those of former years. A youth of good parts and moderate ambition would certainly not hesitate were the choice before him: on the one hand, the career of a cultivated man and a gentleman; on the other, that of a *chef de cuisine*, the highest honour of whom could only be to cook dinners for some dyspeptic millionaire, or may be royal personage. The advocate may earn less than the *chef*, but the two social conditions will not bear comparison.

Enforced military service again tends to simplify the tastes of the well-to-do classes who pass through the Spartan ordeal. Men who have fared for a year as soldiers do, are naturally less difficult about their food for the rest of their lives. Perhaps even Frenchwomen are destined to become as indifferent to what they eat as French soldiers.

Hitherto our sisters on the other side of the Manche have been the most accomplished housekeepers in the world. I have known a Frenchman—the model husband of a model wife—come home about an hour before dinner and announce that he had invited half a dozen friends for that evening. The lady only smiled and betook herself to the kitchen. At the appointed hour the guests found a perfect little dinner; no better one could have been provided had the invitation been issued a week beforehand. Frenchwomen have not only the administrative faculty in the highest degree, but are very fertile in resources, and also adepts in the manual arts. A lady at the head of a well-appointed house goes into every detail of the family bill of fare, and sees that whilst it is appetising and varied there is absolutely no waste. The extravagance of English

kitchens, as compared with French ones, is something beyond imagination to conceive.

The question arises—when young Frenchwomen enjoy the intellectual privileges that is the portion of the sex here ; when they have universities to go to, as they soon will have ; when they take themselves seriously to scientific study, literature, medicine, or politics, what will become of domestic cookery in France ?

An interesting comparison is drawn between the English and the French kitchen, as it still survives in private establishments :

Among ourselves a cook writes letters, reads novels, flirts, gossips, takes her daily airings, and practises her singing in the long intervals between the preparation of meals. At any rate the dinner is not an event of solemn importance in the eyes of our lady presiding over the kitchen. To many, alas ! its importance is much underrated, and to get it well over seems the only desideratum. But in French households it is wholly otherwise. ‘A cook does not take all these little distractions by the way. The kitchen is nevertheless far from being a dull or silent place. One and another of the family come and go. Master and mistress chat with the cook over her work ; the housemaid brings in her sewing when she has nothing else to do. But the preparation for dinner goes steadily on. There is that corner-stone of French cookery, for instance, the matchless *pot-au-feu*. Too much time cannot be accorded this soup of soups, the source, says Michelet, of French amiability. “Why,” asks the great writer, “is a French workman made straightway happy and cheerful on entering his home ? Because there awaits him a dish of hot *pot-au-feu*.” Mechanical methods have, in a great measure, superseded the primitive preparation of this national soup : you can buy ingeniously contrived machines into which the meat and vegetables are popped, and in twelve hours’ time the soup is made ; it has as the French say, made itself. But the good old-fashioned plan, as still practised in country houses, is by far the best. Experienced housewives will tell you that any contact with metal is sure to spoil the flavour ; it is the earthen pot, well seasoned, on which everything depends.

In this earthen pot, then, the French cook will place only the best and freshest meat, the tenderest and most delicate vegetables ; onions and pepper, those stumbling-blocks of the inexperienced English cook, are eschewed altogether, a young leek supplanting the onion in the *pot-au-feu*, at least with dainty feeders. No single flavour should predominate. French cookery is, as it ought to be, strictly democratic. The maxim of a cook is that there shall ever be perfect equality among the subjects. Thus it comes about that the palate is never affronted by excess ! There is never too much of any especial spice, vegetable, or sauce.

One secret of the excellence of domestic cookery in France is the lavish use made of vegetables. Where we use one kind French cooks use twenty. The same may be said of eggs. Here we touch upon another interesting point.

There is no doubt that Catholicism is very favourable to the cuisine. Perhaps, indeed, the decline of theological fervour may partly account for the decline of cookery throughout France. Certain it is that orthodoxy in belief goes hand in hand with a good table. Now in Catholic families Fridays and other days of the calendar are still religiously observed as *jours maigres* ; in other

words, people confine themselves to a fish and vegetarian diet. The exceptional *régime* gives rise to exceptional cookery. All kinds of excellent dishes are devised which would never be thought of by the Protestant or unbeliever.

Nothing, for instance, can be more irritating to a well-regulated mind than the persistence with which English cooks will send up boiled eggs and boiled potatoes from the first of January to the last day of December. We might suppose that human inventiveness in the matter of cookery had never got beyond these two discoveries in culinary art. On fast days in France we are astonished to find what an agreeable bill of fare may be made up of the above-named articles of food alone, the added factors being time, care, and the ingenuity of the cook.

A whole chapter might be devoted to the omelette, about which most English folks are as ignorant as poor Condorcet. The philosopher had fled from the Revolutionary Tribunal to the environs of Paris, and entering a little inn, demanded an omelette. "How many eggs would you like put in it?" asked the housewife. "Oh, about a dozen," replied Condorcet, no more knowing how an omelette should be made than the man in the moon. The landlady gossiped in the kitchen about the gentleman's ignorance. Suspicions were aroused; the spies of the Terror got hold of Condorcet, and he lost his head simply because he had made that unlucky blunder about an omelette. Why French people *can* make omelettes and English *cannot* is comprehensible after a lesson in the art from a *chef*. The achievement requires a nimbleness foreign to us phlegmatic, deliberate insulars. Before an English cook would have fairly smashed her eggs, a French *chef* has whisked them, tossed in a pinch of salt and chopped parsley, shaken all over a roaring coke fire as if he were seized with sudden frenzy, and plumped his omelette into the dish cooked to a turn. The secret of the business is celerity.

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AN IRON CITY BESIDE THE RUHR.—Of all the stories of great industrial success from insignificant beginnings, none is, perhaps, so marvellous as that of the great Iron King of Essen.

In 1810 Frederick Krupp started a small iron forge; but a lawsuit burdened him with debt, and, when he died, in 1826, his widow could hardly afford to secure her son, Alfred, a good education. In 1848, when Alfred Krupp was called to the works, he found, to use his own words, "three workmen, and more debt than fortune."

In 1881 the works at Essen, with the mines connected with them, supported a population of 65,381 persons, of whom nearly twenty thousand were workmen. Mere figures hardly convey an idea of the magnitude of the establishment, the proprietor of which owns 547 mines in Germany, besides others in Spain, whence the finest ores are brought. Connected with the works at Essen are 42 miles of railway, employing 28 locomotives, 833 cars, and 40 miles of telegraph wires, with 35 stations and 55 Morse apparatuses.

On the great gateway over the works appears the following inscription : " To prevent unpleasantness on both sides, it is kindly prayed that no one will ask permission to visit the factory, as it cannot be allowed.—Fred. Krupp.

The writer of the paper under notice was admitted for literary purposes ; but such an event had never happened before. The reason for this reserve, however, is not the desire for secrecy, but the exceedingly delicate character of much of the work, which renders the most uninterrupted attention necessary to prevent failure.

The writer gives a graphic description of the general impression produced by the scene within. He says :—

I once visited the Cyfarthfa Iron-Works in South Wales in company with Emerson, who, after gazing upon the lurid scene, said : " Surely Milton must have drawn his pandemonium from some such place." In these vast and weird halls at Essen all the Infernos ever imagined by man—save Shakespeare's "thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice"—seem collected and seething together. Fiery Phlegethon darts its flood past every path, Gehenna from ash-covered embers radiates a still insufferable heat, and the eyes of Dante would have to be shielded from some of the Sheols with their burning lakes. A huge fiery serpent uncoils, leaps out hissing : it is only fifty feet of red-hot railway iron, but one is satisfied to see its crested head cut off and its snaky form chopped into bars. The whirl of these rollers is terrific ; one machine has rollers fifteen feet long, and the steel comes through it a foot thick ; one is so fine that it rolled me out a plate, now before me, thin and light as tissue-paper. In the process of rolling plates of iron, slag is removed from the surface by repeatedly casting on it handfuls of sand ; this the rollers grind to powder with a fearful shriek, after which the steel comes out again like a great red tongue, hissing horribly. Everything seems instinct with some half-conscious life, and the glowing steel-masses to be waging some mad war of resistance against their swart masters. Bessemer converter is an ideal behemoth. There is one room here, large as the biggest railway depôt, with no fewer than sixteen of these monsters, nearly all of which were simultaneously vomiting flame and gas from mouths raised against the black ceiling.

The work of a Bessemer converter is a fascinating thing to watch. The fused iron that pours into its belly must there be transformed, but not too far ; it must be arrested at a certain point, for steel is midway between pig iron and wrought iron. It is an archæological problem how the ancients made wrought iron, such as the Delhi Pillar, and the still older piece found in one of the pyramids, and now in the British Museum. But wrought iron is too soft and ductile for many important purposes. The exact point where the iron becomes steel is indicated by the hue of the fire breathed by the Bessemer converter, and it requires an observation so delicate, not to say artistic, that it is said a foreman may be unfitted for it by a bilious attack. The observing eye must possess an instinctive perception of the way in which colors may be affected by a cloudy day or by twilight. If the iron poured into the converter be specially impure, the fact is revealed by a white smoke mingling with the sparks that shoot out when the mouth is opened. If the iron be fair, the normal process goes on :

first a violent eruption of sparks ; in four or five minutes a dull flame appearing in the midst of the sparks ; in two more minutes this flame changing to soft moonlight ; next brightening to a dazzling sunlight, which leaves its image on the closed eye ; and finally the end of the task announced by a flame of purest violet. The liquid iron has been searched by a blast of all penetrating air, the interstitial dross has been consumed and cast out as slag without destruction of the carbon and silicon necessary for the bloom of steel ; and in one hour after its creation this may pass to the rolling-mill.

The best steel of all, and that which alone is used for the Krupp guns, is crucible steel.

This steel is attended at every stage with personal and tender devotion. Human sacrifices are required at its foundation, for in making the 1,500 or more plumbago crucibles required daily—since most of them can only be used once—the men who make them are under sentence of premature death. They are doomed to breathe a thick dust by which their lungs are blackened and gradually clogged, and their lives shortened. In the rooms where these crucibles are made I saw a rolly-poly of dark mud, plumbago, and fire-clay, seven or eight inches in diameter, oozing out, from the end of which a pallid, half-naked lad divided off section after section, about the length of the diameter, weighing each, and rarely needing to subtract from or add to it. Another, older and more pallid than the boy, and like him half naked—the heat was oppressive—received the soft mass and placed it in a mould beneath a revolving pestle which pressed down the interior, raising the sides, and made it a jar of some eighteen inches in height. This is set upon an elevator to be lifted to the baking-room, which, when I saw it, impressed me as a mausoleum filled with funereal urns holding the ashes of boys and men.

One of the most extraordinary of the rooms is that in which the steel is hammered into shape. There are 82 steam hammers of from 400 pounds weight to fifty tons, the anvil and anvil block for the largest weighing together no less than 1,250 tons.

The tests employed for the finished material are of the most scrupulously exact character.

If a load of iron is found to have one bad piece, the whole load is rejected : offending in one point, it is pronounced guilty in all. Under the extreme powers that can be brought to bear, all iron and all steel will break at some point. The standards are fixed with reference to the purpose for which the metal is required. That which the gun-maker rejects, the railway-wheel-maker may find excellent, or, if he rejects it, the steel may serve the man of axles. Tests are applied at every stage, and even after iron or steel has been half evolved into some machine, tapping may bring a suspicious response, causing its condemnation. I saw some plates from metal meant for boilers, of from one to two inches thickness, bent double like cloth. The test was for ductility. That which cracks at the bend is rejected ; the adequate specimens showed but faint marks of the tremendous force applied to tear the atoms apart. Mr. Krupp has always been extreme in his tests ; in 1864, during the war with Denmark, the hinder part of the breech of his cannon was, in a few cases, blown off. The officers mistrusted the steel, but Mr. Krupp knew it was no fault of the steel, and concentrated himself upon improving the construction. I believe no fault has ever

been discovered in any piece of metal he has sold. He has lately declined an order from America to supply steel blocks for cannon, for the reason that he cannot feel sure that added metal or inferior work may not involve his metal in bad results. Krupp steel must remain above suspicion. This establishment is credited with the possession of secrets, and a mysterious intimacy with iron; but no doubt the main secrets are the cumulative perfection of its plant, its infinite capacity for taking pains, its power to prefer genuineness to gain, and its willingness as well as ability to invest money to any extent in experiments that promise improvement, in securing the very best ores, and in employing capable managers and men of science. These are Krupp's "open secrets."

The quantity of machinery and the extent of the buildings are simply bewildering.

In the Essen works there are 1,553 big ovens, 439 steam boilers, 450 steam engines (representing together 18,500 horse-power,) 1,622 machine tools, 82 steam-hammers, 21 rolling trains—involving a daily consumption of 3,100 tons of coal and coke by the 1,648 furnaces, whose draught is through chimneys of which one is 280 feet high, with a diameter of 30 feet at the bottom. The daily consumption of water—brought from the Ruhr by an aqueduct—is 24,700 cubic meters. There are 1,778 steel lamps, and 7½ cubic meters of gas have been used annually, though this quantity has just been diminished by the introduction of electric lights.

In a single room there are eight huge engines and steam-compressors, of which only a moiety are required for the works, the others being kept in full heat, ready, like the viper's superserviceable teeth, for instant service in case any accident should happen to the others. In another room there is an engine apart by itself, strong enough to carry on all the works; it is over fifty feet high, and quite beautiful. It was doing no work when I saw it, but in constant motion, generally quiet, though now and then snorting and revolving its huge wheels swiftly, merely to work off its energy and keep from bursting. A man stood perched half-way on its side who evidently understood the intimations of his afreet's varied needs and responded with relieving touches.

As an example of the perfection to which Krupp has brought the manufacture of steel, it is stated that he can now make blocks of seventy-five tons without a flaw. Of his later guns only 2,300 have burst, though subjected to the severest strains.

Of the arrangements Mr. Krupp has made for the housing and comfort of his workmen, the writer says:—

In 1863 Mr. Krupp found that the accommodations of Essen were insufficient for the increasing number of workmen demanded by his establishment, and built 140 dwellings suitable for their needs. From year to year other "colonies" were formed, and to-day there are around Essen nearly 4,000 family dwellings, in which more than 16,000 individuals reside. In addition, boarding-houses have been erected for unmarried laborers, about 2,000 of whom are thus accommodated. One of these is of a superior kind, for the better class of skilled workmen. There are also 150 dwellings for officials in the service of the firm. The colonies possess little pretension to architectural beauty, but the streets through them are wide, well kept, and well lighted. The

dwellings are in suites of three and four rooms, not large, but comfortable, and with good water arrangements. The annual rent of these suites is from \$16.50 to \$45. In the bachelors' boarding house the cost per man is twenty cents and in the special boarding-house mentioned, twenty-seven cents per day. Each edifice of "flats" has a garden large enough for the children to play in. The women living in the "flats" which I visited seemed cheerful, and said they found their dwellings healthy and comfortable, though I was puzzled to think where all the children I saw could be stowed away. Mr. Krupp has provided one or two bathing establishments, though the arrangements for bathing are far from complete, and, especially, I could discover none for women. There are two hospitals, one reserved in case of epidemics. There is an unsectarian free school and six industrial schools (one for adults), two for females, the fee being fifty cents a month, of which the poor are relieved. Mr. Krupp has built several churches, Protestant and Catholic, for the use of his workmen and their families. There is a "Sick and Pensions Fund," of which every foreman and workman is required to be a member. Each pays half a day's pay as entrance fee, and an annual fee proportioned to his wages. But Mr. Krupp pays half of every member's contribution. In case of illness or accident each has free medical or surgical treatment, and at death his funeral expenses are paid. Excellent physicians and surgeons, among them an oculist, are kept at fixed salaries, and there are three large surgeries connected with these brick ambulances for the fallen soldiers of Toil. For an additional fee of one dollar, each workman may secure free medical treatment for his wife and children. The annual surplus of this fund averages about \$250,000, the administration of which sum is in the hands of a committee of six, chosen (as I understand) by the workmen, the chairman being appointed by Mr. Krupp. Pensions are paid to men who have been permanently disabled in the works, and temporary support given to those whose inability to work is certified by two of the physicians. The highest pension is \$25 monthly, the average being \$14 monthly. The average pension given to widows is about \$850. Mr. Krupp is personally liberal, and never hears of a faithful workman or his family in distress without sending him a substantial gift. He has also secured at low rates arrangements with a number of life insurance companies, of which the workmen may avail themselves, each selecting the company he prefers. To this Life Insurance Union Mr. Krupp presented in 1877 capital for a reserve fund, \$12,500, which by this time amounts to \$15,000, from which indigent members are supported by payment of the premium in case of sickness or urgent need.

The most important institution established by Mr. Krupp is the "Supply Store." There is a great central building, and connected with it are twenty-seven shops in places convenient to the "colonies," by which, on a rigidly cash system, nearly all articles desired by any individual or family may be bought at cost price. There is a vast bakery, a slaughter-house, and stores of every kind of clothing, iron-ware, furniture—everything. One may buy here good cigars and wholesome beer. There are seven beer-houses, with skittle-grounds, a turnhall, a gymnasium. The advantages of all these establishments are not limited to persons connected with the works, so that it is difficult to see how any trade can flourish at Essen apart from the supply stores of Krupp.

It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Krupp's foundries are entirely or mainly devoted to the manufacture of weapons of destruction. Two-

thirds of the work turned out consists of the various parts of steam-engines, locomotives, iron axles, bridges, rails, wheels, tires, switches, shafts for steamers and the like.

**DOGS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.**—This article contains a good deal of useful information on the subject indicated in its title, but nothing very novel.

Of the care of the dam, after pupping, we are told :

There should be no hurry in feeding the dam, but, as soon as she will take it, strong meat broth, thickened with stale bread, alternately with bread and lukewarm milk and a portion of cooked meat, forms the most suitable diet. Some mothers refuse to leave their young for days, but if after twenty-four hours she refuses to be coaxed, she should be gently forced out for ten minutes' exercise, and from that time forward twice a day, increasing the time of her absence from the pups each day.

In weaning, when the secretion of milk is profuse, care should be taken not to remove all the pups at once and to administer saline aperients. Regarding the feeding of the puppies, the writer says :—

The puppy, when just weaned, should be fed four, five or even six times a day, and from two months to four months of age, four times ; after that three times to the age of nine to twelve months, according to the breed—the smaller varieties reaching maturity soonest ; after that twice a day is enough, a full meal being given each time, until maturity is reached. Regularity as to time is important in feeding, both because it assists health and is a considerable help in inculcating orderly and cleanly habits. Minute calculations have been made as to the amount of food required by a dog, with the result of conflicting statements of opinion, ranging from one-twentieth to one-twelfth of his own weight per day, and it is often stated in this form—one ounce of food for every pound the dog weighs. Experience convinces me that in the matter of quantity of food the scales are better dispensed with, using instead the dog's appetite as the correct measure ; I therefore always advise that a dog should have as much at a meal as he will eat freely, and that when he stops to turn it over and pick out bits here and there, the dish should be removed.

The following is a description of the feeding at the kennels of the Albrighton Hunt, Shropshire :—

In an inclosed court-yard, the flagged floor of which was as clean as water could make it, stood grouped in impatient expectancy about twenty-five couples of hungry hounds ; yet there was no disorder, not even a sound except an occasional beseeching note as a more than ordinarily hungry one snuffed the savory mess cooling in the troughs in the adjoining feeding-room, by the door of which the huntsman now stationed himself. "Merryman," "Marksman," "May-boy," is called out, and not the crowd that with beseeching eyes surround the master, and look longingly through the half-open door, enter, but three hounds make their way through the pack, and begin to feed in earnest, and these are rapidly joined by others as they are severally invited by name to the feast. And now comes the test of discipline, the proof also of absolute obedience to a superior will. "Out, Marksman," is called ; and after making one final and hurried plunge to get a last gulp of the relished dinner, Marksman trots out to

have his dripping chops licked by his hungry fellows who have not yet been bidden to the feast. And so the process goes on in perfect order till all are fed; the underfilled ones, scanned by the huntsman's critical eye, are sent in again for a second course; and presently all are ordered to kennel for rest and digestion.

As to diet, the writer condemns, as a crotchet, opposed to the best experience, the view of Dr. Billings of Boston, that dogs, being carnivorous animals, should be fed entirely on flesh. But he allows more license than many authorities, holding that there is no more wholesome food than the mixed scraps from the table, consisting of meat, bones, bread and vegetables. A rich, fat producing diet, sugar, sweet cakes, pudding and the like, however, he condemns. In case of delicate feeders, a tonic of iron, quinine and gentian is recommended as an appetiser.

The great object in kennelling should be to secure warmth with ventilation, sunshine in the yard, and easy access to every part for cleaning purposes.

The sleeping benches should be of wood, constructed to take to pieces easily; and the whole work should be on hinges, so as to fold and hook back during the day, when the straw should be taken out and shaken up so that the fresh air may go well through it. The front should be boarded, to prevent the dogs getting underneath the bed. The flooring should be of concrete, or other hard, non-absorbent materials, that thorough cleanliness may be insured; earth, brick, and wooden floors absorb the voidings, and so on bring the kennel to an unsanitary state, which no use of disinfectants will overcome. Where a constant flow of water through the kennel yard can be had, it is of great advantage, and in lieu of this frequent supplies of fresh water should be given and placed in the shade, and so that the dogs do not foul it. It is a very old and general practice to place a piece of roll sulphur in the water for the purpose of warding off distemper, mange, and a host of other ills. As, however, sulphur is insoluble in water, it has no effect, and in fact a paving stone would do as well. There is, moreover, this serious objection, that the lump of brimstone often furnishes an excuse to the lazy attendant for not cleaning the water dish out, which is a most important thing to be done.

Chaining, whenever possible, should be avoided, as spoiling both form and temper, and regular exercise is, of course, indispensable, even for lap-dogs.

Pet-dogs and many others require to be washed regularly once a week, but carbolic acid soaps, and all soaps containing poisonous substances, should be avoided. The writer recommends Spratt's patent as the only insecticidal soap that is harmless. Water about blood heat should be used, and the long-haired pets combed, and dried at once.

The grooming of the larger and stronger, or, as we may call them, the out-of-door dogs, must be of a much more vigorous character. When a dog returns to the kennel from his exercise he should at once have the dirt brushed off with

what stablemen call a "dandy" brush, and if there is dirt in the feet, it is better to wash and carefully dry them, for if grit is left between the toes it not merely annoys the dog, but is likely to set up local inflammation, difficult to subdue because of constant excitement in using the feet. Long-coated dogs, such as St. Bernards and collies, ought not to be combed, except where the hair from neglect may have become matted, for these dogs are provided with a thick undercoat of soft woolly hair, which the long outer hair hides, and the comb tears out this under-jacket, thereby greatly damaging the utility and the beauty of the coat as a whole.

Nothing is better for dressing dogs, rough or smooth, from fox-terriers up to mastiffs, than a hard swab of straw such as grooms often use to rub down a horse; after applying this with unsparing "elbowgrease," the dog may be polished off with a hound glove, which is simply a flesh glove of horse-hair or less harsh material, the softer selected to suit fine, delicate-skinned dogs—a feature in which dogs vary very much. The grooming should in all cases follow the lines of the principal muscles. Having carefully wiped the head well from nose to occiput, with a soft towel, the harder glove or swab of straw should be applied steadily along the muscles of the neck, then down the shoulders and forelegs, next vigorously along the muscles of the back, along the sides of the spine, never bearing on the centre of the back; give special heed to the muscles connecting the ribs and hind-quarters, and also to those of the thighs. In large dogs especially the thigh muscles are apt to be weak, partially atrophied, and giving that appearance known in kennel parlance as "cat-hammed." In such cases, before used in conjunction with the dry rubbing, the brisk application of a mixture in equal parts of soap liniment and compound camphor liniment daily after feeding of great benefit in developing muscle. After grooming, feed; and after feeding let the dog rest.

As to the treatment of diseases, the writer begins with the feverishness incidental to teething in puppies, for which he recommends castor-oil and such laxative food as well-boiled bullock's liver. As to fits, he says they are generally more alarming than dangerous; and nothing more need be done than to place the dog in a position in which he can't hurt himself. When the dog has recovered, castor-oil and a few hours after bromide of potassium in water, six grains to a forty-pound dog, may be administered.

As to distemper, the writer says:—

Distemper is one of the diseases incident to puppyhood, and is the most difficult for the dog owner to manage, from the fact that it assumes several very distinct forms, according to which of the organs is most directly and strongly attacked. It would be out of place here to attempt to deal with the subject fully and in detail. I will therefore briefly notice the more common symptoms and phases of the disease, and suggest what I consider the best home treatment. When the dog is first seized he shows it by want of appetite for food, but considerable thirst, disinclination to play or exercise, and general lassitude; the eyes are dull, the nose hot. These feverish symptoms are succeeded by running at the nose and eyes; as the disease proceeds, the discharge becomes more purulent, the dog rapidly loses flesh, and is reduced to helplessness; added



to this the bowels are affected, diarrhoea of a severe character often sets in, and the dog becomes very offensive. In some cases the liver seems to be the principal seat of the disease, and in this case the dog is generally costive rather than purged. The eyes, inside of the ears, and the skin of the thighs and belly are yellow. When the brain is affected, the fact is generally indicated by fits, and this form is a very dangerous one, for even if the dog recovers, he is generally left with chorea, or, in kennel language, the "trembles." Distemper should, in the first instance, be treated as a catarrhal fever, and my own plan is to give a mild dose of purgative medicine, preceded by an emetic of ipecacuanha wine, and following these measures some such febrifuge medicine as the following: chlorate of potash, sixty grains; sweet spirits of nitre, two drams; Mindererus spiritus (solution of acetate of ammonia), two ounces; tincture of henbane, one dram; syrup of squills, two ounces; water, two ounces.—mixed. The dose for a pointer dog six months old is a table-spoonful every four hours, and dogs of a different size and age in proportion. When the dog is violently purged, the ordinary household remedies may be used, half the adult dose being given to a six-months-old pointer. When fits occur, shave the hair from the back of the head and apply a strong blister of vinegar and mustard; and when the liver is affected, as shown by the yellowness of the eyes and skin, give a strong purge and apply the blister to the right side.

In a majority of cases, if a keen watch be kept on the health of the dog, and the fever medicine recommended at once resorted to, the more dangerous complications will be prevented. Far more than medicine, good nursing helps to pull dogs through distemper. Keep the patient warm, in an equable temperature not under sixty, where there is plenty of fresh air without draught, let the most scrupulous cleanliness be observed, and support the strength with strong food in small quantities often administered.

For the destruction of fleas a weak decoction of quassia-wood is recommended, and afterwards rinsing with pure water; for ticks rubbing white precipitate (ammonio-chloride of mercury) into the roots of the hair, and brushing it out two hours afterwards.

For the mange insect, he advocates a lotion made by boiling half a pound of quicklime with two pounds of flour of sulphur in two gallons of water and reduced to one gallon, the clear liquid to be kept well corked, and to be well rubbed into the animal night and morning.

**Worms are a very serious affection.**

The results produced by these parasites are various and generally serious—irritability of temper, emaciation of body, not infrequent paralysis of hind-quarters, and very often an annoying skin disease, difficult to manage, which, as it differs in its cause from other skin diseases, further differs in not being contagious. It may be as well to say here that several forms of skin disease—nearly all except those due to the action of external parasites—have their origin in disturbance of the digestive and assimilative organs, and it is in that way worms are often the primary cause of eczema. The same result may of course follow, worms not being present, and in such cases a saline purge of Epsom salt and an entire change of diet for a week will often effect a cure. If the dog has been

chiefly fed on bread or biscuit, give for a week little else than lean raw meat; or *vice versa*. In the state of the skin referred to the following lotion invariably allays the irritation: pure crystallized carbolic acid, one and a half drams; glycerine, one and a half ounces; laudanum, two ounces; carbonate of potash, three drams; water, one quart. The skin should be well wetted with it twice a day or oftener.

One of the safest and best vermifuges is the Areca nut; but a sound, heavy nut must be selected, for unsound, worm-eaten nuts are inert; give after keeping the dog without food for from six to twenty-four hours, according to age; the dose is, for young puppies, one grain to two grains for mature dogs, per pound weight, up to a maximum dose of two drams for the largest dogs.

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## MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MARCH, 1886.

William Lloyd Garrison. By GOLDWIN SMITH	...	"	...	..	—
The Province and Study of Poetry. By FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford	...	...	...	...	—
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The Socialistic Tendencies of Modern Democracy. By HON. G. C. BRODRICK, Warden of Merton College	...	...	...	...	—

THE OFFICE OF LITERATURE.—What, asks the writer of this paper after remarking on the undue seriousness and contentiousness of the men of letters of the day, can books do for us? Dr. Johnson put the whole matter in a nutshell, when he wrote that a book should teach us either to enjoy life or to endure it. How is a book to fulfil this condition?

Self-forgetfulness is of the essence of enjoyment, and the author who would confer pleasure must possess the art, or know the trick of destroying for the time the reader's own personality. Undoubtedly the easiest way of doing this is by the creation of a host of rival personalities—hence the number and the popularity of novels. Whenever a novelist fails his book is said to flag; that is, the reader suddenly (as in skating) comes bump down upon his own personality, and curses the unskilful author. No lack of characters and continual motion is the easiest recipe for a novel, which, like a beggar, should always be kept "moving on." Nobody knew this better than Fielding, whose novels like most good ones, are full of inns.

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When books of travel are full of inns, atmosphere, and motion they are as good as any novel; nor is there any reason in the nature of things why they should not always be so, though experience proves the contrary.

The truth or falsehood of a book is immaterial. George Borrow's "Bible in Spain" is, I suppose, true; though now that I come to think of it, in what is to me a new light, one remembers that it contains some odd things. But was not Borrow the accredited agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society? Did he not travel (and he had a free hand) at their charges? Was he not

befriended by our minister at Madrid, Mr. Villiers, subsequently Earl of Clarendon in the peerage of England? It must be true; and yet at this moment I would as lief read a chapter of the "Bible in Spain" as I would "Gil Blas"; nay, so pleasantly have my Borrovian memories been stirred by Mr. Saintsbury in the January number of this magazine, that I positively would give the preference to Senor Giorgio.

Nobody can sit down to read Borrow's books without as completely forgetting himself as if he were once more a boy in the forest with Gurth and Wamba.

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Authors ought not to be above being reminded that it is their first duty to write agreeably—some very disagreeable men have succeeded in doing it, so there is no need for any one to despair. Every author, be he grave or gay, should try to make his book as ingratiating as possible. Reading is not a duty, and has therefore no business to be made disagreeable. Nobody is under any obligation to read any other man's book.

Literature exists to please; to lighten the burden of men's lives; to make them for a short while forget their sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures, and those men of letters are the best loved who have best performed literature's truest office.

A CENTURY OF BOOKS.—The curious intellectual pastime started some time ago, in all simplicity, by Sir John Lubbock, when, in the course of a lecture at the Working Men's College, he announced a craving for a list of the hundred best books, excluding contemporary authors, and taken up with characteristic astuteness by the literary editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, affords the writer an opportunity for some very clever and pertinent satire.

For whom, he asks, is the ideal list to be constructed?

For an intelligent working man, only acquainted with his own language, or for an intellectual young lady, or for a guardsman, or a philosopher, or a gamekeeper, or an inspector of factories, or a stockbroker, or a barrister? Barristers, and stockbrokers, and married ladies, and reviewers, do not, as a rule, read at all; and I have only known one omnibus conductor who studied Plato, in the Master of Balliol's translation. On the other hand, judges read a good deal (mainly novels); and prime ministers are students (Prince Bismarck likes Gaboriau, Mr. Gladstone is fond of Homer and the "Speaker's Commentary"); while intellectual girls and intelligent working men are believed to love to have "a course of reading chalked out for them," as the saying goes. For whom, then, is the ideal list of a hundred books to be compiled? Probably for the amateurs who feel they need direction; that is, for well meaning persons, entirely devoid of the literary temperament, but, in compensation, abundantly supplied with a conscientious sense of "what they owe to their own culture."

To a man, or woman, reading for some definite purpose, it is easy enough to give directions. Thus, take the case of a working man who wants to get up the history of England.

You may recommend him Mr. Green's "Short History" to be taken, as much as possible, "at a gulp," as Mr. Browning's Spanish monk, "swigged his orange-

water." Then, if he is very patient and toilsome, this working man may work through Professor Freeman's "Norman Conquest," and take the various good histories of special periods in succession—Mr. Froude's, Mr. Gardiner's, Macaulay's, Lord Stanhope's and so forth, throwing in Carlyle's "French Revolution," and perhaps finishing with Mr. McCarthy's "History of our Own Time," which I have not read, but (like Colonel Newcome in the case of Mill's "History of India"), hear well spoken of for erudition. Next the scholar may sit down to the Bishop of Chester's "Constitutional History," and by the time he has added *that* to the conquests of his culture, he will be as old as Cato when Cato began to learn Greek. He may then devote his remaining span to the Latin tongue, and read the "De Scaccario" for himself in the original. He will know quite enough about English history, and will be able to tell his grandchildren, perhaps, all about the English Commune, and the relapse of the island into savagery, which, by the way, can be studied in Mr. Richard Jefferies's "After London."

But if a reader merely wishes vaguely to improve his mind, how is the list to be made? Unless you know all that is to be known about the mind to be improved, the thing is absurd.

Of all feeble folk the feeblest are those who meander about asking to be educated. They tell one that they are "trying to educate themselves into liking Turner," and you find them, blinking and bemused, among his water-colours at Burlington House. All this is vanity. One is born with a soul, or a system, capable of knowing what is beautiful when one sees it, or one is not. In the former case, one revels in Turner as soon as one has a chance of seeing his work. In the latter case, one has no joy in him, and there should be an end of it.

To go about making believe very much to try to acquire taste, as Pascal would have us acquire faith, by pretending that we have it till we delude ourselves, is childish, and were it less impotent dulness, would be immoral. The same rule holds about Wagner, and Mr. Irving's acting (both equally unintelligible to me), and the Elgin marbles, and Tanagra terracottas, and Leonardo da Vinci's pictures. Some people are born incapable of enjoying these forms of art, as others are born with a natural aversion to politics, and to Archdeacon Farrar's "Life of Christ," and to M. Renan's attempts to be funny like Voltaire, and to M. Paul Bourget's "Psychologie," and to minced veal, and family dinner parties, and Russian cigarettes.

If people would be content to consult their own tastes about literature, they would be much more happy.

They would not take up books infinitely too good for them, or yawn over cribs to Plato, or epitomes of the 'Mahabharatâ,' or Hume's 'History of England' or Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' when what they really could be comfortable with is the 'Spectator,' or the 'Sporting Times,' or the "Licensed Victuallers' Gazette," or 'King Solomon's Mines.' I never read Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and I am not going to begin. I am not a pigeon fancier, and I do not care a pin whether I was created or evolved. The book is a masterpiece, but a masterpiece for others; "good absolute, not for me though," says the Piper. Then why should I read it, and waste my time, even if a hundred "Pall Mall" counsels thunder anathemas at me. But it is just as absurd to tell people *not* to read Darwin, as Mr. Ruskin does, as not to read Grotte, if people like Grotte. Either book might be the making of a man's

mind, and the beginning of an honourable career in science, or politics (if a career in politics can be honourable), or in historical study. Mr. Ruskin, that fine practical humourist, denounces Darwin and Grote and Voltaire and Thackeray and Kingsley; he does not like them, he thinks they are not good for us, he thinks they do not tell him enough about the habits of the shrimp and other insects. But who made Mr. Ruskin a judge or a nursery governess over us? A great many well-meaning young people hang on his lips, and perhaps do not read Thackeray, and miss those beautiful examples of noble life which Thackeray shows us, and miss all that charitable philosophy of the humourist, and all the magic of his style, because Mr. Ruskin happens to be one of the people who are so constituted as to think the author of "Estimand" a cynic. Nor is Kingsley good enough for this critical gentleman, so difficult to please. He blames the horror of "Hypatia," which Kingsley thought worth mentioning at a moment when monkery was rather fashionable in England. And he either forgets or dislikes "Westward Ho," with all its vigour, its pathos, its poetry. Gibbon, too, lacks "wit," and we remember that William Wordsworth thought Voltaire dull. He may not agree with Mr. Ruskin, just as coffee or tobacco or Bass's beer may be pernicious to Mr. Ruskin's constitution. But that is no reason why this great irresponsible humourist should bid the rest of us enter on a career of total abstinence from "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes."

Returning to Sir John Lubbock's list, the writer makes some very incisive criticisms.

Who are the people who should read Confucius? or the Koran? Is it necessary to intellectual salvation? Why not the "Upanishads;" why not all the Brahmanas, whose names Lucy rattles off in "Le Monde où l'on l'ennuie"? And Lewes's "History of Philosophy?" Of all hopeless books, put together on a subject which the author was congenitally incapable of knowing anything about Lewes's "History of Philosophy," to my mind, is the most deplorable. Then the "Ethics" of Aristotle—who is to read them, and is it to be in Chase's, or Williams's, or Peters's version? "With a great price"—namely, by many toilsome hours in company with Liddell and Scott, after many and many months of college lectures "bought I this freedom," namely the possession of some shadowy notions as to what Aristotle is driving at in the "Ethics." To that intelligent working man, or conscientious and highly-educated young lady, who proposes to begin the "Ethics," I venture to cry, "*Don't*. You will be dreadfully bored, and you are not at the historical point of view from which you can understand the Stagirite. He is either laboriously hammering out into articulate speech ideas which have long been commonplace, or he is in a region of mystic speculation where you cannot follow him, or he is dealing with moral problems peculiar to a society all unlike that in which you are living. Nor is it likely that the "Sheking" will please or interest you, more than the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus" of Spinoza.

• If we are to draw up a list of books for pleasure and delight,—the true ends of reading,—then individual taste comes in and a proper list is impossible.

We scarcely get beyond Shakespeare, and even then we are not thinking so much of what women can enjoy, as of what is matter for men. Helen Pendennis sometimes read Shakespeare, "whom she pretended to like, but

didn't," and many excellent ladies are like Helen. A crowd of modern folk "cannot read Dickens." Then let them leave him alone. It is a weary thing to see a person "trying to educate himself into liking Dickens." Hawthorne cannot be universally recommended; Scott is eclipsed by Ouida. It would be pedantic to recommend Scott, or Fielding, to people who prefer Ouida; do not let us even say to them, *moriemini in peccatis vestris*. It is much less a sin to like Ouida, and say so, and read that adventurous author, than to pine for her secretly, and waste time in struggling for apples "atop of the topmost bough," struggling to like the comedy of Dickens, the wit of Molière, the style and the humour of Thackeray, the manly charm of Scott, the romance of Dumas. These good things are beyond the reach of many worthy people. And why should they not prefer Keble to Mimnermus, and Artemus Ward to Swift, and the author of "Phyllis" to Miss Burney, and Miss Braddon to Miss Austen?

For my part I can be happy with all these writers, except, perhaps, Keble; but there is no reason why one should be discontented with one's favourites because the lady one sits next at a dinner party cannot read Rabelais (Heaven forbid it!) or Dickens. It takes all sorts to make a world. Let me confess that I don't care for "Don Quixote," or Cicero's "De Officiis" (or his *de* anything else), or Titus Livius, or the "Rig Veda," or Chaucer, or any of the Elizabethans except Shakespeare and Marlowe. Who else is there that I fail to enjoy? There are Pope, and Dryden, and Juvenal, and "Paradise Lost." I prefer Horace, and Herrick, and the "Georgics," and "Lycidas," and Ronsard, and Beloe's "Anecdotes of Books," and Homer, and Herodotus.

A man can have these little preferences without making a religion of them.

After so much of the intellectual game, the writer asks in conclusion, who does not hail with pleasure Mr. Mathew Arnold's resolute refusal to play? "Lists, such as Sir John Lubbock's, are interesting things to look at, but I feel no disposition to make one."

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# TEMPLE BAR.

MARCH, 1886.

A Bachelor's Blunder. Chapters IX.—XII.	...	...	...	—
Mr. Mozley's Reminiscences ...	...	...	...	—
Put Asunder ...	...	...	...	—
Mozart ...	...	...	...	III
Ambrose Mallet ...	...	...	...	—
Humours of Travel ...	...	...	...	—
Two Fortunes ...	...	...	...	—
Paston Carew, Millionaire and Miser. Chapters IX.—XII.	...	...	...	—

MOZART.—The materials for a biography of this great musician are so voluminous that the writer of a magazine article finds it no easy matter to select what is most interesting. One German biography alone makes four volumes, one of which contains more than 700 pages.

Wolfgang Amadeus, or, as first christened, Theophilus Mozart, was born at Salzburg, on January 27th, 1756, he and his sister Anna, five years his senior, being the only surviving children of a large family. The marvellous stories of his precocity are supported by ample evidence. When he was four years old, he could learn any piece on the piano in an hour; at five he began composing; at six he was a celebrity, playing the organ and the violin in the most wonderful manner without tuition. At eight, he played at the English Court, and had two Sonatas engraved.

Taken by his father to Rome, he wrote *Allegre's Miserere* from memory after hearing it once played in the Sistine Chapel. Two Philharmonic Academies appointed him member after strict examination.

Notwithstanding this extraordinary precocity as a musician, he was in every other respect unusually simple and remained all his life a child; phenomenally careless, extravagantly generous, and of course, always poor.

In 1790, O'Reilly, manager of the Pantheon, wrote to him a letter in French, offering £300 if he would come and write an opera in London. It was not to be. The letters which he wrote to his wife contain such desperate phrases as this: "Pay hundred pounds on my return!—I cannot pay ten." In others his



tenderness is more marked : "You sent me a coat and waistcoat; but I searched in both all through every pocket for a word from your hand in vain." "Don't be offended," he says in another, "when I tell you not to make free with people. I have every confidence in you ; but as you mean no evil force them to respect you ; be civil and courteous, but no more." Then again he writes : "You know I have board and lodging here" (Frankfort) "for three pounds a month, but I can neither live nor can I eat alone," &c. I give these extracts at once to show the childlike, tender, but absolutely weak character of the man. His carelessness was such that he threw his MSS. under the piano, where they lay like waste paper in (*Felsen*), and the copyists could help themselves to as much as they liked.

\* \* \* \* \*

All the family likenesses in the Mozarteum in Salzburg have the unmistakable expression of a good, genial, kind-hearted, but I am sorry to say distinctly unpractical musician.

The beginning of the child's taste for music appears to have been the instruction which his father himself, an accomplished musician, gave to his daughter Anna.

This interested the boy so much that, when three years old, he began to search out thirds on the piano, and by and bye, his father took to teaching him too.

The following instance of his intractable capacity is related by Schachtner :—

A trio was played, and he begged to be allowed to play the second fiddle. His father, knowing that the boy had never had regular instruction, would not hear of it. The boy insisted. So the father ordered him out of the room. He then resorted to the infallible means with which children and women govern their so-called masters the men—he began to cry. Of course one of the friends present begged that the child might be allowed to have his will, and, to the utter amazement of all present, he sat down and played without a fault, first the second, then the first fiddle, until it was the father's turn to shed tears of surprise and admiration.

At a very early age he accompanied his family to Paris, and was the rage at Court and in society there. He then went to England, and remained there from April 1764 to June 1765, his organ-playing making a profound sensation. In Italy he met with a triumphant reception, though, in spite of the express command of the Emperor, a Cabal prevented the performance of his opera "*La Finta Semplice*." On December 26th, 1770, however, his "*Mitridate*" was brought out at Milan, with such success that he was engaged at an increased salary for the following season, and he received an order for an opera for Venice.

When his inspiration left him the young Mozart instantly became a child again.

He used to take a stick between his legs and hop about as if on horseback. When in Italy Maestro di Capella, and decorated by the Pope with the Golden Spur, honorary member of two Philharmonic Academies, his letters to his sister show that, far from being childish, his innocent heart remained childlike. Every letter finished, "I kiss mamma's hand a thousand times." He had a wonderful facility of mixing some tune written all in Italian—or in French—with the German, not unfrequently adorned with words of the Austrian dialect. So he invariably calls his sister Anna, "Nannerl." He tells us that he was admitted to kiss the toe of St. Peter, but having the misfortune to be so small, he had to be lifted up to the statue. In another letter, after telling his sister in all simplicity that the Padre Martini, the greatest master of counterpoint then known, had written a testimonial stating that, after serious examination, he found the boy as advanced and able as any master of the art known to him, he begs she will be good enough to send him his multiplication tables, because he is ashamed not to be able to make out the requirements of a very simple bill. "P. S.—I just wrote the great *Aria Se ardire e speranza* from Metastasio's '*Demofonte*.'" Look at this letter of three lines: "I am, thank God, in good health, and I kiss mamma's hands, and my sister's face, nose, mouth and neck." Oh, what a pen! From Bologna, 1770, he writes as follows:—

"Can't help it, I must have a ride on a donkey. It's the fashion here, so I must try it too. We have the honour to walk about with a Dominican, who is reputed to be a saint, but I do not believe it. I have had the honour to dine with that saint. He drank all the time a good lot of wine, and concluded with a big tumblerful of strong wine, and for his dessert he had two large slices of melon, peaches, pears, five cups of coffee, a whole assortment of spices and two plates of milk. P.S.—I am so sorry to hear of poor Martha's illness. I hope, with the Lord's aid, she will get better; but even if not, she ought not to revolt. God's will is always best, and the Lord must know best whether it is more advantageous for us to be in this world or the other. Many kisses to ma and you, and to all our friends, gentlemen and ladies. By-the-bye, my fingers ache from writing so many recitatives. The copyist was just now here. He says he has immediately to send my opera to the Court at Lisbon. Mademoiselle my sister, I have the honour to be, from this to eternity, your very faithful brother." From Munich he writes: "Last night my opera was performed, and with such success that I cannot describe to mamma the immense row. Applause and shouting after every aria; and even between the opera and the ballet, where usually all are silent, such salvos of applause! The Court congratulated me, and said such nice things. I shall have to stay here for the second performance, because I feel they'll much want me. A thousand kisses to Pimperl" (the dog). "Your small composer."

Unfortunately he grew up wholly incapable in business matters. He gave his compositions away, and never understood the necessity of getting the value of his work.

Frederick William II. offered him, after his marriage, and when he stood so much in need of money, three times as much as his salary in Vienna. He accepted, but, at an audience of the Emperor, he told him that he was bound to go because he could not live on the meagre salary the Court allowed him. The Emperor, who knew well what a distinguished man he was going to lose, exclaimed, "Mozart, are you capable of leaving me?" He turned round and

said, "No, Majesty, I remain." Of course all his friends asked him: "But at least you told the Emperor that he must raise your salary?" "Who," he said, "could in such a moment think of such trifles?"

Another reason of his not making much money after he grew up lay in the fact that the world run after the marvellous more than after serious merit. What he did as a child was miraculous. As a man, he merely did what other men did. His father preached to him perpetually about the necessity of making money, but all to no purpose. In one house he would give the daughter lessons for the dinner; in another for the supper; and when he was paid, he received  $\frac{3}{4}$  a lesson.

Like most musicians, Mozart had a great dislike to playing to people who did not understand, or showed themselves indifferent.

Hasenhut, a theatrical manager, made up his mind to give Mozart's "Entführung." At the rehearsal, both a violin and a violin player were missing. So Hasenhut took a violin himself, and some little spectator having strayed in offered to take the viola. They began playing, but after half an hour the stranger threw down the viola, and said, "With such a jackass (Krautesel) there is no getting on," which was not very gratifying to the director, who however continued. The rehearsal finished all right, and the performance was such a success that he gave a great supper to the troupe, and being informed that Mozart was in town, he invited him. And he came. But the first thing the manager said to him was, "I am sure I am not mistaken, it is you who played the viola at the rehearsal." "To be sure," said Mozart, "and I may not have made a very courteous remark to you, but scratching false notes as you do drives me out of my senses."

At the age of twenty-six, he made an imprudent marriage, after which his life became a perpetual struggle for the means of subsistence. The Emperor gave him £80 a year for an honorary conductorship. "Too much for what I do," said Mozart, "too little for what I could do." Every day he went to give a young lady a two hours lesson without being paid for it.

On one occasion when a Polish Count had listened with great pleasure to a quintet of Mozart's and asked him to write a new trio, Mozart acceded, and the Count sent him fifty pounds in advance. After some time the Count met him, and asked whether the trio was done? "Not yet," said Mozart, "I have not been in the right mood for it." "But you were in the right mood," said the Count, "to accept fifty pounds for it." "You can have them back," Mozart at once replied, and he sent the money back, keeping absolutely nothing for the quintet which he had delivered.

His carelessness went so far that his compositions, written as presents for ladies, were copied by music-sellers, engraved and sold without his permission, and without payment. Mozart was fond of dancing, billiards, skittles and similar pastimes. He was also, while temperate, fond of his glass of punch.

Of his last days we are told :—

Through continual creation he had weakened resources which were not kept physically alive through sufficient comfort and freedom from care. His forces gave way, and feeling his weakness, he worked day and night at completing his Requiem. His wife, whose faults I have not disguised, but who, with the genius of nursing born in women, watched his declining forces and tried to get him away from work, could not restore his previous gaiety and vitality. Once she nearly compelled him to take a drive with her to the Prater (a Viennese park, so called from "prata," meadows), and he began to speak of death, and assured her that he felt he wrote the Requiem for himself; he even hinted at the possibility of having been poisoned by some jealous rival. Fainting fits came on more and more frequently, so that she, frightened with the idea that the Requiem had impressed him in so melancholy a manner, took away the score, and forced, so to say, a little rest on him. Feeling a little better, he asked for the score of his Requiem, which she then restored to him; but his hands and feet began to swell. He had to go to bed and to keep in bed. The great success of his "Zauberflöte" led to the hope that henceforth he would have less difficulty in his affairs. While he was ill, offers came from different sides to insure him an annuity for a few of his compositions, but the offers arrived too late: the body was exhausted, and seeing death continually before him, although he calmly awaited the end, he could not leave his wife and two children quite unprovided for without great anxiety. He sang now and then an air from the "Zauberflöte," then he asked for his Requiem, but when he arrived at the *Lacrymosa*, he turned in tears to his pupil Süßmayer and said: "You remember I told you it is for myself I wrote it." His sister-in-law arrived on December 4th in the evening, and he said to her: "Remain here during the night, you must see me die: my wife must not remain alone with me." In the evening the doctor came and said that there was no hope, but ordered cold water on the head? (a *Sangrado*), which, however, seemed too strong a remedy; he lost consciousness and never recovered it. In his delirium he puffed out his cheeks and seemed to imitate the kettledrum accompanying his Requiem. Suddenly, towards midnight, he rose up in bed: his eyes glared fixedly at the ceiling, then he fell slowly back, turned towards the wall and seemed to fall asleep.

At one o'clock A.M., of December 5th, in the year 1791, he was no more; he died one month and a half before having completed his thirty-sixth year. His coffin and funeral cost fourteen shillings, and for the hearse five shillings were paid. There being no money, Mozart was thrown in a pauper's grave! which received twenty coffins, and was every ten years emptied that it might be refilled. On his stone might well be written the words: "Ingrata patria ne ossa quidem habeas." His wife, sick in bed on the day of the funeral, so soon as she could go out, went to the cemetery to pray upon his grave. But no one knew where it was. The gravedigger, the only man who could have given the desired information, died two days after the funeral, and this is all that is known of the remains of the greatest musical genius the world ever saw!

The monument therefore erected to his memory does not cover his body. His real monument is his work, and it is erected in the hearts of his admirers all the world over.

## THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1886.

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**AUTOGRAPHS.**—Feuillet de Conches, one of the most learned, enthusiastic and industrious of modern collectors, writes in his "Causeries :"

"Il y a tout dans les lettres autographes ; elles promettent autre chose que la satisfaction d'une stérile curiosité ; une riche moisson de révélations inespérées y dort en attente. Quelle belle occasion de ne pas laisser périr sur pied les sottises instructives de l'homme ! Et puis, à côté des défaillances de la raison et des consciences, que de saintes larmes ! quels nobles secrets d'abnégation et de vertu."

No one who has lingered long over a large collection of the letters and papers of the great, the infamous and the noteworthy, can fail to echo the truth of the judgment. Of many illustrations of it given by the writer of this paper, the following are a few :

Turn the pages where you will, anyhow, anywhere—there is always something to make you laugh, to make you sigh, to make you think. "As to the k—," scribbles the Princess Charlotte, "I understand he is as mad as puss, and no chance, I believe whatever of his recovery." Over that, can you not both laugh and sigh ?

Hear giddy Kitty Clive to her dear Garrick, from Twickenham, in the frost and snow of January 1776. "I schreemed at your parish business. I think I see you in your church wardenship quariling with the baker for not making their Brown loaves big\* enough ; but for God sake never think of being a justice of peice, for the people will quarill on purpos to be brought before you to hear you talk, so that you may have as much business upon the lawn as you had upon the boards ; if I should live to be thaw'd I will come to town on purpos to *kiss* you, and go the summer as you say. I hope we will see each other ten

times as often, when we will talk and dance and sing, and send our hearers laughing to their Beds." *Il y a tout dans les lettres autographes*—one must be surprised at nothing on which one lights. Not even at a letter from the arch-rogue Cagliostro, written to his wife in terms of the deepest affection, during his detention in the Bastille for the "affaire du Collier," and assuring his "amata sposa e cara Sarafina" of his complete innocence. The innocence was a lie, but the affection was true; one has only to read through the letter to be sure of that.

And not far from Cagliostro lies the passport of "la citoyenne Marie Corday," dated, from Caen, April 8, 1793, the passport that gave her authority and assistance to go to Paris and assassinate Marat. From it we learn that Charlotte Marie Corday was "agé de 24 ans; taille de 5 pieds 1 pou; cheveux et sourcils châains; yeux gris; front élevé; nez longue; bouche moyenne; menton rond, fourchu; visage oval." Friends of the Republic are bidden to give her every help *en route* to make her journey plain; the same friends, we imagine—*aux Français, amis de loix et de la paix*—to whom the address found in her pocket after the murder was directed; an address rambling, incoherent, breaking into an occasional irregular chant of verse; that declares, moreover, her conviction how the well-being of France depends alone on the death of the tyrant.

Here, too, on grey paper in villainous blunt type, lowers the condemnation of the infamous Carrier for his participation in, nay, instigation of, the *noyades* at Nantes; if, indeed, that condemnation were still wanting to the minds of any. It is dated the 4 frimaire, An. 2 (November 24, 1793), and orders the naval authorities to compel boatmen on the Loire between Nantes and Saumur to keep the left bank—*sous peine d'être regardés et punis traitres à la patrie.* Jacques Carrier, it is clear, was fearful of the rescue of his victims.

Here is the original despatch of Monk and Blake, announcing the victory over the Dutch under Van Tromp, in June 1653; here, a humorous letter of Beethoven's, with the usual illegible signature; here, on April 13, 1564, Cellini excuses himself from attending the obsequies of Michael Angelo on the ground of ill-health; and here, in 1593, Cervantes acknowledges a sum of money, probably from a bookseller, for the sum is small.

Great among ancient collectors was Cicero, who, however, writes regarding the pursuit: "*Ista studia, si ad imitandos summos viros spectant, ingenia solum sunt; sin tantummodo ad indicia veteris memoriæ cognoscenda curiosorum.*" Of his collection we know little except that it was a remarkably fine one. Pompeius Secundus is mentioned as a great collector by Pliny the Elder, who writes of having seen in his house papers by Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, and autographs of Cicero, Augustus and Virgil. Pliny himself had a collection valued in his own time at £3,000, and formed chiefly from that of the thrice Consul, Mucianus, whom Tacitus mentions as having published fourteen volumes of his treasures, eleven of letters and three of *versus celebres*. Suetonius, in his life of Cæsar Augustus, quotes from a letter under his own hand, and, again, in his life of Nero, refers to

several little pocket books and loose sheets in his possession, containing verses in the Emperor's own writing, with blottings and interlineations. Then comes a vast gap in the history of the Collector, till we get to the Bohemian squire of 1507, who collected in an album the signatures and marks of his hunter friends for friendship's sake and, not for curiosity. The custom subsequently became general in Germany, and the manuscript department of the British Museum contains five or six hundred of such little books, one of them containing the rare signature of Milton. By and by the custom underwent a development and came to include the names and sentiments of mere acquaintances and strangers, often written under their coats-of-arms, splendidly illuminated with their legends and mottoes.

The collector of documents and autographs for mere curiosity's sake first appears in the person of Loménie de Brienne, ambassador of Henry IV, who died in 1638, and whose collection was acquired by Louis XIV and placed by him in the royal library. Dupuy and his brother Paul were engaged for forty years about the same time in forming a collection of crown treaties and letters, afterwards left to Louis XIII; and in England, Evelyn, Ralph Thoresby, Harley and Sir R. Cotton, began to arrange the letters of their eminent friends.

It was not till 1822 that autographs began to be disposed of publicly.

Such treasures have, of course, suffered much from thefts, from substitutions, from carelessness and from wholesale Vandalism. Some of the most interesting of Byron's correspondence was purloined by a housemaid of his sister's and pawned by her admirer.

The following is a strange story of inexcusable destruction of public documents in England, containing much of the history of the country from Henry VII to George IV. :—

On a day in the year 1840, there calls at a fishmonger's shop in Old Hungerford Market, kept by a Yarmouth man named Jay, a friend, himself from Yarmouth, no fishmonger, but a connoisseur and collector of autographs—with, moreover, a sick son, for whom he desired to buy soles. He buys his soles, and they are wrapped for him in a large stiff sheet of paper, torn from a folio volume that stands at Jay's elbow on the dresser, and with that the connoisseur goes home, and, unwrapping the soles, delivers them to the cook; when, there on the large stiff sheet of paper his well-trained eye catches the signatures of Godolphin, Sunderland, Ashley, Lauderdale. The wrapping of the soles is a sheet of the victualling charges for prisoners in the Tower, in the reign of James II., and the signatures are those of his ministers.

Any other man must have given some sign, have gone off to tell somebody; not so the connoisseur, but he takes his hat and stick, and, whistling a bit, walks back straight into Jay's shop, the shop of his fellow-townsmen, and he buys a

whiting, and he says, "That's pretty good paper of yours, Jay," says he; and Jay says, "Yes, it is but plaguy stiff," wrapping the whiting in another great sheet of the folio, and adds, "I've got a good bit of it, too; I got it from Somerset House."

The connoisseur's heart gives a great leap, but, the hero of a hundred bargains, he remains cool and asks the price of cod. "Fivepence," returns Jay; "they advertised ten ton of waste paper, and I offered seven pound a ton, which they took, d'ye see? And I've got three ton of it in the stables, and the other seven they keep till I want it." "All like this?" asks the connoisseur, faint with expectancy. "Pretty much," replies Jay, "all odds and ends."

The connoisseur goes home, with whiting, with cod, with mackerel, with skate, with parcels of every kind of fish for his poor fanciful sick son, and moreover with a great bundle of these precious papers from Somerset House, handed over to him carelessly by his fellow-townsmen Jay, who knows his friend's little weakness for rubbish and fragments, and obligingly sends round to the stables for an armful for him. And, safe at home, the connoisseur casts the fish on the floor, and uncreases the papers, and his head swims as he looks on accounts of the Exchequer Office signed by Henry VII., and Henry VIII., wardrobe accounts of Queen Anne, and dividend receipts signed by Pope, Newton, Dryden, and Wren. He is obliged to throw up the window for air, as in his armful he discovers secret service accounts marked with the E. G. of Nell Gwynne, a treatise on the Eucharist in the boyish hand of Edward VI., and a disquisition on the Order of the Garter in the scholarly writing of Elizabeth. The Government, in disposing by tender of their old papers to Jay, the fishmonger, have disposed of memorials of those whom, if the country has not most reason to be proud of, she has at least most reason to remember.

During the next week or so the connoisseur is scarcely ever out of Jay's shop, and shows so lively a regard for Jay's conversation and old rubbishing papers that Jay scarcely knows whether to admire or pity him. On one pretext or another he constantly carries off little bundles and wrappers, and so might have continued till the supply was exhausted had he not, like a true connoisseur, begun to exhibit his treasures, and with many pokes and winks detail his own astonishing astuteness and Jay's credulity. First, cautiously enough, to his own immediate relatives, to an uncle whose tastes are similar, and who raids on Jay with a spring cart; but soon the news spreads, and there are so many of these fishy visits paid to Jay that he begins to suspect their purport, and, overhauling what is left of his three tons, forthwith and henceforth wraps his turbot in the "Morning Star" and gives the wardrobe accounts of Queen Anne a rest. And now the Government are roused to a sense of their loss. Are there thieves at Somerset House? Whence, otherwise, comes it that letters of Cardinal Wolsey to his king are in the market? Whence, that the correspondence between Clement VII. and Henry VIII. on the subject of his divorce are in the possession of a dealer willing to part with them again for gold? These precious papers are, and ever have been, Government property: what rat has gnawed his way into the ancient chests and let the winds of heaven so wantonly scatter them?

Then the whole affair is blown, and the public clamour for a committee of inquiry; and, while the committee sits, hirelings descend into the vaults of Somerset House, and by the official order so mutilate poor Jay's remaining seven tons



(with which he had flattered himself he would much more advantageously deal than with the first three), that except for sprat-wrapping and the veriest herring purposes, for which, after all, they were sold, they are useless; and, to complete the tale of his misfortunes, the devouring element makes short work of his stables and all that was left of the early delivery of these priceless records; so that at the end Jay, of Hungerford Market, finds himself pretty much where he began, except for the reputation so hardly won of having for some three weeks wrapped soles in official folio documents which the British Museum would have been only too proud to place under their best ground glass. In the words of the old law reports, Jay takes scarcely anything by his motion.

Finally, your committee exonerate and acquit very one blamed or accused, with the exception of the thoughtless Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Montague; though, be it said, they are wound somewhat to frenzy pitch on learning from the mouth of an expert that this 70*l.* tender of old paper was at the lowest worth some 3,000*l.*

As an illustration of the strange chances which sometimes lead to the discovery or transfer of valuable papers, we have the following:

In the frost and the snow of the Crimean winter, there was to be seen, shuffling with broken boots through Wild Street, Drury Lane, one of those melancholy figures the observant Londoner will usually associate with the wheeze of a clarinet and the glare of a public-house door. Under Miserrimus' arm, almost the only dry part of him, was tightly held a little brown paper parcel, which, presently, entering a small bookseller's shop, was unfastened and the contents spread on the counter for sale. There happened to be present at the time a well-known dealer, who with half a glance detected the value of the store exposed. He had heard of the crumpled and sodden figure, hanging about with his mysterious parcel and timidly trying unfrequented shops to see if they would buy, and had long been on the look-out for him, and now the wash of a London backwater had thrown him at his feet. He waited about outside till Miserrimus had driven his bargain, and then getting alongside of him shuffling off in the slush, remarked that if ever he saw a man whom brandy-and-water would in that weather do no harm to, Miserrimus was he. It was the work of a moment—as the elder novelists say—to get Miserrimus into a neighbouring bar parlour, and, once there, to induce him to open his parcel and let the dealer see what it still contained.

Most strange! Why, one would fancy the poor wretch had had the ransacking of Longwood after great Cæsar's death; one would fancy him let loose in the little room with military furniture, diving and groping among the papers and stuffing his pockets with them, while the little corporal, scarcely cold, lay still and with his terrible brow and eye at rest now, prevented him not! For there in the bar parlour on the stained table, Miserrimus turned out half the secrets of St. Helena! Under the reeking paraffine lamp lay letters to the ministry on the conduct of the exile and prisoner; complaints of the illustrious prisoner himself as to his brutal *espionage*; letters of Bertrand, Montholon, LasCasas, O'Meara; reports even of the sentries under the sitting-room window, returned from hour to hour, almost from minute to minute: 5.40: *N. rises from the table and crosses the room—5.45: returns and seats himself—6.10: comes to the*

window—6.2p : lamp brought and blind drawn—6.40 : shadow on blind in conversation—Who?—Not O'M.

Miserrimus gulps his brandy-and-water, and the dealer purchases, asking no senseless questions. What does it matter to him who his client may be? A St. Helenist, with a soft corner for the girl who did the great man's room; a drunken, discharged footman; a son of Bertrand's who has quarrelled with his father; a fortunate speculator in old papers when Longwood was cleared; nay, even if it were Sir Hudson himself, disclaimed by the ministry, down on his luck and dogged by imperialist avengers, what does it matter to him, so long as he gets the pick of the basket and gives a fair price? And that is just what he does, and so entirely to Miserrimus' satisfaction, that he eschews the gentleman in Wild Street, Drury Lane, and henceforth restricts himself to his new friend, to whom during the next ten or eleven months he constantly shuffles, with his little brown paper parcel under his arm, ever containing something astonishing, interesting, and, above all, genuine. They are his only means of livelihood now, he explains, these papers, however they came into his possession; and for the next ten or eleven months he spins for himself a resting-place out of them, like the spider out of his bowels; keeps a roof over his head, as it appeared later, at the cost of his very entrails.

At length the end comes, and Miserrimus trudges his last journey down to Fleet Street, throws the last of them down on the counter. "That's all," says he, blinking his creasy eyelids and rubbing his trembling knuckles—"that's all, the rest's rubbish!" The dealer, who knows the different views of rubbish taken by different authorities, persuades his friend to allow him to go home with him, and see this rubbish for himself, and there, at the crazy top of a crazy Clare Market house, dives among the residue at the bottom of a huge trunk, and, among other strange fragments, turns up a cross of the Order of St. Catherine of Jerusalem, an order instituted by the unfortunate Brunswick with the precious Bergamo as Grand Master. "Mine!" chuckles Miserrimus, and, with a yell of laughter, pins the flimsy over a stain on his coat and struts up and down the attic in it.

And who was Miserrimus, who had shuffled backwards and forwards for well-nigh a year between Clare Market and Fleet Street, with the materials for secret history under his tattered arm and the cross of St. Catherine of Jerusalem at the bottom of his trunk; who had purveyed and parted with in that time more than eleven hundred documents of the deepest interest—who was he to have in his custody these so-precious papers, that were afterwards eagerly bought by the French Emperor and the representatives of the families to whom they related? Miserrimus, who then straightway disappeared and was no more seen in Fleet Street, went elsewhere, either to earn a livelihood some other way, or to go the road of all who will not work and so shall not eat—who, indeed, was he? *Truly*, as the song says, *truly we know, but may not say*. Sufficient, surely, that whatever way you regard him, whether from above or below, he was, indeed, as we have named him—Miserrimus!

The writer gives a number of curious instances of the forgeries to which the demand for autographs naturally gives rise.

In the year of the Great Exhibition of 1851 there flashed on London a brilliant young man, of distinguished appearance and manner, who announced himself, though not loudly or obtrusively, as Byron's son; with a quantity

of his father's correspondence and Shelley's, which he was anxious to edit; and further anxious to rearrange and collate many of the poet's letters which had already appeared, and some which had not. With an engaging air, then, and, be it said, the strongest personal resemblance to his suppositious father, he set about borrowing from the best known collectors such of Byron's letters as he thought would best suit his purpose. These he laboriously copied, sent back the copies, and disposed of the originals for what he could get. Then with the halo of a preface from Mr. Browning he published the Shelley letters from the respectable firm of Moxon, and they by the literary world were accepted as genuine; until—and here was the mistake of the ardent Guiccioli—they fell into the hands of Crofton Croker, who, much struck with a passage they contained, believed he recognised it, and, turning to an old volume of the "Quarterly Review," found that there sure enough was the passage, and that he sure enough—Croker, and not Shelley—was the author of it. The hue and cry was set to work, assisted by the collectors, astonished to find copies of their own Byron letters figuring at sales, but young Childe Harold had flown and was over the blue wave. He came, it is believed, to an end, one can scarcely call untimely, as a petty officer in the American Civil War.

Rarest of all famous signatures is Shakespeare's.

There are but six of them known: three to the will, two to conveyances of property, and one in Giovanni Florio's translation of Montaigne of 1603, in the British Museum; of which six, two out of the three on the will are, by some experts, supposed to be written by an amanuensis. To these there may possibly be added one other, of which the Americans claim the discovery, found in a folio edition of the plays, formerly owned by Dr. Ward, Vicar of Statford-on-Avon in 1662.

Next to Shakespeare in rarity comes Moliere, and among Englishmen, Milton. Very rare, too, are the signatures of General Wolfe, Lord Clive, "Algernon Sidney, Defoe, George Eliot and Charlotte Bronte. Sometimes autographs of comparatively small names command, from their scarcity, a higher price than those of greater celebrities. Thus, those of Somerville, Blake and Leech are scarce and valuable, while those of Dickens and Edmund Kean are plentiful and comparatively cheap.

Ingenious schemes are sometimes resorted to for obtaining autographs. Thus:

There was, 30 years ago, a young Frenchman who in pathetic terms addressed himself to almost every great name in Europe, humbly requesting the favour of a reply—*bien entendu*. He was, he cried, *un homme fini, décauvé!* His life was at its lowest ebb, and before him there lay no prospect but that of mud flats and sterile marshes, mouldering timbers and rotting wickerwork; in a word, such was his position, and such his misery, that he proposed at once to commit suicide. Could the recipient of the letter give him any reason why he should stay his hand, any reason why he should drag out a life so utterly barren, hopeless, useless?

The great names of Europe responded like men—and women; some brief, some long, some persuasive, eloquent, tearful even; some curt, scornful, jesting;

but they all answered—that was the point. Espartero wrote: "Sir I do not advise you to kill yourself. Death is a bullet which we must all encounter sooner or later in the battle of life; and it is our part to wait for it patiently." Lacordaire wrote at great length, eight or ten pages in his best style, and there were admirable specimens (both for moral and saleable purposes) forthcoming from Montalembert, Antonelli, Fenimore Cooper, Xavier de Maistre, Sophie Gay, Abd-el-Kader, Alexander Humboldt, Taglioni, Heine, Alfred de Vigny, Rachel, Sontag, Dickens, Georges Sand, Emile Souvestre, Jules Lacroix, and many, many others.

Then, like the Casino Gardens suicides of Monaco, who walk off with their pockets full of notes while the gendarmes go for a stretcher *solivair ambulando*!—so did the suicide of thirty years ago walk off, with his pockets also full of notes, and they being disposed of for the highest price they would fetch, took a new lease of life, forswore sack, and looked about him for a way to live cleanly. And it was not until an ardent collector discovered that a large portion of his treasures, newly acquired, consisted of arguments against the folly and criminality of suicide that the ingenuity of the scheme was as fully appreciated as it deserved.

THE SCENIC WORLD.—Few theatre-goers, probably, are aware how completely the scenic splendour of the modern stage is a creation of the last fifty years. In the days when Charles Lamb wrote of our first play as being one of the most exquisite sensations of childhood, scenery and properties were all of the rudest kind. Much of this extraordinary change is due to the progress of science, and the application of its resources to the stage. This is especially illustrated in the system of lighting. In Garrick's days there were no foot lights, and the stage was lit by four chandeliers, hung over the heads of the players.

In those days any stuff was good enough for dresses. In Macready's dress in "Virginius," the armour was of pasteboard, covered with tinfoil, and the dagger of wood. These, with a scarf of red serge, a lincn tunic and sandals, &c., would not have cost two pounds. Now the searching rays would display the poverty of such materials; and so better light has necessitated more costly stuffs, superb plushes and velvets of many tints, brocades, and real metal in the place of pasteboard.

Formerly every theatre had its own wardrobe and stock dresses, and managers gave themselves little concern about chronological accuracy. Now-a-days there are regular costumiers, who hire out the dresses at a fixed charge.

No one has done so much for stage costumes as Mr. Henry Irving.

He always chooses the most costly stuffs, even for secondary performers, on the principle that they are the cheapest in the end. Rich plushes, cut velvets, satins, silks are used in profusion, the plushes often costing a guinea a yard

His own dresses, one for each of his favourite characters, would fill a room. This popular actor has the highest idea of the dignity of the profession: his swords, collars, &c., are all of intrinsic value. The gold chain he wears in "Hamlet" was the gift of an admirer among the audience, who begged as a favour to substitute it for the one he was in the habit of wearing. Miss Terry's Venetian dresses are of the finest make and material; and those who witnessed "The Merchant of Venice" will recall the splendid robe of amber brocaded silk with its innumerable yards of sweeping train, the value of which fair readers will estimate better than I can. These dresses are regularly designed by competent artists: and it is interesting to see a series of pretty water-colour sketches, one for each character, minutely and carefully coloured.

Among the properties of the Lyceum are a second curtain and draperies of velvet which cost about £600. In the "Princess Ida," each of the band of thirty or forty young ladies had three dresses, costing £60 for the suite.

In these times the scene-builder has largely taken the place of the scene-painter. Houses, bridges, porches and even streets are constructed in the carpenter's shop.

A simple drawbridge in "Louis XI" cost £25. But this system of building up entails not only greater expense but greater noise, and is a complete mistake, introducing the weary prose of life on the stage.

In some theatres abroad a system of hydraulic power is used to lift any given portion of the stage; and in the New York Theatre there are two complete stages, one below the other, so that, while one scene is going on, the next is being set and arranged, and when the curtain falls, this ascends and takes the place of the first.

Much is effected, especially in pantomimes by a system of counterpoises.

In the grand transformation scene of our Christmas pantomimes—triumphs of beauty and mechanism—we all recall how the scene opens, to reveal another, and yet another beyond that; how some portions glide away aloft; how huge golden flowers expand their leaves and discover lovely beings—or what appear to be so—reposing on the leaves; how these come gliding down to the front; and how beyond them are revealed rows of still more lovely and celestial creatures, rising slowly on clouds, the whole crowed by a central fairy perched in apparent security on a golden sphere! There is no hitch, no hesitation. We wonder and are dazzled. All this is contrived by the counterweights. A long platform, the whole length of the stage, is prepared, suspended at each end by ropes passing over pulleys, and balanced by weights. At rehearsal the young ladies are placed on the platform, and sufficient weights are added until the whole is balanced nicely. Then a single workman can wind them up or down. The young ladies who appear to be floating in the air or reclining on clouds or branches of trees, often forty or fifty feet from the ground, are strapped securely to what are called the irons—long branches of the toughest metal.

The system of loading the stage with built up structures seriously

affects the action and cramps and fetters authors. A remedy has recently been attempted which is worse than the disease :

We see the stage set out with huge erections—say, a practicable house at one side, with the interior of a room in which the respectable city man has just been writing his will before being murdered by his wicked nephew ; a garden wall in front ; trees and a gate at the other side. Suddenly we hear the scene-shifter's whistle ; a sound of rumbling and wheeling of castors begins ; the house begins to move, and, wonderful to relate, turns round on its axis ; the wall opens and wheels away right and left, the trees revolve bodily : the whole scene, as it were, turns inside out, and now reveals a drawing-room in a palatial mansion in London ; all which is attended by screamings, rumblings, and groanings. This was carried to its extreme in Miss Anderson's revival of "Romeo and Juliet," sometimes with grotesque effect, as in a fine Italian chamber where there was a beautiful Venetian four-post bed. Juliet had said in witching tones, "It is the lark," and Romeo had just let himself down from the window. All the romance and exquisite poetry of Shakespeare was in the air at the moment, when, lo ! the walls began to shake, portions of the room to revolve, and, wonderful to relate, the four-poster itself swung slowly round, its feet lifted in the air ! This wonderful four-poster became a fountain on the spot in the next scene.

Stage thunder has undergone a vast improvement since the days when it was produced by rattling a sheet of iron. In the property room above is wheeled along a truck laden with round shot, which tilts over on a hinge and sends the balls tumbling over each other on to the floor.

Here is the way in which an effective stage conflagration is managed.

We see the gloomy house where the villain lives and is concealed, and where the innocent and persecuted maiden has been secretly immured. Suddenly smoke is seen issuing, then sparks ; the alarm is given, crowds rush in, police, fire-escapes, and finally a real engine of the 'brigade' drawn by real horses, dashes up at full gallop. The persecuted maiden appears at the window ; the lover seizes her in his arms and descends in shouts of triumph. Meanwhile the walls fall, beams tumble down, the villain is seen consuming slowly, the conflagration glows, and old people in the stalls rise nervously, and say, "This is really carrying the thing too far."

Yet only let us go behind the scenes, and, wonder of wonders ! all is calm, quiet ; no flames to speak of, and no danger whatever. Nothing is more simple than the agency employed. The ordinary limelight turned on to the full suffused the stage in a flood of light, while crimson glasses are used, which impart a fierce glow of the same tint. Any vapour of the whitest kind moving in such a medium would at once give the notion of volumes of lurid smoke. Accordingly, a few braziers filled with a powder known as "lycopodium" are placed at the wings, fitted with a sort of forge bellows, each blast producing a little flame and smoke. The lights in front being lowered, rows of little jets, duly screened, are made to follow the lines of the beams, rafters, &c., and thus make these edges stand out against the fierce blaze. The view, therefore, from behind has thus an almost prosy and orderly aspect ; but the effect is complete.

In an instant the conflagration ceases, a turn of a cock extinguishes the jets, the bellows are "unshipped," and the flames disappear, the limelight is turned off, and the carpenters are seen busily hauling away to the right and left the heavy "practicable" rafters, &c., of the lately burning palace.

Another new agent is steam, which is now employed to give the vaporous effect of clouds in motion, in the place of gauzes and painted cloths.

Soldiers of the guards are now commonly employed as supers. For "In the Ranks" a party of the Grenadiers attended every night for more than a year, and for a new naval piece at the Adelphi a hundred men of the Naval Reserve were trained.

Such adjuncts add largely to the cost of producing a new piece. "Michael Strogoff" in Paris cost £18,000. Mr. Irving is said to have given £500 for a peal of bells, to be rung in his new piece.

THE STORY OF THE ONE PIONEER OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.—Only two people from the civilised world are known to have penetrated beyond the coast of Tierra del Fuego. One of these is a Chilian lady who was shipwrecked on the coast and saved by a Fuegian Chief when all her companions were murdered. She was seen alive by the other pioneer, Thomas Thorold, who was shipwrecked some six years ago, and rescued after spending nearly six months in the interior.

Like the lady just mentioned he saw all his comrades shot down with poisoned darts before his eyes, and himself, for some mysterious reason, was spared by order of the chief of the attacking tribe.

After carrying him bound to the shore the natives simply left him to shift for himself, and except that, after a time, they freed him from his bonds, and that he was transferred from one tribe to another, as the fortunes of internecine war determined; no sort of notice was taken of him during the time he remained on the island.

He ate only the miserable shell-fish that he found on the beach, drank water from a torrent that flowed down the mountain-side, and slept by one of the fires, which he boldly approached the first night after they unbound him, for he had experienced the cold of one wintry night, and that was enough.

They were neither kind nor unkind to him, but took no notice of him whatever; they never attempted to speak to him, even by signs, except on one occasion when he wandered too far from them, and one of them ran after him and made signs to him to go back.

Thorold, who does not appear to be a particularly intelligent individual, could give very little information about the Fuegians, but such details as he related show them to be cruel savages in the very lowest stage of civilisation.

Most of the work, such as hewing wood and drawing water, was done by

the women ; the men did very little, but spent their time mostly in lying about their huts. Sometimes a few of them went off in their canoes seal hunting, and always returned with one or two seals ; sometimes they went hunting inland, and returned with a guanaco—a species of llama : then they all immediately fell upon it, tore it to pieces, and ate it raw. If a dead seal was washed ashore, they ate it in the same way, gorging themselves on the putrid blubber and flesh.

After these disgusting feeds they lay on the ground for hours in a torpor, and Thorold could easily have stabbed them as they lay asleep, but that some of the weaker ones, having been unable to secure much of the food, were awake and ready to cast their spears at him. Moreover, if he had killed them all, he would have been no better off.

During his stay on the island, he saw the crews of two whaler's boats, who had landed for water, wantonly attacked and murdered by the savages.

All the time the slaughter was going on, the Fuegians, who had taken him with them to the spot, made him understand by signs that they wished him to watch what was going on ; and the conclusion he came to was that their motive for keeping him alive was that he might go back to his people and warn them how they would be treated should they visit the land of the Fuegians.

Thorold saw no signs of cannibalism, which would appear to be resorted to, if at all, only in case of extreme necessity. One peculiarity about the people is that they will not touch spirits, but turn from them in disgust. The Chilian woman, whom he saw in the interior, was the wife of a chief, and was treated as a goddess. As she spoke only Spanish, he was unable to converse with her ; but she appeared satisfied with her life.

Thorold was ultimately brought off by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's Steamer "Aconcagua." Several canoes put off to interview her and obtain tobacco, when she was passing through the Straits of Magellan, and in one of these he was allowed to take a place. On reaching the steamer he was hauled on deck, without the slightest opposition from the Fuegians, who apparently desired it.

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## THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1886.

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**HENRY MACHYN.**—In this paper the reader is introduced to the diary of Henry Machyn, an obscure "Merchant Tailor" of the city of London, who lived in the reign of Queen Mary of bloody memory, and who, in his quaint entries, full of villainous spelling and fantastic grammar, has done for the period between 1550 and 1563 more than Pepys did for the time of Charles II.

We read how crime was punished, and what was the nature of the crimes perpetrated ; there we read how, not by any means sadly, the English people took their pleasures, what games they played, and what were the pageants they affected ; the whole story of Mary's life—with its painful chapters of love, bigotry, jealousy, and neglect—is laid before us, and nothing is hid from the prying eye of curiosity ; we see Elizabeth making merry among her wenches in the servants' hall, and watching the May-day sports on the Thames and May games at Greenwich ; we listen to sermons in Lent, and pinch our stomachs with Lenten fasts : we hear the waits singing their hymns and carols amid the snows of Christmastide ; we see the "quality" amusing themselves on the Thames in their boats by taking shots at each other with oranges recently imported from the south. There in the pages of Machyn pass before us, in varied panorama, the very scenes which interested and amused the youth of his day, and the very topics which age and gravity discussed—the fights which ensued between English and Spaniards, the lord mayor's show, and the pompous funerals of aldermen, the trials for high treason in Westminster Hall, the strange foreigners who came to visit our holy shrines ; here is a heretic grilling in the flames, yonder at Tyburn swings a cutpurse or a false-coiner, at Westminster we listen to the groans of a man whipped for murder, at Paul's Cross we find a priest lamenting his marriage, in front of the houses we see the blue cross painted on the doors to show that the plague is raging within—in short, thanks to our diarist observing what others overlooked, and making notes of

the commonplace incidents which loftier minds disdained, we have the reign of Queen Mary presented to us with a completeness and minuteness of detail which readily takes hold of the memory, and for which readers interested in the past cannot be too grateful.

Of Machyn himself, owing to the remarkable absence of egotism that distinguishes the diary, we know very little. But the probability is that he was an undertaker or furnisher of funerals. He was an inhabitant of Queenhithe; began his diary when he was fifty years of age; was connected, probably by marriage, with a family of the name of Heath, and is believed to have died of the plague, which raged during 1563 and to which almost his last entry refers.

Machyn is accordingly a faithful chronicler of funerals, being, indeed, "a mute first and diarist afterwards." Hence in his diary we follow the biers of many of the eminent men of the day.

These ceremonies were conducted by Machyn, and we watch with proper pride how skilfully he marches the "poor men in gownes two and two," and the "poor women in gownes two and two," who head the procession; with what heraldic knowledge he has the standard, the pennon, the helm and crest, and the coat of arms, all borne by their proper bearers and in their allotted places; how consummate is his information as to all the necessary etiquette required for the occasion; he knows when an ordinary preacher is to take his place in the procession, and the exact spot when the office is filled by a dean; he knows where the mourners are to start, and where the executors; he knows who is to be in black and who not—why the lord mayor should be in mourning, and yet the aldermen "having no blackes"; he is cognisant of all the delicate details, and we marvel much. Then we return to the house and expel sad thoughts, by much drinking of "wyne, ale, and beere," and partake of "spice-bread and comfets." As to the obsequies of aldermen which Machyn records, their name is legion. "It is a remarkable circumstance," writes Mr. Nichols, "that in a diary extending over only thirteen years, occasion should be given to notice nearly forty contemporary aldermen—an evidence in part, perhaps, of the prevalent mortality of the times, and in part of the advanced age at which citizens were then raised to that honourable pre-eminence. In one period of ten months no fewer than seven aldermen were removed from their mortal career."

Of Queen Mary we learn from his pages much that is new:

We learn that she was proclaimed Queen between five and six o'clock in the evening, "at the crosse in Chepe." Then from that place the peers, heralds, and trumpeters "went unto Powlls and ther was *Te Deum Laudamus* with song and the organes playhyng and all the belles ryngyng through London, and bone-fyres and tabuls in evere strett, and wyne and beere and alle and evere strett full of bonefyres, and ther was money cast away." Early in August the queen "came riding to London and so to the Tower, making her entrance at Aldgate," which was hung with streamers. The streets were laid with gravel, and all the crafts of London stood in a row with their banners fluttering over their heads. Preceded by the lord mayor with his mace, the queen, accompanied

by her sister Elizabeth, with her ladies in the rear, cantered, under the archway which led into the Tower from the drawbridge, the procession being brought up by the aldermen, and the guards with their bows and javelins. A month later the queen rode from the Tower to Westminster and there heard mass, and was crowned upon "a high stage." We learn that the Duke of Norfolk rode up and down Westminster Hall, that it was past four before the Queen went to dinner, that Lord Worcester was her carver on that occasion, that the Princess Elizabeth sat at the other end of the table, and that it was candle light before the banquet was over.

Singular proof of the unpopularity of the Queen is furnished by the frequency with which we are told of the ears of women being nailed to the pillory for speaking seditious or derogatory words of her, till at last a proclamation was issued that no one was to busy himself about her or even mention her name.

We read that shortly after her accession Mary issued a proclamation "through London and all England that no man should sing no English service nor communion, nor no priest that has a wife shall not minister nor say mass, and that every parish to make an altar, and to have a cross and staff, and all other things in all parishes all in Latin, as holy bread, holy water, as palm and ashes." One Doctor Reed we find openly recanting at Paul's Cross, and bitterly bewailing that as a priest he had tasted wedlock, for "by God's law he could not marry." As a natural consequence of the restoration of the old order of things, very strict and severe were the rules regulating the discipline during Lent, which beneath the sway of Protestantism had fallen into a somewhat lax state. Meat of course, was not to be eaten. "A proclamation was issued that no man nor, woman nor they that keep tables should eat no flesh in Lent nor other time in the year that is forbidden by the Church, nor no butcher kill no flesh but that they should pay a great fine, or else six hours in the pillory and imprisonment ten days." We learn that one Master Adams, a butcher, dwelling in Little Eastcheap, did so offend, and was fined twenty pounds. More than once do we read of men being put in the pillory, and women in the stocks, for eating meat during prohibited seasons. These innovations were, however, not effected, or rather the country was not permitted to return to its old paths, without considerable opposition. We have only to study the entries of Machyn to see how often processions were mobbed, roodlofts burnt, images knocked down, and Popish manuals of devotion forced to give way to "hereticks' books." But it is ill kicking against the pricks; and when the powers that be are resolved to introduce a new order of things, resistance in the end is futile. Before Mary had been two years on the throne her subjects acknowledged themselves as Catholic and Popish.

The diary contains full details of the entry into London of Cardinal Pole, and of his stay in England, the power that he exercised, and the consideration he received. The entries are full, too, of the burnings of men and women "cast for heresy."

The following are specimens:—

"The sixteenth day of October [1555] were burnt at Oxford for heresy, Doctor Latimer, late bishop of Worcester, and Doctor Ridley, late bishop of London—

they were some time great preachers as ever was ; and at their burning did preach Doctor Smith, some time the master of Whittington College." "The twenty-second day of January [1556] went in to Smithfield to be burnt between seven and eight in the morning, five men and two women ; one of the men was a gentleman of the Inner Temple, his name Master Gren ; and they were all burnt by nine at four posts : and there was a commandment through London over night that no young folk should come there, yet there was the greatest number there as has been seen at such a time." "The 21 day of March was burned at Oxford Doctor Cranmer, late archbishop of Canterbury." "There was burned this 23 of August, at Stratford Bowe, a woman, wife of John Waren, clothworker ; this woman had a son taken at the burning, and carried to Newgate to her husband's sister, for they will burn both." "There was a man carried to Westminster that did hurt a priest, and had his hand stricken off at the post ; and after he was burned against St. Margaret's Church without the churchyard." "The 23rd May [1557] did preach the bishop of Winchester, Dr. White, at St. Mary Overies, Southwark, and there was a heretic there for to hear the sermon." Heretics who, owing to the privations they endured during their imprisonment, died before they suffered at the stake were buried without any religious rites at Moorfields. "The 9th of October [1555] was a serving-man buried at Morefeld, beside the Dog House, because he was not to receive the rites of the Church."

The funeral of the Queen, which took place in the second week of December—she died on the 17th November 1558, is fully described :—

On the hearse which led the procession was a painted effigy of the late queen, "adorned with crimson velvet, and her crown on her head, her sceptre on her hand, and many goodly rings on her hands ;" then came "a great company of mourners," with godly standards in front and rear ; after these came the household servants "two and two together, in black gowns, the heralds riding to and fro to see them go in order ;" the procession was brought up by a large body of "riding squires bearing banners," gentlemen mourners, the heralds bearing their several designs, ladies "riding all in black," the pages of honour with banners in their hands, then the monks, and then the bishops "in order." At the great door of Westminster Abbey everybody "did alight of their horse," and the body was taken into the Abbey, where it was met by four bishops and the abbot mitred, and after being incensed rested all night. The next morning mass was said, and a sermon delivered by the bishop of Winchester. "After the mass all done, her Grace was carried up to the chapel the King Henry VII. builded with bishops mitred ; and all the officers went to the grave, and after brake their staves and cast them into the grave." Then the trumpets blew a blast, and the ceremony was over. "And so the chief mourners and the lords and knights and the bishops with the abbot went into the Abbey to dinner, and all the officers of the queen's court."

The historians assert that Pole died on the same day as his cousin : but according to Machyn, who is probably right, he survived her two days.

Some of the criminal statistics with which the diarist furnishes us, are curious :—

Here we find a young fellow tied to a post "hard by the Standard in Chep," with a collar of iron round his neck, and soundly whipped by two men "for pretending visions." The Church offers its next victim. We read how one "Cheken, a parson of St. Nicholas, Coldharbour, did ride in a cart round about London for he sold his wife to a butcher," a piece of traffic which is still on some parts of the Continent believed to flourish in England.

This was how a butcher who had exposed diseased meat for sale was punished. He was forced to ride about London, "his face towards the horse's tail, with half a lamb before and another behind and veal and calf borne before him upon a pole raw;" there are several entries recording this punishment. Men who sold stinking fish were put in the pillory with the stinking fish round their neck. One very nineteenth-century summer trick we see was in vogue in those more innocent days. The first day of July there were a man and a woman in the pillory in Cheapside; the man sold pots of strawberries, "the which the pot was not half full but filled with fern," thus even in minor matters history repeats itself.

For printing of "naughty books" we find one John Day, a printer, his servant and a priest committed to the Tower; whilst those who gambled with false dice or if priests undertook to pose as conjurers, and pretended to set up as prophets, were forthwith put into the pillory. The throne in those days was as sensitive as our modern Stock Exchange, and anything which tended to weaken its stability was at once punished. Frequently we come across entries like the following: "A man and woman stood on the pillory for telling of false lies that King Edward the Sixth was alive." Whipping and confinement in the pillory seem to have been inflicted for those offences which we should now punish with fine or imprisonment. If a boy was seen "loitering and running about masterless as a vagabond," he was whipped and put in the pillory; if he spoke against those in authority, he received the same punishment. Thus we read of "a stripling," instead of being patted on the head by the Bradlaugh of the day, being "whipt about London and about Paul's Cross for speaking against the bishop that did preach the Sunday before;" a favourite pastime always followed by the pillory seems to have been selling copper rings in Cheapside for gold, which in spite of the punishment appears to have been a brisk trade. Here is a grave offence for which the pillory is awarded: "the 22nd of May was a maid set on the pillory for giving her masters and her household poison, and her hair cut and burned in the brow." Who after this act of imposition can say that age is destitute of imagination: "The 22nd of March there was a wife dwelling in St. Martin's in the Vyntre within the Cloister dwelling of the age of 53 took a woman into her house at the down lying, and the same night she was delivered with child, and the same woman of the house laid herself in bed and made people believe that it was her own child." For making false keys a man had his right hand cut off and was hanged naked all night. Wapping, we learn, was the usual place of execution for the hanging of pirates; they were hanged at low-water mark and there remained till three tides had overflowed them. Machyn records numerous deaths of pirates at Wapping. The chief offences of the people seem, according to our diarist, to have been false coining, theft, seditious speeches, immorality, soothsaying, cruelty, and insults to priests. The aristocracy furnished one victim: "The 18th June, 1556, was hanged at St.

Thomas of Wathering for robbing of a cart with great riches that came from a fair at Beverlay, my lord Sandes' son." The chief amusement of the gentry when they had "dined" seems to have been to go down to the Bridewell, create a disturbance, fight the officials, as their descendants of a later date fought the watchmen, and endeavour to free the women confined there.

All the Lord Mayor's shows are, of course, religiously chronicled. Thus on one occasion we are told how, after the river procession to Westminster and back, the Lord Mayor lands at Bayard Castle to witness the array of the craft in St. Paul's Church yard.

"First were two tall men bearing two great streamers of the Merchant Tailors arms, then came one with a drum and a flute playing, and another with a great fife, all of them in blue silk, and then came two great savage men of the wood, all in green, armed with clubs and with targets upon their backs; after them came sixteen trumpeters, blowing; and then came in blue gowns and caps and hose and blue silk sleeves, and every man having a target and javelin, to the number of seventy. And then came a devil, and after came the bachelors, all in a livery and scarlet hoods; and then came the pageant of Saint John the Baptist, gorgeously, with goodly speeches; and then came all the king's trumpeters, blowing and every trumpeter having scarlet caps, and the wait caps and the godly banners; and then the crafts, and then my lord mayor's officers, and then my lord mayor, and then all the aldermen and sheriffs, and so on to dinner." After dinner, instead of listening to political speeches, they repaired again to the cathedral. "After dinner to Paul's, and all them that bare targets did bear after staff torches, with all the trumpets and waits blowing, through Paul's, through round about the choir and the body of the church, blowing, and so home to my lord mayor's house."

Marvellous events and monstrosities come in for due notice.

From the pages of our diarist we learn that "the third day of August, 1552, was there born in Oxfordshire, in a town called Middleton Stony, eleven miles from Oxford, dwelling at the sign of the *Eagle*, was the good wife of the house delivered of a child, begotten by her late husband, having two heads, two shoulders, four arms, four hands, one stomach, two legs, with two feet one side, and on the other side one leg with two feet having but nine toes—monstrous!" Nor was this the only monstrosity which creation put forth. Ten years later, Nature appeared to be completely disorganised, neither sun, nor moon, nor season fulfilled its office. The result of this visitation was that children were born during the year 1562 subject to all kinds of deformities—some without heads, some without limbs, some in figure and face like animals. Observant Machyn takes notice of these erratic proceedings; indeed it seems as if the animal world were dominated by the same influence, for we read of a pig being brought to London with two bodies and eight feet. Another circumstance of special interest is also noted by our diarist. Towards the close of the September of 1555 "was the greatest rain and floods that ever was seen in England, that all the low countries was drowned, and in divers places both men and cattle drowned, and all the marshes and cellars both of wine and beer and ale and other merchandise in London and other places drowned."

THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—Mr. Barton Baker gives us here a

somewhat sketchy account of the fortunes of Drury Lane Theatre from the time when Charles II. in August 1660 granted his patent to Thomas Killigrew, a groom of the chamber, to erect a new play-house on a piece of ground called the riding yard in that locality, down to the leasehold of Mr. Augustus Harris, which commenced November 6, 1879.

The original structure was burnt down in 1671, and another erected, three years later, from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren which stood for a hundred and twenty years and was then pulled down. In 1794 a new house was opened, which held 3,611 spectators, or nearly twice as many as Sir Christopher Wren's building, and 600 more than the present one. In 1809 Drury Lane was burned down for the second time, and a new theatre was opened in 1812, which has endured to the present day.

Here is a facsimile of the first playbill of the National Theatre :  
BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.

At the New Theatre in Drury Lane.

This day, being Thursday, April 8th, 1663,

Will be acted

A Comedy call'd

THE HUMOVROVS LIEVTENANT.

The King ...	...	...	...	Mr. WINTERSEL.
Demetrius ...	...	...	...	Mr. HART.
Selvius ...	...	...	...	Mr. BYRT.
Leontius ...	...	...	...	Major MOHUN.
Lieutenant ...	...	...	...	Mr. CLV.
Celia ...	...	...	...	Mrs. MARSHAL.

This play will begin at three o'clock exactly.

\*Boxes, 4s. ; Pit, 2s. 6d. ; Middle Gallery, 1s. 6d. ; and Upper Gallery, 1s.

The actors of this company, it is noteworthy, in view of the tradition about players being regarded as "rogues and vagabonds," were entered as members of the royal household and provided with scarlet and silver livery. The company was a very fine one :

Hart was Shakespeare's grand nephew, being the grandson of the poet's sister, and contemporaries were enthusiastic in his laudation. "In all comedies and tragedies he was concerned in," writes one, "he performed with that exactness and perfection that not any of his successors have equalled him." Mohun, who had earned his title of Major in the civil wars, fighting on the side of the Cavaliers, was esteemed by the king, as a tragic actor, even above Hart ; Lacy, a famous Falstaff, the original Bayes in "The Rehearsal," mentioned in glowing terms by Pepys, was Charles's favourite actor ; a picture representing him in three characters may be seen at Hampton Court. It was at Drury Lane, in 1665, that Nell Gwynne, who was a pupil of Hart's, made her first appearance as an actress in Dryden's "Indian Emperor," and it was here while speaking the epilogue to Dryden's "Tyrannic Love" (1669), that she first captivated the king. That very night, so the story goes, as soon as the curtain fell, he went behind the scenes and carried her off there and then.

Killigrew is said to have been the first English manager who brought women on the stage, the first female actress being probably Mrs. Sanderson, who afterwards became Betterton's wife. When the experiment had been tried by a French company, some thirty years before, it had been promptly put down by a virtuously indignant public.

At the same time with Killigrew, Sir William Davenant got a patent for a theatre in Salisbury Court, and it was he, according to tradition, who first introduced scenic effects.

In 1675, owing to a falling off of public patronage, the two rival companies were united at Drury Lane, by the King's order, on which Hart and Mohun retired, and Lacy and most of the great actors of the restoration being dead, business went from bad to worse. In 1690, Christopher Rich, a lawyer, bought the united patents for £80. Under his management the British stage reached its lower depth. Cibber, speaking of the way in which Rich treated his Company says :—

“He would laugh with them over a bottle, and bite them in their bargains ; he kept them poor that they might not be able to rebel, and sometimes merry that they might not think of it. All their articles of agreement had a clause that he was sure to keep out at.”

Yet, under him were enrolled such celebrities as Betterton, Mountfort, Kynaston, Leigh, Nokes, Underhill, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Mountfort.

In 1695, however, the principal members of the Company revolted and fitted up a tennis court in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn, as a theatre, whence they removed, ten years later, to Sir John Vanbrugh's new theatre in the Haymarket, where Her Majesty's now stands.

In the hope of attracting an apathetic public Rich called in the aid of tumblers, rope-dancers, mountebanks and the like, and in 1709 the nuisance had become so great that the Lord Chamberlain silenced the patent.

Some time after, William Collier, also a lawyer, opened the theatre again under a license, which, in 1714, was changed to a patent through the influence of Sir Richard Steele.

Under Collier's license commenced the management of the Triumvirate—Cibber, Wilks and Dogget, the founder of the famous badge.

The three managers were in striking contrast to each other. Cibber was the fine gentleman, his own Lord Foppington, and was never happy out of the society of a lord ; he was the only actor ever admitted to White's club. Pope made him the hero of his “Dunciad” ; but Cibber, though he was probably the very worst Poet Laureate that ever penned a birthday ode, was no dunce, for his two comedies just named are among the best dramatic works of the last



entury. He was an admirable actor in comedy, when he knew the words, which his love of fashionable company frequently prevented, and he wrote the finest theatrical book, the "Apology," in the language. Wilks, though he moved in the best society, was entirely devoted to his profession; so exact was he that he could recite a thousand lines without missing a single word, and during forty years was said never to have misplaced an article. He had few natural gifts for the stage, and yet by study he became an incomparable actor. He was the original Don Felix of "The Wonder," Sir Harry Wildair, Mirabel, Captain Plume, &c., and in these parts, as well as in Prince Hal, was unapproachable. He was the most pathetic of Macduffs, and the finest Hamlet of his day. As an actor, Dogget, in his own peculiar line, was equal to either of his associates, but he was quite apart from both; his passion was the Stock Exchange, and every moment he could spare from his professional duties was devoted to this pursuit; he was mean and miserly.

Dogget, who was a hot Whig, ultimately seceded from the partnership in indignation at the admission of Barton Booth, a Tory, to a share in the patent.

Foremost among the ladies under the management of the Triumvirate was Ann Oldfield, who was advanced from behind a bar to be the associate of Duchesses.

She was the original and inimitable Lady Betty Modish of Cibber's "Careless Husband," and the old actor writes of her in the most enthusiastic terms: "I have often seen her," he says, "in private societies, where women of the best rank might have borrowed some part of her behaviour without the least diminution of their sense or dignity." She was equally great in tragedy. Chetwood says, in his "History of the Stage," "her piercing, flaming eye, with manner and action suiting, used to make me shrink with awe."

During twenty years Drury Lane now enjoyed great prosperity. But Wilks and Booth died, and Cibber retired, setting his share for £3,000 to a gentleman named Highmore, who had already acquired Booth's for £4,000, and shortly afterwards a revolt of the Company, stirred up by Cibber's son, Theophilus, compelled Highmore to close the house and ultimately to sell it at a great sacrifice.

Tragedy was now represented by such mediocrities as Quin Ryan and Delane. The famous Charles Macklin, whose new reading of Shylock created such an impression, also belonged to this period. But in May, 1742, David Garrick, who, without any professional experience, had taken London by storm, at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, as Richard III, was engaged by Fleetwood to play at Drury Lane for £600 a year. Fleetwood being in difficulties, a Norwich manufacturer named Lacey took up the patent for £6,400 and an annuity to Fleetwood of £600 a year. Soon Lacey, too, found himself heavily involved, and Garrick entered into partnership with him, finding money for two-thirds of his liabilities, amounting to £12,000, under an agreement by which he was to receive £500 a year for management, and £500 for acting.

Garrick opened with a splendid company, including Macklin, Spranger, Barry, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive. A revival of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* was the first great event of the new management. It was on Lacey's death in 1773 that Garrick became sole manager of Drury Lane. The financial statistics of the theatre at this time are curious.

At this period the expenses of the theatre, according to an authentic document published a little time ago in *Notes and Queries*, were £522 7s. 6d. weekly. In this list Lacey's salary is set down as £16 13s. Garrick's, for management, is the same; and for acting, £17 10s. Think of that, ye modern players! Spranger Barry and wife, a great actress, who thereafter as Mrs. Crawford contended, and not unsuccessfully, for the palm with Siddons, £50; Mrs. Abington, thereafter the original Lady Teazle, and one of the finest comedy actresses of the London or any other stage, £8. In 1776 Garrick announced his farewell performances, an announcement which brought people to town from the remotest parts of the country, and even from foreign lands, and on the 10th of June, as Don Felix in "The Wonder," he made his last appearance upon any stage.

In 1777 Sheridan succeeded Garrick at Drury Lane, and the new management was inaugurated with the production of the "School for Scandal." In October 1772, Mrs. Siddons, who had failed direfully as Portia seven years before, made her *rentree* at Drury Lane, as *Isabella*, in Sothorn's play.

Her beautiful face and form, the exquisite tones of her voice, her deep tenderness, seized upon every heart, and her overwhelming agony thrilled every soul as it had never been thrilled before. Men wept, women fell into hysterics, transports of applause shook the house, the excitement and enthusiasm were almost terrible in their intensity, and the curtain fell amidst such acclamations as perhaps even Garrick had never roused. The salary she was engaged at was £5 a week.

The next year Kemble appeared as Hamlet.

When Drury Lane was re-opened, after the fire of 1809, the proprietors declined to accept Sheridan as a tenant.

The *régime* of the great wit had neither been honourable to himself nor to the stage; actors, *employés*, and tradespeople were unpaid, the scenery was dilapidated, the wardrobes were shabby, the discipline was lax; a combination of circumstances that could not but tell against the artistic and commercial success of the undertaking.

From a literary point of view, the period of his management had been singularly barren. The "School for Scandal" had been followed by "The Critic" in 1779, and twenty years later by "Pizarro."

The new Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was opened under the management of Dr. Arnold and a Committee which included Lord Byron, the Earls of Derby and Essex, Samuel Whitbread, the brewer, Douglas Kinnaird, and others; but the new house was a failure, Kemble, at Covent Garden, monopolising all the talent.

But a wonderful change was in store.

On the 26th of January, 1814, an obscure country actor, named Edmund Kean, who had been engaged in sheer desperation, a very model of a strolling player, shabby, almost shoeless, whom the mediocrities treated at rehearsal with unconcealed contempt, made his appearance here as Shylock, to an indifferent and half-filled house; but when the curtain fell upon the fourth act it was upon such a burst of wild enthusiasm as had not been heard since the night Siddons played Isabella for the first time before a London audience. The next day all London was ringing with the fame of the new actor. Richard was his next impersonation. "Just returned from seeing Kean in Richard," wrote Byron in his diary. "By Jove, he is a soul! Life, nature, truth, without exaggeration or diminution." Coleridge said it was reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. The receipts rose from £100 to £600 nightly. After his third appearance Whitbread raised his salary from £8 to £20. One week the committee presented him with £100, the next with £500, while splendid presents flowed in upon him from all sides; society fawned upon him, flattered him, courted him. During six years he sustained the fortunes of Drury Lane upon his own shoulders; rivals rose up, fine actors, but all paled before the splendour of his overwhelming genius.

In 1819 the management passed from the hands of the Committee into those of Robert William Elliston, immortalised by Charles Lamb in *Elia*. This eccentric individual took over the house on the most ruinous terms, a rental of £10,200; all rates to be paid by him; 635 perpetual free admissions, and an undertaking to spend £6,000 on improvements. Naturally, in spite of good business, bankruptcy was the result.

But he was cast for a very trifle.

During his seven years' lesseeship he had spent £30,000 in improving the property and paid £66,000 for rent. The whole of his liabilities amounted only to £5,500, and for this security was offered, but the shareholders would have nothing but their bond, and closed the doors against him.

He was followed, for a brief space, by Setphen Price, who also, after introducing Charles Kean to the British public, as *Norval*, became bankrupt. The next lessee was Bunn, who included ballet and opera with drama and included in his triple Company.

Taglioni, Duvernay, Elssler, Cerito, Braham, Sinclair, Templeton, Malibran, Miss Stephens, Macready, Wallack, Dowton, Knight, Keeley, Hurley, Lijston, Mathews, Mrs. W. West, Mrs. Waylett, Miss Smithson (Berlioz's wife), Fanny Kelly, Ellen Tree, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Glover, &c., &c.

Bunn, after all, was a mere showman, and the theatre was in turns concert hall, circus and menagerie. Bunn, notwithstanding, collapsed after leasing Covent Garden, with Captain Polhill as partner, and Alexander Lee became lessee, to retire, in his turn, with a loss of £10,000.

At the end of 1841, Macready revived the ancient glories of the theatre.

Macready was a great reformer; he swept away the shameful abuses which

had so long disgraced the auditorium, and which, doubtless, had much to do with the prejudices against theatrical amusements that were so rampant at the time, and introduced an order and a decorum till then almost unknown; while behind the curtain he initiated that magnificent and accurate mounting of plays that has now become the *sine quâ non* of success. He gathered about him a splendid company—James Anderson, Phelps, Ryder, Keeley, Harley, Elton, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Keeley, Miss P. Horton—to illustrate some of the finest plays in the English language; but the enormous rental, the cruel burden of silver tickets that half filled the best seats on the best nights, and other extortionate conditions swallowed up profit and principal, and at the end of two years the great tragedian had to retire with an empty purse and wrecked health.

Hammond succeeded, and was also ruined. Then Bunn made another trial, with no greater success than before. Then Jullien, who lost his money. Then James Anderson, who produced *Azail* and *Ingomar*. In the Exhibition year an American Circus was a great success. Afterwards Gye was manager for a few months, and he was followed by three managers in three weeks, all utterly impecunious. The Committee next let the theatre to Mr. E. T. Smith at a rental of £3,500. "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" inaugurated the season and was followed by Charles Reade's "*Gold*," which turned the tide of fortune. In the next year G. V. Brooke drew large houses. But Smith, who, like Bunn, was a showman, had too many irons in the fire, being at the same time lessee of Drury Lane, the Alhambra, Her Majesty's and a travelling circus, landlord of the Radnor Tavern at the top of Chancery Lane, wine merchant, auctioneer, picture dealer, land agent, bill discounter, newspaper proprietor and many other things besides.

He was succeeded by Falconer and Chatterton. The former failed in spite of the most meritorious efforts, and in 1866 Chatterton became sole lessee.

He began excellently: Shakespeare and the old comedies illustrated by such artists as Phelps, Walter Montgomery, Barry Sullivan, Ryder, Swinbourne, Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Herman Vezin, Miss Neilson, Miss Wallis. In his third season Miss Madge Robertson, now Mrs. Kendal, made her first appearance in London in Halliday's "*Great City*," the first of those panoramic dramas of modern life which have since been developed to such extraordinary proportions—or disproportions—on this very stage. A real cab and a real horse were the sensation of this piece: how we have advanced in realism since then! A series of dramatic adaptations of Scott's novels, particularly "*Ivanhoe*," with beautiful Adelaide Neilson as Rebecca, kept up the fortunes of the theatre. But the inevitable fate to which all Drury Lane managers seem ultimately to be destined overtook him at last. At the end of the eleventh season, on February 4, 1879, his lesseeship terminated with liabilities amounting to £36,000.

On the 6th November 1879, Mr. Augustus Harris took the sceptre which he has since continued to wield with profit.

## THE MONTH.

## EUROPE.

THE MONTH, both at home and on the Continent, has been one of comparative calm. At home every other political interest is, for the moment, merged in that attaching to the Irish question; but the interest of the Irish question is at present the interest of expectation. Until Mr. Gladstone chooses to lift the curtain, not only can no one tell whether the coming spectacle is to be tragedy, or comedy, or a combination of both; but the whole future is shut out from view. Speculation there has, of course, been in abundance; but the only thing that seems even moderately certain is, that whatever the precise character of the Government plans may be, a political crisis of the first magnitude is in store for the country. That crisis may take the form of a struggle between Great Britain and Ireland; or it may take the form of a contest between the two branches of the legislature; but that it must take one or other of these forms seems inevitable.

Whether any settlement can be devised that will satisfy both the Home Rulers and the majority of the House of Commons is an open question. A couple of months ago most persons would have been inclined to answer it in the negative; but tergiversation of the most pronounced kind is now-a-days so common a process with British politicians, and so much progress has already, it is rumoured, been made in the conversion of the opponents of Home Rule on the Liberal side of the House, that it is impossible to form any confident opinion on the point. It is doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone would not command a majority for even the most sweeping measure of Home Rule, short of absolute separation.

The attitude of the House of Lords, on the other hand, is open to no such doubt. It is morally certain that they would reject any but the most moderate measure of Home Rule by an enormous majority; and, as no such moderate measure would satisfy the Nationalists, it is scarcely in the power of the House of Commons to avert the dilemma to which I have referred.

There remains the country,—assuming that the Peers would submit to its verdict in the matter. But if the verdict of the House of Commons is uncertain that of the country is still more so. If I were called upon to prophesy, I should say that it would be in favour of Home Rule. The agricultural labourer, probably, cares very little one way or the other. His vote would be determined by other considerations, and would almost certainly be cast for the Party placed in power by Mr. Jesse Collings' amendment. The working-man, I am disposed to think, sympathises with the demands of the Nationalists, and would vote almost solid for Home Rule, if appealed to on that issue. Should this view of the line likely to be adopted by these two classes of voters prove correct, the result is hardly open to doubt. For, if they do not, in themselves, constitute a majority of the electorate, they certainly would form a majority in combination with the Irish, and the very considerable body of Englishmen and Scotchmen who are prepared to follow blindly wherever Mr. Gladstone leads.

Even so, however, there would be abundant room for surprises; for, in the course of the conflict thus foreshadowed, many things might happen which would upset all calculations. The Home Rulers, for instance, might be tempted to adopt an attitude which would turn the feelings of the masses strongly against them; or events might occur that would relegate the Irish question to a subordinate position, and necessitate the postponement of a final settlement.

In the meantime, we are dependent entirely upon inference for the means of forecasting the intentions of Mr. Gladstone.

The data we have to go upon are, indeed, very significant; but they are not so unambiguous as to leave no room for error. They consist of both facts and statements. We have, to begin with, the appointment of Mr. Morley to the Chief Secretaryship—a fact, in itself, sufficiently eloquent; and we have the refusal of the leaders of the moderate Liberal party to join the Cabinet. It does not follow, however, that because Mr. Morley has pronounced in favour of a separate Parliament, he would refuse to lend his support to a less uncompromising measure; while, as to the refusal of Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James and the others to join the Cabinet, it appears, as far as Mr. Gladstone's actual plans are concerned, to have been based on negative rather than on positive grounds. Sir Henry James refused to join because, while there was *prima facie* ground for apprehension that Mr. Gladstone was contemplating a revolutionary measure, no adequate assurance was forthcoming that such was not the case. Lord Hartington's statement is even less

definite, but his tone is indicative rather of uncertainty, combined with apprehension, rather than of positive conviction that Mr. Gladstone has pledged himself to a scheme which he would be bound to condemn. They and the other seceders may, of course, know more than they think it prudent or loyal to divulge. But it is doubtful whether, when he formed his Cabinet, even Mr. Gladstone himself had determined irrevocably upon any definite plan of action.

Other important data are the utterances of Ministers themselves, notably those of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley, beyond which we need hardly go.

The light they throw on the subject serves, however, to do little more than emphasise the darkness in which it is shrouded. All that we learn from Mr. Gladstone's statement at the re-assembling of Parliament on the 18th ultimo is that he intends to propose substantive measures to deal with the Irish problem in its three branches, *viz.*, the restoration and preservation of social order, the settlement of the land question, and the future Government of the country, and that he does not propose to introduce repressive measures.

Speaking on Mr. Holmes' resolution against the House, entertaining the civil estimates for Ireland before being placed in possession of the Government plans, Mr. Gladstone somewhat amplified this statement.

After informing the House that he was not such a simpleton as to proclaim the principles and bases of the measure he hoped to frame and introduce, without being able at the same time to state the reasons on which they were founded, he proceeded to add that the condition of Ireland included three questions,—first, social order; secondly, the question of the land; and, thirdly, the question of future Government. These three questions were so bound together that he defied the wit of man to separate them; but that the Government proposed to deal with the first question, not by repressive measures, but by substantial measures relating to the other two branches of the subject. In other words, what the Government will propose is not to compel obedience to the law but to persuade, or bribe, whichever you please, the lawless to submit to it. The policy of the Government, in short, whatever else it may be, is primarily and essentially a policy of black mail.

Of the amount and character of the bribe we are still left in ignorance. Nor, on these points, does Mr. Morley do much to enlighten us. Speaking at Newcastle on the 11th ultimo, he said that, while looking in the direction of enlarging self-government in

Ireland, the Government were resolutely determined against separation, as a disgrace to England and a disaster to Ireland; that they would not remove the British garrisons from Ireland; and that he would never be a party to placing a minority in Ireland at the mercy of a majority, if the majority should be inclined to deal lawlessly with them. He further said that, until we settled the Irish question by a thorough scheme, we should have no control over our own affairs and our own Parliament; for, make what changes we liked in Procedure, Parliament would, till then, be a paralysed body.

Again, at a Conference of the London and Counties Liberal Union, on the 2nd instant, he said, without overt, but, no doubt, with covert reference to Ireland, that the Government might be on the eve of events that would divide the Liberal Party and present issues to the country which it was not prepared to face in their sense. Most persons will probably feel that the hint conveyed in those mysterious terms is more conclusive as to the sweeping character of the coming measure of Home Rule than either the statements of Sir Henry James and Lord Hartington, or the reticence of Mr. Gladstone.

Then, there is the question whether, even supposing that a sweeping measure of Home Rule should pass both branches of the British Legislation, the result would not be civil war in Ireland. On this head both Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Salisbury have spoken with remarkable frankness. The one, indeed, has clearly, and the other not obscurely, hinted that the Protestants of Ulster might confidently reckon on powerful support from England in resisting, to the utmost of their power, any attempt to place them under the heel of their inveterate enemies.

The speeches of the Conservative leaders, both in and out of Parliament, leave us in no doubt as to the course which the Opposition will pursue, should the Irish proposals of the Government be of a kind either to jeopardise the Union, or to impair the authority of the Imperial legislature. Of all these speeches, that of Lord Salisbury, at the banquet given at the Crystal Palace on the 3rd instant, is the most important, on account not only of its trenchant criticism of the designs attributed to the Government, but of the unqualified denial given by the speaker to the charges brought against the Conservatives by Mr. Gladstone and Sir Henry James, of having abandoned the Crimes Act in collusion with the Parnellites and of having determined in secret conclave before the fall of Mr. Gladstone's late Ministry, to oppose its renewal. In the speech in question Lord



Salisbury similarly disposed of the statement made by Mr. Frank Hill in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and widely credited that he was himself favourable to Home Rule, and had actually advocated a measure in that direction in the late Cabinet. He went on to insist, in emphatic language, on the ruinous economic effects of the sense of instability created by the Radical legislation of the last twenty years.

"This instability," he said, "which is the curse of our present political condition, is fatal—fatal to the interests of the poor and the industrious in a far larger degree than it is fatal to the interest of the rich. And that is the consideration which I would exhort you to take into account, when you look at the condition of present politics, and ask how it affects the interest of the most numerous and most necessitous class among us—they more than any other have a claim that our policy should be consistent and steady. To them steady and stable rights are of the most importance. In this political saturnalia through which we have passed we have seen rights that never before were contested treated as open questions, and we have seen political truths which nobody before opposed treated as matters suitable for open discussion. The people who suffer by these things are the poor men. Their interest is principally in stability. Their interest is that capital should have every encouragement to come to and support enterprise and industry, so that wages might increase and work might abound. But under the pressure of recent Radical doctrines all this confidence has been destroyed. Our laws, our institutions, have become a shifting quicksand. Our rights that were sacred yesterday are questioned to-day, and are ridiculed to-morrow; and the result is that no man dares to venture his capital lest the laws and the rights on the strength of which he ventured it should, before he reaches the fruit, be destroyed by the reckless power of Party. There is a cloud of depression over the world, but it weighs with greatly aggravated force over the two kingdoms of England and France, and these are precisely the two countries over which the heavy curse of political instability is hanging.

A Committee, appointed and presided over by Mr. Childers, to enquire into the conduct of the Metropolitan Police in connection with the late riots at the West End, reported so unfavourably both of the arrangements made on the occasion in question and of the general organisation of the force, that Sir Edmund Henderson felt himself compelled to tender his resignation, which was at once accepted, and a second Committee has been formed to prepare a scheme for the thorough re-organisation of the force.

After protracted delay, owing to difficulty in obtaining evidence, the Home Office determined to prosecute the socialist leaders who organised the meeting in Trafalgar Square, and Messrs. Hyndman, Burns, Champion and Williams were accordingly brought up at Bow Street on the 17th ultimo, on a charge of sedition, and on the 3rd instant the whole of the accused were committed for trial. The action of the Government in the matter has been criticised, on the ground that a prosecution on the simpler and more ignominious charge of riot and plunder would have been less calculated to place the defendants in the light of heroes and admitted of a more appropriate sentence in case of conviction. It may very well, however, have been thought a more difficult matter to prove the connexion of the defendants with the rioting and plundering that followed the Meeting, than to establish the fact of their having made use of seditious language.

During the currency of the proceedings at the Police Court, Messrs. Hyndman, Burns and Champion created some amusement by instituting an action for contempt of Court against *Punch*, for the publication of a cartoon representing them with halters round their necks, together with certain comments on their conduct, which, it was contended, involved an assumption of their guilt.

The Lord Chief Justice, however, decided that the Court had no jurisdiction in a case of contempt against another Court, and refused the application, which was for the attachment of the offending paper.

Considerable doubt having arisen as to the claim of the sufferers from the riots to compensation under the existing law, a Bill was introduced in the House of Commons on the 26th ultimo to provide compensation out of the Metropolitan Police Fund.

Proceedings in Parliament, since its re-assembly on the 18th instant, have been somewhat tame.

Mr. Gladstone, on that date, gave notice that he would propose to refer the question of the amendment of the rules of Procedure to a Select Committee, which has since been constituted. It is understood that the Government approved generally of the line of action which the late Ministry proposed to adopt in the matter; but it is believed that it is inclined to superadd a stringent system of cloture, and this would probably encounter strong opposition both from the Conservative side of the House and from the Irish members.

On the 19th ultimo, the Under Secretary for India informed the House that it was the intention of the Government to propose a joint

Committee of both Houses on Indian administration with special reference to the operation of the Government of India Act.

On the 22nd, on Sir U. K. Shuttleworth applying for sanction to the charging of the costs of the Burmah expedition on the revenues of India, an amendment was moved by Mr. Hunter to the effect that such a course would be unjust. In the course of the debate which followed, Mr. Gladstone contended that it was in the interests of India, and to close a door to dangerous intrigues which would affect the security and happiness of the people of that country, that annexation had been decided on, and the amendment was ultimately rejected by 297 to 82.

On the following evening, the House agreed to a motion, of Sir J. McKenna in favour of an enquiry into the incidence of taxation on Ireland, England and Scotland, respectively.

On the 24th ultimo, a motion for the second reading of a Bill, introduced by an Irish member, to entitle tenants of houses in towns in Ireland to compensation for improvements on the expiration of their tenancy, gave rise to a somewhat curious incident. Mr. Morley stated that the Government could not assent to the Bill, as the subject was one which could be properly dealt with only upon general principles applicable to the whole of the United Kingdom, and that, although they would be willing to consider the general question, he could hold out little hope of a Committee being granted. Thereupon, Mr. Gladstone got up and straightway intimated that, though the Government could not assent to the second reading, they would not object to the appointment of a Committee.

On the 25th ultimo, Mr. Trevelyan moved his Scotch Crofters' Bill, proposing to give the Crofters compensation for permanent improvements in connexion with the dwelling-house, farm offices, drainage and trenching, provided the improvements were suitable; and on the 8th instant, after considerable opposition, the Bill was read a second time.

A motion by Mr. Stuart to the effect that no reform of the Metropolitan Police would be satisfactory, unless the rate-payers were vested with the control of the force, was negatived without a division; and, on the 5th instant, Mr. Labouchere's annual motion against the House of Lords was rejected, after a speech from Mr. Gladstone, by a majority of 36 only in a House of 368—figures which seem to show that the new Parliament is even more strongly Radical than had been generally supposed. Mr. Gladstone's remarks on the occasion were indicative of a belief that the question is one which is likely to become vital in no very distant future.

While declining to support an abstract Resolution which could be followed by no practical action, he made it sufficiently plain that he sympathised with the principle of the motion, and one of the arguments urged by him against its immediate acceptance was that the House would do well to reserve the question till its entire powers could be concentrated on its consideration.

The fear that the change of Ministry in England might have a prejudicial effect on the settlement of the Roumelian question has, happily, proved unfounded. On assuming office, Mr. Gladstone lost no time in making it clear to all concerned that the policy so successfully pursued by Lord Salisbury in the interests of peace would be continued by him. After resorting to one device after another to impede the negotiations, apparently in the hope that something might turn up to revolutionise the situation, Servia startled every one at the last moment by offering to execute a treaty simply declaring in so many words that peace with Bulgaria had been restored from a certain date. This extraordinary document was executed on the 3rd instant, and the most purposeless war of modern times thus terminated by a *coup de theatre*, eminently worthy of its author. Russia, finding the force of circumstances too strong for her, has yielded to the will of Europe with a bad grace, and signified her willingness to accept the Turco-Bulgarian agreement with certain modifications, the most important of which is the omission of the clause binding the contracting parties to render one another military aid in the case of certain eventualities. All that Russia has gained by her obstructive attitude has thus been to intensify the antipathy with which the Bulgarians already regarded her, and which, at the present moment, is stronger than ever. Greece still persists in her naval and military preparations, though it is no longer possible that she can benefit by them, and though they may involve her at any moment in a war that must be ruinous to her. As long as she refuses to demobilise, an ultimatum from Turkey is merely a question of time, and the last note addressed to her by the Powers, warning her that she will be left to her own resources in case of a conflict, makes it certain that the time is not very far off.

Affairs have gone much more smoothly than was expected with the new Ministry in France. The Madagascar treaty has been voted in both Houses, and the Bills for the expulsion of the Princes, which were opposed by the Government, have been rejected by the Chamber by overwhelming majorities. To render the latter victory the more decisive, a vote of confidence in the Government, proposed

immediately afterwards by M. Lanessan, was carried by 353 to 112.

Conspicuous among the social events of the month is the scandalous divorce case, *Crawford vs. Crawford and Dilke*. It is difficult to say whether the judgment of the Court, which, while holding the adultery proved as against the wife, acquitted the co-respondent, or the action of the co-respondent in refusing to go into the witness-box, has created the greater indignation and surprise. As to the absurdity of the decision regarded from the standpoint of common sense, there is but one opinion, while, as to the conduct of Sir Charles — Dilke, it is generally felt that, though technically acquitted, he, in refusing to give evidence, deliberately thrust from him the only means by which, under the circumstances of the case, his innocence could be morally established. Had the case been one of an ordinary kind, men of the world would probably have been disposed to judge him leniently ; but there was matter in the respondent's statement, which takes it out of the category of ordinary cases, and a specially painful impression has been created by the co-respondent's failure to avail himself of the opportunity offered him of contradicting the matter on oath.

The presence of the Queen at the representation of M. Gounod's *Mors et Vita*, at the Albert Hall, on the 26th ultimo, so soon after her appearance in person at the opening of Parliament, has encouraged the hope that Her Majesty purposes taking a more active part in public life than she has done of late years. Such a change is, for many reasons, very desirable, though it may be doubted whether it would prove that panacea for the various evils from which society is suffering, that some people seem to expect. Certain it is that, on neither of these recent occasions, was the reception accorded to Royalty by the crowds of so warm a kind as to encourage a repetition of the experiment.

February 1886 will long be remembered as a month of extraordinary cold and gloom. Though the temperature registered was on no day remarkably low, the general average was almost unprecedentedly so, and this inclement weather was accompanied by almost continuous fog. The present month has so far proved even more severe, though somewhat less gloomy. Heavy snow storms have prevailed throughout the country causing great interruption of railway and other traffic, and, in some parts, enormous destruction of sheep. On Saturday last the lowest temperature experienced for many years 253 of frost was recorded at Stoke-on-Trent, and severe frost still continues in spite of a bright sun and south-easterly winds.

This unusual weather has done much to intensify the general distress, which shows no symptoms of abating, though there are signs that we have seen the worst of the prolonged depression of trade to which it is due, and which is affecting the middle classes no less severely than the labourer.

JAMES W. FURKELL.

LONDON, *March 8th*, 1886.

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INDIA.

The languid interest awakened by the Budget Statement is not surprising when we remember that it had no secret to disclose ; folk who know they have an income-tax to pay have a tendency to regard a long-winded statement of statistics, coming on the top of this melancholy fact, as flat and unprofitable and a weariness to the flesh. But Sir A. Colvin's statement marks a new departure in Indian finance, to which it is worth while to call attention.

After the hankey-pankey tricks played by the good Lord Ripon with the temporary surplus which he was able to announce, thus leaving the future to take care of itself, Sir A. Colvin on his assumption of office found that there was a cloud in the horizon portending a storm that would require all his skill to weather. Russia was almost at the gates of Herat ; silver was slowly, steadily, surely dropping to unforeseen depths.

Before the third year of Sir Auckland's tenure of office the sky was darkened, the comfortable surplus had disappeared, and a most uncomfortable deficit of three millions sterling stared him in the face. Before 1885 it became necessary, owing to the determination to place the North-West Frontier in a fit state of preparation to give a good account of any possible attack, to increase the contemplated outlay on railways, advised by the Parliamentary Committee of 1884, by a sum of twelve millions, much of which must, for the present, be unremunerative outlay. The former scheme is modified, but by no means abandoned. In the year just begun Government has assumed the responsibility for an expenditure of more than ten crores on non-military railways, and must meet a net loss on the working and interest charges of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  crores. Thus, in the three years, Government is prepared to spend twenty-seven millions sterling of capital and nearly three millions of revenue. Our consolation is found in the fact that every year, while this construction is going on, adds materially to the resources of the country both for peace and war.

The much-talked-of and much-telegraphed-about scheme for a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry into Indian affairs, doomed as it was, in the eyes of many, to abortion from the first, has justified their opinion. The nominations made by Lord Kimberley seemed to show the limited scope which he meant to assign to its efforts, and its unwieldy proportions made it tolerably certain that there would be more bunkum than business about its proceedings. It will find lots of congenial trumpery in the Limbo where it now rests.

Mr. Colman Macaulay seems to have been born under a lucky star, and there is every hope that the success which has attended his visit to the Court of Peking will be followed by equal good fortune in the mission to Thibet which he is about to undertake. The embassy sets out from Darjeeling about the end of next month. Mr. Macaulay will be in chief charge, with Mr. Paul, who, as Deputy Commissioner of Darjeeling, learnt as much as anyone knows of the ways and character of the semi-Thibetan mountain tribes lying just this side of the hitherto unpassable frontier line as his second-in-command. In Dr. Cunningham the embassy will have a scientific officer second to none in his interest in, and knowledge of, the flora of India. An escort of some seventy sepoy will be provided. The route is through Sikkim onwards to Shigatye and thence to Lhasa. *Felix faustumque sit.*

The Benighted Presidency has earned the gratitude of journalists by providing a good deal of matter for "copy." Madras has given us quite a *cause celebre* in the "Garstin Dacoity case," in addition to a supply of pabulum for many leading articles in the academic lucubrations of its governor at the convocation of the University. It is, we should imagine, quite the first occasion in which so exalted a functionary as a member of a Board of Revenue has been thwacked by highwaymen until he found that shamming dead, and taking the rest of his beating quietly was his most prudent course. But the wicked interest of our *quidnuncs* has been further excited by the additional statements that the dacoity was only a blind to an attempt at murder instigated by a rich zemindar, and that the said zemindar was merely executing a "kind of wild justice" for the wrongs done to an English Civilian by the Madras Board of Revenue. *Adhuc sub judice lis est*, but the case is to be transferred to the High Court, and shining lights from the Bombay Bar are to illumine the cause of the defence.

Mr. Grant Duff's speech has been called a notable one by the Viceroy when addressing a somewhat similar audience at the open-

ing of the Muir College, Allahabad. The text with which the Governor of Madras opened his exordium was an excellent one. He pointed out in effect that the Government of India decline to initiate changes merely for change's sake, just as they would not be influenced by any blind worship of the wisdom of former Governments to check well-considered reform. It is "the thoughtful opinions of 'the thoughtful men'"—which inevitably suggest the professional "Hindu Thinker" of Madras, whose thoughts we so often see in print—that must decide what changes are necessary. The application of this text was, if not new, at any rate practical. It was pointed out—and the fact was echoed and insisted on by Lord Dufferin at Allahabad—that much of the discontent among the educated classes of Natives is due to their own want of foresight and inquiry as to the chances of Government employ. The number of graduates is an indefinite quantity, and is increasing year by year by leaps and bounds. The number of posts at the disposal of Government is limited, and Mr. Grant Duff repeated the sound advice, none the less necessary because it has already formed the staple of so many "prize-giving" discourses, that there are other fields of labour than the Government service, where the labourers are few and the cultivation a crying want. Civil Engineering, Medical Science, Agriculture or Manufactures are all spheres in which educated native intellects may find a fitting scope. To insist on the more rapid infiltration of natives into a service where there is now but little room, and where soon there will be no room, to spare for them, will be sure to shake the confidence of the outside world in the future of this country, to drive away English capital, and thus to retard that material prosperity which is India's greatest need. Wise words, well spoken.

With some of the *dicta* of the Madras University Chancellor we have less sympathy. Native students do not need much dissuasion from excessive devotion to out-door games, and Mr. Grant Duff's stigmatizing as "little less than a curse and a calamity" the attention paid to athletics in English Schools and Universities, smacks of doctrinaire theory imbibed from some myopic professor at a German teaching-shop. Open-air games, out-of-door sports are likely to give the physical and moral muscle that the native of India requires rather than any additional expenditure of the midnight oil.

The rules defining the qualifications necessary for applicants for the re-established government scholarships have been published, and have, of course, been found fault with by some of the



Vernacular papers; the high limit of age is objected to on the ground that it will debar men from competing for the Indian Civil Service. The time is, we believe, at hand when our native friends will cease to import into every such question some reference to the Covenanted Civil Service Examination as the highest scope for all intellectual effort. In any case these scholarships should be limited to men who intend to continue their studies and take a degree at Oxford or Cambridge. Three years' study in London for the Civil Service often, we imagine, does a young man almost as much harm as good, but three years of the social and intellectual training of an English residential University must go far towards making a man in the best sense of any native graduate who is so far above the average as to be chosen for the scholarship.

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## GENERAL NOTES.

**Squaring the Circle.**

Mathematicians have been very hard upon the poor "paradoxers" who have struggled with this problem, but, as it appears to me, the mathematicians have scarcely done their duty. They have duly shown that the accurate quadrature of the circle is impossible, but, so far as I am able to learn, they do not go to the bottom of the question by explaining the fundamental reason of the impossibility, or rather incommensurability.

I dare not be so rude as to say they do not understand this, and that I, who am not a mathematician, am able to teach them what it is; I only venture to deprecate the excessive modesty which has urged them to conceal their knowledge.

Those of my readers who care to learn the history of the subject will find an admirable digest of it, including some very curious facts, in the article "Quadrature," in the "English Cyclopædia." For example: the writer of the article saw a letter that had recently been addressed to the Lord Chancellor by a labouring man who came to London with his solution of the problem, and claimed the £100,000 popularly supposed to be offered by the British Government to anybody who should solve it.

What, then, is this explanation of the fundamental nature or cause of the incommensurability which I see so clearly, and am surprised that writers like those of the abovenamed article have so long concealed?

It is that in all measurements we must have an unit, and that measurement only becomes possible when the unit is of the same nature as the quantity to be measured by it. Nobody can tell us how many inches are contained in 24 hours, simply because time is not space, and although we speak figuratively of the "length of time," such length is not measurable in space length units.

Applying this principle to the proposed quadrature of the circle, we may easily understand that the reason why we cannot express the area of a circle in square inches, square feet or square terms, of its radius, is that our square unit is not circular. A straight-line unit may measure other straight lines, or an unit of space enclosed by straight lines (such as a square unit) may measure other spaces similarly enclosed.

To make this clear let us adopt for a moment a different unit from that of the square inch; let it be a circular inch; the area of a bronze half penny, which measures an inch across; then a circular foot would have an area of 144 circular inches, a circular yard that of 9 circular feet, and so on. But having adopted this curvilinear unit, we can no more express by its means the area of squares, triangles, and other rectilinear figures than we can now express that of curvilinear figures in terms of our

present rectilinear unit. If on the planet Venus, where graceful flowing curves should predominate, a circular unit is adopted, the paradoxers there will be the square circleers, just as here they are circle squareers; and for precisely the same reason, *vis*, that they attempt to apply an inapplicable measure.

The whole difficulty has therefore a conventional origin; it depends on the selection of our unit of area measure, which is purely arbitrary.

We similarly fail when we attempt to express the length of curved lines in straight units, or straight lines in curved units. This, in fact, is the basis of the circle-squaring trouble; for if we could express the curvilinear circumference of a circle in terms of its rectilinear diameter, we could square it at once by simply multiplying the length of the circumference by that of the radius; the area of a circle being demonstrably equal to that of a right-angled triangle with base equal to circumference and altitude equal to diameter.

**On the Choice of Books.**

Among the many forms of torture to which those who have fondly believed themselves to have passed through the period of examinations have been recently subjected by amateur inquisitors, none has made more stir than the questioning applied to literary men and thinkers as to the best conceivable selection of one hundred books. Many whimsical answers have been extorted from different men, since Lord Acton, as I am told, started the idea and Sir John Lubbock first carried it into effect. Lists have been sent in by men so wide apart as the Prince of Wales and Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Swinburne and Lord Coleridge. I have personally a profound respect for Sir John Lubbock, whose list has formed the basis of all the others, and I have a strong disinclination to set up myself against men of established and well-earned reputation. I must yet frankly own that I think all the lists sent in pedantic and preposterous. The quantity of classical books put down is out of all just proportion; and the supposition that a man is to know the masterpieces of all languages is equally absurd, whether we take it that the knowledge is to be obtained through the originals or translations. Sir John Lubbock's list has received general praise. I maintain that, if carried out, the study of the books given would make a literary prig. I do not refer to the omission of "Paradise Regained," "Comus," and "Samson Agonistes" from Milton, and similar exclusions. I make bold to say that the man who could read some portion of the books named would turn with distaste from others, and I venture to doubt whether any man, even Sir John himself, has ever tried to read them all. To insert Aristotle, Confucius, and Demosthenes, the "Shah-

name," Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," Comte's "Catechism of Positive Philosophy," Southey's "Curse of Kehama" and "Thalaba," Lord Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," and a score others, is as whimsical as to exclude Lafontaine, Lessing, Byron, Schiller, I know not whom. The list is, in fact, suited to no soul in the world. Sir John himself would probably derive more delight from the "Opus divinum de Remediis Utriusque Fortunæ" of Petrarch, a portion of which in a translation he gives in the paper in which his list is framed, than from half the books he includes in the list itself. A scholar who will delight in Sir Thomas Browne will turn from "Selfhelp," which Sir John classes among the first hundred. Who will be content with the "Gulliver's Travels" of Swift, will do without Rabelais or will care to include Gray in the best one hundred books. It would be absurd to say that a list of equal value could be opposed to this, since when a man has taken the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Molière, Bacon, Despe, Homer, Horace, to mention no other names, he has taken a heavy toll. I maintain, however, that the list should be changed by more than one-half for each different reader. Sir John Lubbock's list is as good as many of the others sent, but the whole matter, taken in the spirit in which it has been treated, is but ingenious literary trifling.

#### The Works of Bret Harte.

Some of the slighter sketches of this great American writer have about them a delicate flavour of humour, subtle and undefinable, which is suggestive of the writing of Charles Lamb. Such is the paper on "Melons" (the mystery of the ultimate fate of which must ever remain a subject of regret to the sympathetic reader); on "The Little Vulgar Boy;" on the dog Boonder. But if he has stepped now and then into the peculiar domain of the most unique of English essayists, his ordinary haunts lie far away. His wild and extravagant wit, his savage dialect, the occasional coarseness of his humour, belong altogether to the New World, and are characteristic of the dweller in camps. His stories are of duellers, of highwaymen, of gamblers, and of the class of women who may be expected to dwell with such men; but they are very human; there are full of humour and pathos; and are so simple and unaffected, that, when dealing most with immoral people, they fail to be immoral themselves.

So mixed are the rough manners and kindly human instincts in the personages whom Bret Harte puts before us, that it is difficult sometimes to decide exactly what species of virtue it is that we perceive in this or that character though genuine virtue is certainly there; we cannot tell what the pathos is that touches us in the history of some of those rough miners whose lives seem little higher than the lives of their dogs and their donkeys; nor do we precisely know in what the loveliness consists of some brief anecdotes which nevertheless linger in our memories

with that persistent tendency to be a "joy for ever" which Keats declared to be an attribute of beauty. The qualities are there, and we must be content to recognise and enjoy them, without defining or analysing. When the author endeavours to do so himself, he fails. His sketches refuse to be worked up into elaborate pictures. He cannot guide his characters through the mazes of a complicated plot; his best situations are idyllic rather than dramatic, and his strongest characters are as simple as they are original. He can no more deal with an intricate play of motive than with an elaborate machinery of action; but he has brought some novel or neglected phases of human life into a clear and kindly atmosphere; he has gazed upon them with that illuminating faculty which is the great link between poetry and prose fiction; and in the light of his poetic perception the world has been enabled to see certain good things which it had missed before.

His great power lies in his originality and simplicity, in the directness of his outlook on life. When he tries to imitate others, or to walk in the beaten paths of literature, his writing loses much of its force and charm.

It is not wonderful therefore that some readers of Bret Harte, happening to begin with his most pretentious work, "Gabriel Conroy," put the book down in disappointment, and perhaps disgust. They have not learnt by a study of the smaller and more characteristic pieces of the most characteristic of American writers, what manner of treasure to seek in that strange mass of melodrama and romance. They cannot strike a "lead" there successfully, principally because they don't know how to recognise the mineral when they find it. They may come across many a genuine bit of ore in their digging—rough specimens that want only a little rubbing on their sleeve, so to speak, to reveal sterling qualities; but they are looking for something quite different, the ready-made treasures of jewellers' shops, and they cast this rude metal aside as rubbish.

"So I took the stone from the fire, just as I take this," says Grace in "Gabriel Conroy;" "it looked black and burnt just like this; and I rubbed it hard on the blanket so, and it shone, just like silver,"—and silver it was, though the uninitiated would never have guessed it.

In "Gabriel Conroy" the writer has made the mistake of setting his rough but genuine ore in the authorized and conventional shape of jeweller's ware—namely, in the orthodox novel form, with an intricate plot, a love-affair running through the story, and a happy marriage at the end of it. His contributions to literature are best when they are given to us simply as nuggets.

As a novel, "Gabriel Conroy" is a poor affair; the incidents are improbable (and the most improbable of them quite unnecessary), the characters inconsistent, the causes and results out of all artistic proportion, the action wavering and wandering, the motive incomprehensible, the conclusion tame and disappointing, the moral of the story unpleasant and unhealthy.—*Westminster Review*.

# The Indian Review

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No. 32.—M A Y, 1886.

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## THE IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS.

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*"One of these men is Genius to the other ;  
And so of these which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit ? who deciphers them ?"*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE CURIOUS CASE of James Malcolm, now undergoing sentence of seven years' imprisonment for bigamy, affords another striking instance of the difficulty there may be in establishing identity even under the most favourable circumstances ; for, other things being equal, who more likely to be able to recognise, and who less likely to swear falsely to the person of a man than the woman who has stood to him in the intimate relationship of wife ? In this particular case the woman herself appears to have made no mistake, ~~and to have had~~ no misgivings as to the identity of him who had so deeply wronged her. It was the jury, and perhaps the public, who at first hesitated to accept her testimony as conclusive in the face of the positive *alibi* set up by the accused. So also it was in the case of Michael Cox, who disappeared suddenly in the year 1883. A jury decided that a corpse found in the river Liffy was that of the missing man, in spite of the earnest protestations of his wife. Ultimately he turned up alive in America. There are, however, two important points of difference between these cases. First, in one case the wife's testimony was affirmative, whilst in the other it was

negative. Second, in one the object sought to be identified was a living and unaltered being, whilst in the other it was a corpse disfigured by death and decomposition.

Many instances of mistakes in the identification of dead bodies by persons honestly believing themselves to be wives or other near relatives of the deceased can be cited as having taken place, both in India and elsewhere, and need excite little surprise. One of the most remarkable and best-authenticated of these was that of Mrs. Banks, who, in 1868, identified most positively as her husband, with whom she had lived for 13 years, the dead body of a man found in an unfinished house at Hackney. She mentioned to the police, before she saw the body, an injury to a finger by which she could identify it, and the mark was duly found. Yet the deceased was ultimately proved beyond a doubt, and admitted by Mrs. Banks, to be an escaped lunatic of the name of Hensman, who had poisoned himself where the body was found.

Curious mistakes of identity of bones occurred in the celebrated case of Eugene Aram; first in regard to the skeleton with the broken skull found in St. Robert's cave, and second in respect of the skull of Eugene Aram himself, which was produced many years after his execution, by a descendant of Dr. Hutchinson, who had taken it from the gibbet, and led to an animated discussion as to its identity.

The following are less well authenticated, and bear a suspicious likeness to better established cases, which, however, lack some of the most striking details. A Mrs. Robinson identified as her husband a man found drowned at Margate, and actually buried him as such in the family vault. Three days after the funeral she was startled by the sudden and unannounced return of her husband to his home. He was afterwards drowned at Brighton and identified only by the clothes found on the corpse. Subsequently another man, curiously enough of the same name, disappeared, and a body washed up at Gravesend was identified by two friends and buried as her husband by the wife. A few weeks later the missing man was arrested for attempting to commit suicide by drowning at Southampton. In the former of these cases the recognition is said to have been, in the first place, by means of a photograph.

In India it is not uncommon for one party in a riot case to hide one of themselves and charge the other party with killing him, producing some human remains, from a burning-ghat or elsewhere as the *corpus delicti*. Several cases of this sort have come under my own observation—one quite recently.

When I was District Superintendent of Nuddea Bishop Cotton was drowned at a place near Kooshtea in that district, and a body was taken from the river in the belief that it was his. Little was left but bare bones, and positive identification was impossible. It was about to be sent to Calcutta for burial with more than ordinary ceremony, when some one who knew the Bishop's height, his chaplain I think, bethought himself of measuring the skeleton and found that it was considerably shorter, or taller, I forget which, than that of the unfortunate prelate could possibly be. I need hardly add that the funeral arrangements were cut short.

The question of the identity of a dead body is constantly cropping up, and the number of cases in which this is never ascertained is very considerable. The state of society, and the physical conditions of the country, present many difficulties which do not exist in Western countries. Still there are some facilities for identification of nude bodies in India, which are usually wanting in Europe. Such are the marks of circumcision, or tattooing, the variety of ways in which the ears are bored, the hardened skin caused by pious genuflexions, the tanning of the skin, showing whether or not shoes were worn, and on which side the *chapcan* was fastened, the tinting of the hands and feet with henna or *alta*, etc., etc.\*

Mistakes of identity by those nearest of kin are naturally far more rare in respect of living beings than when death has lent his ghastly aid to the fraud. Yet instances are not unknown in which wives and mothers have been deceived as to the persons of their best beloved, though mostly after long intervals of absence. An early example is that of Arnold Du Tilh, who imposed himself upon the wife of Martin Guérre—a man who had absconded from home in the troublous times of the sixteenth century—and lived with her as her husband for three years. She was, however, the first to denounce him, but would inevitably have failed to establish his guilt—so satisfied were her relations and neighbours that he was no impostor—only that at the last moment the real Simon Pure re-appeared upon the scene. The difficulty now was to persuade him that his wife had really been mistaken. "A wife," he argued, "has more ways of knowing a husband than a father, a mother and all his relations put together; nor is it possible she should be imposed on, unless she has an inclination to be deceived."

A romantic story of maternal error of this kind is told of a

\* See Chevers' Manual of Jurisprudence for India,

Queen of Madagascar who, about the middle of the seventeenth century, seeing a French sailor bathing, claimed him as a long-lost son, and he, shrewdly humouring her in the delusion, became her successor, and ruled long under the name of King Samuel Turey Noro. So common was it formerly for mothers to lose their sons that up to the end of the seventeenth century Irish mothers, so Buckle tells us, were in the habit of marking their sons with gunpowder as a means of identifying them.

No more singular instance of failure on the part of a mother to distinguish her offspring need be cited than that of the Dowager Lady Tichborne, who professed to recognise, as her missing son, a man totally unlike what the real Sir Roger might have been expected to be. It was thought that the yearnings of maternal love had so got the better of her judgment as to prepare her to welcome any one whoever he might be. The odd part of it was, however, that there were others, not so influenced, who appeared to believe in the claimant as firmly as Lady Tichborne herself.

In India it has long been a trick with the Jogees, and the Jadua and Dacoutiya Brahmans to personate long-lost sons and husbands, and having insinuated themselves into the family secrets, to decamp with the valuables. The frequency with which people disappear still offers opportunity for this fraud. Personally I have only met with one instance, but I have heard, and Sir H. Elliott tells us, that cases are sometimes concealed out of regard for family honour. Sleeman's experience of these cheats was extensive. He wrote: "I have known many instances of their passing themselves off as lost members of families for many months, and even years, unsuspected by wives or mothers."

On the other hand the ease with which one individual can ordinarily recognise and distinguish another is truly marvellous. "What a Creator!" exclaims our old friend Mir Amman of Delhi in a paroxysm of religious fervour, "who from a handful of earth has created such a variety forms—all with noses, ears, hands, and feet, yet ~~yet~~ among thousands of created beings one can recognise whom one pleases!" What is it that renders identification at once so easy and so uncertain? Is the faculty keen only when the object to be identified is of our own race? No; for a shepherd can often identify each and every one of his sheep. Neither is the faculty confined to things living, for we can all of us readily recognise our own hat, gloves, umbrella, etc., though differing very slightly from others. In India the natives are equally expert in regard to their *lotas*, *thalis*, and shoes. Is it then familiarity

which gives us this power? Not wholly; for we often cannot tell the chair we daily occupy from another, or our own pocket-handkerchief from our neighbour's. Is it variety of form? Not altogether; for we cannot always at a glance distinguish one plant or one Chinese word from another. Is it merely the interest and attention with which we regard a thing? No; because we may play daily with the same set of billiard balls, yet be unable to recognise one ball from another, without a distinctive mark, though it is of the essence of the game that we should distinguish them. And, conversely, we can often identify handwriting in which we take no kind of interest. The answer therefore seems to be that all these influences play a part more or less important.

For instance, a glimpse of some great man in whom we feel a strong interest may enable us to recognise him long after, though the equally remarkable features of a companion may have escaped our memory. Here we have interest coupled with variety of form. In the case of our hat and gloves, and the shepherd with his sheep, there is interest and familiarity with very little variety of form. We read by rapidly recognising, not each letter, but whole words—just indeed as the Chinese do who have no letters. This can only be accomplished by great familiarity. Children and learners of strange languages must spell as they go. Our appreciation of variety of form in this case may be proved by changing even a single letter in a long word, and observing how easily the change is detected. It is, then, a combination of two or more of the above factors which enables us to identify things so readily. Man possesses a greater variety of detail than any other animal, and than most inanimate objects, and moreover possesses a greater interest for his kind. Hence he can be more readily identified by them. This very variety, however, coupled with a higher intelligence, enables him, if so disposed, to disguise himself more effectually than it is in the power of other animals to do. His features are more flexible than even those of his progenitor the monkey, and naturally vary more in detail. His voice is articulate and capable of great modulation. Gesture is almost peculiar to him. His colour is diverse, and his hair and dress are amenable to numberless artificial changes. His general contour, or figure, is also perhaps less stereotyped than that of most of the lower animals. The faculties of animals, especially in their wild state, are very much keener than those of civilized man, yet it may be doubted whether they can more readily recognise individuals of their kind. Certainly both wild and domesticated animals do sometimes make egregious mistakes. In the case of the former no one



is better aware of, and profits more by this failing than the cuckoo. A barn-door hen cannot distinguish between her own egg and a rough lump of chalk—a duckling and one of her own chickens. One sow will ignorantly rear the young of another. Yet nearly all domestic animals can recognise their friends and enemies of the human race—a dog often knowing his master by the mere sound of his footsteps. Among the very numerous dog stories may be found several of these faithful companions identifying the remains of murdered friends when the nearest and dearest relations had failed to do so. In the case of a lady of some note I read recently that her dog recognized her when fastened up in her coffin!

That among human beings the features of the face are the best aid to identification may be easily shown. Let them be changed in colour, or in the disposition of the hair, or let a feature be destroyed, and recognition is at once rendered difficult. The man in the iron mask concealed his identity for upwards of 40 years by merely covering his face. He was buried in his mask and his secret with him. So long, however, as the features remain intact other details may be dispensed with. No disguise of voice, figure, or clothing would avail much where the face was familiar and fully exposed to view. Nature, it is true, does occasionally produce two individuals so much alike as to be indistinguishable except to persons familiar with them. This most frequently occurs in the case of twins, but even with them the difficulty usually disappears when both are seen together. Shakespeare makes Adriana, in "a Comedy of Errors," exclaim: "I see two husbands or mine eyes deceive me," but this is a pardonable extravagance due to the exigencies of the plot. Several instances of remarkable resemblances, taken from the region of fact, will be cited presently. In the meanwhile I transcribe the following story, for the truth of which I will not vouch:—

The Count de Signiville and Count de Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both captains of light horse the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron, without the officers ever suspecting the change. Count de Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Signiville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent instead of the

guilty, rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day Count de Signiville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one-half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go into the next apartment and put his night-gown upon his brother who was concealed there, and taking the cloth which he had about his neck under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had first quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but to his great astonishment he found that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavouring to call him to life, Count de Autricourt retired again into the closet, and Count de Signiville, who was half-shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new source of surprise to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that subsisted between the two brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound the other felt pain; and this was the case with every misfortune that befel them, so that on this account they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both had often the same dreams. The day that Count Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever of which he died, Count de Signiville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and was nearly sinking under it.

Next to features, dress generally affords the easiest means of ordinary recognition. I once witnessed a signal failure by some villagers to identify a man who, personating a policeman, had tortured them for a space of several days, and so recently that they were still suffering from the effects. They were non-plussed simply because, when confronted with them, he was dressed in jail costume, and among twenty convicts similarly dressed. When at length told that the culprit was certainly before them they soon picked him out. Chinese, who, to the eyes of barbarians, dress very much alike, are proverbially difficult to distinguish. This may be due in part to the general similarity of Mongolian features or to the unfamiliarity of Europeans with them, for in a room full of strangers of our own race, all dressed alike, we do not experience the same difficulty. Dress may sometimes deceive even such astute identifiers as dogs aided though they are by scent—a faculty of not much assistance to man. I knew a magnificent, and very intelligent Pyrenean sheep-dog—now

alas! no more—who frequently mistook ladies in black dresses for his widow-mistress, much to their consternation, for he weighed some six stone, and was apt to be boisterous in the display of his affections. Dress has sometimes successfully disguised escaping prisoners. An amusing instance of this occurred in Calcutta some sixteen or seventeen years ago: one Baikunt, a notorious thief confined in the Presidency Jail, managed to get into the bath-room of the Governor's quarters, during some repairs, and concealed himself under a large bath. When the Governor had gone to bed, and was asleep, Baikunt emerged, and, dressing himself in that functionary's evening clothes and white hat, walked confidently past the sentry, who, failing to penetrate the disguise, paid him the usual compliment of a salute, and let him go forth unmolested! Darkness of course favoured this bold exploit. Other well-known instances of escape by changing clothes are those of the Earl of Nithsdale from the Tower of London, and Lavelette from a State prison in France. Both of these escaped in the guise of women, under very peculiar circumstances. Lady Ogilvie, condemned to death for aid lent to the Stuart cause, escaped from Edinburgh Castle by changing clothes with a decrepid old washerwoman. An equally well-known instance of failure to escape by means of disguise is that of the ill-starred Louis XVI, who attempted to escape with his family from Paris, but was recognized and taken back to his doom.

Men and women have often, among strangers, successfully concealed their sex, and with it their identity, by means of clothing. In one celebrated instance—that of the Chevalier D'Eon—sex was concealed even from intimates throughout a long life-time. The Pope Joan is another, if somewhat mythical, instance of a similar achievement. Deborah Sampson of Massachusetts served as a soldier about the year 1781, and like Joan of Arc was distinguished for her bravery. The history of pirates contains at least one instance of a woman serving under the skull and crossbones. In 1870 Bolton, Park, and Lord Arthur Clinton scandalized the public by going about disguised as women; and in 1882 a woman named Fearneaux retaliated by personating Lord Arthur Clinton who had died some years previously. Her object was rather to prey upon the public than to revenge her outraged sex, and as usual in such cases she found plenty of willing dupes.

The faculty of observation is possessed by some persons in a higher degree than by others—often in respect only to particular things. One has an eye for good points in a horse or dog, another for excellent qualities in flowers, fruit, etc.; a third will retrace

his steps through a labyrinth in which others would inevitably be lost ; a fourth will not readily forget a face he has once seen ; whilst a fifth is apt to trace family resemblances. The extraordinary discrepancies and want of unanimity in the case of these last mentioned observers would seem to justify a suspicion that often imagination is not without its influence. Sergeant Ballantyne in his "Experiences" gives an amusing instance of mistake. Mr. Broderig, a Police Magistrate, decided against a client of the Sergeant's father in a case of reputed parentage saying : " You made a very good speech, and I was inclined to decide in your favour, but you know I am a bit of a naturalist, and, whilst you were speaking, I was comparing the child with your client, and there could be no mistake, the likeness was most striking." " Why, good heavens !" exclaimed Ballantyne, " my client was not in Court. The person you saw was the attorney's clerk." And such truly was the case.

Observation, though mostly an innate faculty, may be cultivated with advantage. Practice will sharpen it considerably. Still it is at best far from infallible, and may be defeated by the tricks of memory and the changes wrought by lapse of years.

" Oh ! grief has changed me since you saw me last ;

- And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand

Have written strange defeatures in my face ;

But tell me yet : dost thou not know my voice ? "

The importance of establishing identity goes without saying. Had, for instance, any of the numerous false claimants to thrones been successful, the whole course of history might have been changed. Some of these did succeed for a time, and with a more or less numerous following caused much trouble. Tangoxarkes, pretending to be the executed Smerdis, managed to ascend the throne of Cambyses, but was, after some months, discovered and betrayed by one of his wives, from his want of ears which had been lopped off for some offence. In English history there were two pretenders to the throne of Henry VII. One Lambert Simnel, a baker's son, and, according to Lord Bacon, " a youth of very pregnant parts," who personated the Earl of Warwick, at the time a prisoner in the tower—the other Perkin Warbeck, son of a renegade Jew, who pretended to be Richard, Duke of York, and to have escaped from the assassins sent by his uncle to kill him and his brother. He also must have been a young man of much address, for he so imposed upon King James of Scotland that he bestowed on him the hand of the beautiful and virtuous Lady Catherine Gordon. The first of these adventurers was relegated to the king's kitchen in the

capacity of a scullion ; the other, persisting in his intrigues, was with the real Earl of Warwick executed for his pains. The history of pretenders to the English throne does not begin and end with these, for there are still living in London, or were quite lately, persons who falsely claim to be lineal descendants of the childless and luckless Charles Edward Stuart—himself styled a pretender. In Portugal three impostors claimed, with more or less success, to be Don Sebastian the King who was lost in Africa, in the year 1578, whilst fighting against the Moors. In Russia, after the death of Feodar, various claimants set themselves up as descendants of Ivan the Terrible, of whom the most successful was a monk named Otriefief, said to have borne an almost miraculous likeness to Demetrius, the murdered son of Feodar, whom he pretended to be. Subsequently the power of Catherine II was for a time shaken by one Jemeljan Pugatschoff, a private in the army, who took advantage of a strong resemblance to the murdered emperor to appear as Peter III, pretending that a soldier had been killed in his stead. There is a romantic story, too, of how in the middle of the seventeenth century the Maltese were deceived into the belief that a child they had captured with other prisoners was the heir of Sultan Ibrahim—the child being in reality the son of a slave of the harem. In France more than a score of persons have pretended to be that unfortunate son of an unfortunate father, the dauphin who perished from neglect whilst a prisoner in the hands of the Communists of 1793.

The number of persons who have falsely personated the heirs to titles and estates is numerous, and their history extremely edifying, as showing how ready a large section of the public is to believe almost any claim advanced with sufficient audacity, and how difficult it often is to disprove such claim. A singular Indian case of this description occurred about fifty years ago, and deserves especial notice.

A person of the name of Kristo Lal Brahmachari, who had been in the habit of wandering over India for many years under various disguises, and practising upon the credulity of his fellow-countrymen, assumed, in 1835, the name of Raja Pratab Chund, a *quondam* heir-apparent to the valuable zemindari of Burdwan, who had died in 1820 ; he told a marvellous story of his escape from the funeral pile ; alleged that he had passed fifteen years in pilgrimage as a penance for having listened to the doctrines of Ram Mohun Roy, and succeeded, without much difficulty, in imposing upon many credulous people. In the following year, having marched, at the head of a motley rabble, into the district of Bankura, he

was apprehended and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The year 1837 he passed in Calcutta, employed in perfecting his imposture, and strengthening himself by liberal grants of the Burdwan lands to all who were silly enough to advance him money, or otherwise aid him in his schemes. An action of ejectment was also commenced, in the Supreme Court, against the Raja of Burdwan, but was never proceeded with, as the impostor well knew that a judicial investigation would be fatal to his plans.

In 1838 he proceeded with a large fleet of boats to Culna, within the zemindari of Burdwan. His professed object was to institute an action in the District Court of Burdwan for possession of the zemindari, but from some intercepted letters of his to the chiefs of the hilly districts to the west of Burdwan, who had lately been in rebellion against the Government, it was ascertained that his real design was to employ force; and the Magistrate of Burdwan, in consequence, proceeded to Culna, with two companies of sepoy, and succeeded in securing the would-be Raja with the greater part of his followers.

By this time the excitement which the claims and proceedings of the pseudo-Raja had created throughout the country became very great, and it appeared absolutely necessary to the Government that a public inquiry should take place, in order that the question of his identity might be set at rest. The investigation was entrusted to Mr. Samuells, the Magistrate of Hooghly, and occupied many weeks. Much interest was manifested in the proceedings by all classes of the community, European and Native. The prisoner was defended by two of the most eminent counsel at the Calcutta Bar, and the mass of evidence taken was enormous. The result was that the prisoner was committed to the Sessions to take his trial on distinct charges of personation, obtaining money under false pretences, and riotous assemblage.

It was fully proved that the real Protap Chund had died, and been burned in the presence of many thousand spectators; and that the prisoner was not the party he professed to be. He was ultimately sentenced to pay a fine of Rs. 1,000, and after that period little was heard of him, except that he was at one time living in the bazars of Calcutta, sunk in debauchery, and preying on the credulity of the few dupes who still adhered to him. He died, some years ago, at Baidyabati, in the humble condition of a *jogí*.\*

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\* These details were kindly furnished by Mr. J. de Burgh Miller, Joint Manager of the Burdwan Ráj.

About the year 1853 a similar case was tried in the Calcutta Supreme Court. An impostor pretended to be a Bengali gentleman, who had died some three years before, declaring that he was thrown into the Ganges, and escaping had since lived as a fakir. The prolongation of a lapsed pension too has occasionally tempted unscrupulous men to personate deceased public servants. And it is surprising that the custom of *purdah nishin*, so favorable to personation, has not produced more instances of fraud by women.

The mistakes of officers of justice, in attempting to identify persons with the perpetrators of crime, have occasionally been attended with very disastrous results. A most remarkable instance of this was the celebrated Lyons case, in which one Lesurques was executed by mistake for Dubosc, on a charge of robbing the mail, the principal evidence against him being identification by his own father. Another instance is that of James Crew, who in 1727 was executed at York by mistake for Thomas Geddely, a man-servant who had broken open and robbed his mistress's scrutoire. Geddely was afterwards executed for a similar offence at Dublin, and then confessed to both crimes, exculpating Crew. So lately as two years ago a man named Nicholas Slaterry narrowly escaped conviction, for passing fraudulent cheques at Shrewsbury, by the opportune arrest of the real offender for a similar offence at Rugby. The likeness between the two is said to have been remarkable. Still narrower was the escape of William Smith of Eton from a harder fate in connection with the famous Cannon Street murder of 1866. A respectable housekeeper singled him out among fourteen others, and swore most positively that she had seen him leave the house just after the murder.

It was admitted that he knew and had threatened the woman ; that on the day in question he had expressed an intention of going to London ; and that there were trains by which he might have gone and returned.

Fortunately he was able to adduce overwhelming testimony to his having been at the time of the murder innocently engaged at Eton. In India, for some years after the Mutiny, persons were from time to time arrested and charged with being the Nana Saheb of execrable memory. These mistakes were, however, easily rectified, as the Nana was known to bear on his body the ineffaceable marks of a surgical operation, which rendered his identification a matter of absolute certainty.

Mistakes have, of course, been made from such obvious causes as defective sight or scant opportunity. The powers of vision

vary from total blindness to the faculty of seeing in the dark, said to have been possessed by Tiberius and Casper Hansen, the wild man of the woods. The most blind, as the saying goes, are those who won't see. Witnesses in riot and other cases who have at first sworn most positively to the complicity of an absconder so as to leave no doubt as to his identity, do often after his arrest—whether because their blood has cooled or their purses have been filled—deny in the most emphatic and brazen-faced manner that he is the culprit of whom they had previously given so minute and so faithful a description.

Much depends of course on the opportunity given for identification. This may be the mere instantaneous flash of a gun, or the deceptive light of the moon, and in such cases there must always be some doubt. In regard to the former there has been much conflict of opinion, notwithstanding that the question has been made the subject of scientific experiment. In the case of *Queen v. White*, tried at the Croydon Assizes in 1839, it was decided that the light from the flash of a gun was not alone sufficient for recognition. In a case of 1862 (*Reg v. Stapley*), tried at the Lewes Lent Assizes, an exactly opposite conclusion was arrived at. In France, Desgranges of Lyons concluded from experiments that on a dark night, away from every source of light, a person firing a gun might be identified within a moderate (?) distance, supposing the smoke not to be very dense.

Some enthusiastic *Savant* caused a flutter a few years back by starting a theory to the effect that the retina of the eye of a corpse will reveal a perfect representation of the last dying scene, and it was hoped that in this way murderers might be detected; but the idea—wild as that of poor Hugh Conway's, which is perhaps an adaptation of it—proved illusory. Others have sought to discover a means of identification in the thumbs of people, by taking an impression in wax as a sort of natural seal or sign-manual. This notion was, I believe, like many others, borrowed from the Chinese. Mr. Claud Warren has been attempting something similar with the whole hand, and tells us that in the Hill of Venus, the Line of Dreams, the plain of Mars, and the Mount of the Moon he has detected such ample variety as will serve his purpose. His experiments have so far been prosecuted, in violation of the old maxim, upon such unvile persons as Darwin, Gladstone, Spurgeon, the Duke of Argyll, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There are, perhaps, people who think that Nature has done sufficient for us in writing upon some men's faces a letter of credit.



which may safely be honoured everywhere it is presented. Sceptics, however, do not believe in the existence of any such infallible guide, some going so far as to think that if there is any outward distinction between a rogue and an honest man it is that the former wears the best clothes ! Certain it is that human ingenuity has so far failed to discover any satisfactory method by which the public shall be apprized of the identity and character of every individual, nor does it seem desirable that we should be called upon to sacrifice the certain and innocent advantages of occasional *incognito* for the problematical benefits of everlasting publicity. In the capital of China every one is compelled to bear his name upon his clothes, but the Emperor, fully alive to the danger of easy recognition by evil disposed persons, is said to travel with a number of persons dressed so as to exactly resemble himself. Bentham favoured the idea of artificial distinguishing marks. "It is a common usage among sailors," he wrote, "to trace their family and baptismal name upon the wrist in distinct and indelible characters. It is done that they may be recognized in case of shipwreck. If it were possible for such a practice to become universal, it would furnish a new aid to morals, a new power to the laws, an almost infallible precaution against a multitude of offences, especially all kinds of frauds, for the success of which a certain degree of confidence is necessary. Who are you? Who am I dealing with? There would be no room for prevarication in the answer to this important question." Had Bentham lived late enough to know Arthur Orton he might have felt less confidence in the efficacy of tattoo marks as a deterrent from fraud. He (Bentham) admitted that there were objections to the plan which, however, he stigmatised as "plausible." The obstacle to escape, which it might have imposed upon persons desirous of fleeing from the horrors of the French Revolution is an example he gives. He was also well aware that public opinion in its existing state would not tolerate such an institution. But he hoped that "patience and address" might change opinion, especially if a beginning were made by some great examples. "If it were the custom to print marks upon the foreheads of the great, an idea of power and of honour would be associated with them." It may be wondered what particular mark he would have selected to point a moral from the forehead of, say, Mr. Gladstone !

Beyond enforcing a distinction of sex, and of certain kinds of public servants, by means of dress, all that enlightened nations attempt in this way is to devise some humane system by which the authorities concerned may be able to recognise those members of

the community who, by persisting in a course of crime, render themselves obnoxious to the community, and liable under the laws to progressive punishment. In early times the barbarous but simple method of branding with a hot iron such felons as were not put to death was generally practised. The custom of searing human flesh was still prevalent in the reign of James II, when women transported to the American settlements were not unfrequently burnt in the cheek to prevent or detect their return, the men having their ears lopped off for the same purpose. And till the reign of George IV, all laymen who could claim the benefit of clergy were exempt from punishment for the first felony on condition of being branded in the hand. Bentham who lived only a generation ago was decidedly in favour of branding, though not with a hot iron, all persons convicted of certain offences and imprisoned for life. The military authorities actually marked with a D re-captured deserters up till within a few years ago. A recent Inspector-General of Police, too, endeavoured to resuscitate the practice in a form modified to suit the humanitarian tendencies of the age, and actually proposed that persons on second conviction of certain offences should be *vaccinated*—happy euphemism—in an unusual part of the body, so as to render them easily recognizable! This proposal did not find favour, yet it is a fact that a fairly effective system of branding for even a first offence is at this moment in full force. The rattan when well applied leaves marks which, if not indelible, last at least over the short intervals which the professional and habitual thief spends in the outer world, and afford the policemen a ready, if somewhat rough, means of recognising him as such. Another indication that the practice of branding is not altogether out of date is a recent trial at Singapore, in which it transpired that certain English merchants were in the habit of branding their coolies to prevent desertion; and the Batavian papers commenting on the proceedings spoke of branding as harmless, and frequently practised on coolies from Delhi.

The system in vogue in Bengal, by which it is sought to secure the identification of criminals, is the recording in a register of a description of the person of every one charged with a non-bailable offence.

This record is first made, legally or illegally—Mr. Walker of Purneah thought the latter—by the police, when sending the accused for trial. If not then made, and an escape took place between the arrest and imprisonment, there would be less chance of a recapture. Every conviction is registered by the convicting Magistrate and communicated to the head-quarters of each district. Indices are prepared

periodically, and the registers consulted whenever a prisoner is sent for trial. On admittance to jail a second, and perhaps more minute, description is recorded, and, if the convict is considered a fit subject, his photograph is taken, in *carte de visite* size, to be kept in the central Police Office for circulation when necessary. If the name and residence of the convict are unknown, the photograph is at once sent round to Superintendents of Police and Central Jails in the hope of identification. Every Sunday all police officers happening to be at district head-quarters visit the local jails and look out for acquaintances among the inmates.

This, and the off-chance of a recognition by warders, is the whole system of identification as at present practised in Bengal. It is not therefore surprising to find that old offenders are not unfrequently sentenced as if for a first offence.

For the system, it will have been observed, is strictly a district, and not a provincial system, and consequently wandering thieves, such as the Kururias and Dhámins, the Rárhí, Cashmiri, Kanjar, and Daryábádí Nutts, who have no fixed homes, and wander indiscriminately over several districts, are altogether out of its reach. Masudan Nutt caught stealing in Bhágulpur, and bearing unmistakeable marks of a previous conviction elsewhere, may yet defy you to discover his antecedents, if he only persists in meeting interrogatories with a discreet silence, or a string of glibly-told lies, such as folk of his kind have always at command. If you refer to neighbouring districts, you probably find that in each, at some time during the past few years, a man who gave that name has been convicted and punished, but the imperfect description recorded is just sufficient to show that they are none of them identical with the man in hand. For Nutts have *aliases* as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, and the result of your painstaking enquiry is that Masudan, after a brief sojourn in the house of his father-in-law—as he playfully calls H.M.'s jail—goes forth, an unregenerate rogue, to pursue his prey in “fresh fields and pastures new.” One chance there is against him, and that is that he may be recognised whilst awaiting his trial in jail. If, as is too often the case, a jail recognition comes after conviction, it is, alas! too late.

To say that this system is inadequate to meet the ever-growing demands for increased police efficiency is merely to admit that it has suffered the fate which must at some time overtake all institutions in these days of rapid progress. It requires, in short, to be brought up to date, and the only question is how this may be best effected.

First, in regard to the register: the main deficiency observable is that the descriptions, as at present recorded, are no

sufficiently minute and accurate, being mostly confined to a record of features, either uncertain from the first or liable to change—such as name, residence, age, general appearance—and therefore not calculated to secure the roll and its subject from becoming almost irreconcilably discrepant. The only points noted in which there is not likely to be much variation in the course of years are height and indelible marks. These latter, notwithstanding their importance, are sometimes overlooked, or not described with sufficient accuracy, leaving only the height to be depended on, and this alone is insufficient to differentiate among many thousands of criminals. But let the number of unerring indices be multiplied and the case is altered. The correspondence of even three or four such points, without discrepancy in general description, might be strong evidence, if not proof positive, of identity. It is therefore desirable to find, if possible, in each convict, other unvarying features which may facilitate identification. These carefully noted and classified, to facilitate reference and identification by means of descriptive rolls, becomes the best of all methods. In classifying them the first grand divisions might be according to language, the rolls of those whose mother-tongue appeared to be (1) Bengali, (2) Hindustani, (3) Uriya, being separated, and a fourth division kept for other languages. Each of these four divisions might again be divided according to height—into, say, five divisions, beginning with (1) below five feet, and ending with (5) over six feet. These again might each be classed as (1) very dark, (2) very fair, and (3) others. Then the circumference of the head and the length of the foot would afford each at least two more divisions. Cognizance might next be taken of the absence or existence of abnormal birth-marks, in the following manner: (1) those without birth-marks, (2) with birth-marks on head only, (3) on right arm only, (4) on left arm only, (5) on right leg only, (6) on left leg only, (7) on trunk only, and so on. Then might come artificial marks, such as those made by circumcision, vaccination, or inoculation, boring of ears and noses, tattooing, accidental injuries, etc. Lastly small-pox would furnish two more classes.

This would give upwards of 23,000 divisions, more by far than is necessary, for the number of convicts whom it would be desirable to register in this manner is probably under 100,000.\*

The above is meant merely as a rough indication of what might be done, and is not a carefully elaborated scheme. On the one

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\* The number of convicts liable to police supervision in 1884 was between 40,000 and 50,000

hand more or less valid objections may be raised against it—on the other hand the classification attempted is doubtless not the best possible. Supposing, however, it were found practicable to satisfactorily divide 100,000 criminals into 5,000 classes, it would then only be necessary to scrutinize twenty rolls to ascertain whether an unknown criminal had or had not been previously convicted in Bengal. Each primary division of the rolls might be kept for reference at fixed centres—say Central Jails—situated one in each of the provinces of Behar and Orissa and two at the Presidency. The rolls would of course need to be prepared by thoroughly qualified persons, and if this should be thought to be impracticable at all jails, the scheme might be restricted either to those prisoners only who are admitted into Central Jails—care being taken to transfer all unknown to one or other of those jails whatever their sentence might be—or to known habituals,\* and unknown fresh admissions. If the same plan were followed in other provinces, we should obtain a firm grip on the criminals of the whole of India. This admirable system is of French invention, and it is at least as well suited to India as to France.

Let us now turn to photography. The use of pictures for the identification of criminals is as old as the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the "ugly pictures," as they were called, of some notorious impostors and malefactors of that period, are still preserved.† Photography is an immense advance from these, and may, perhaps, when the newly-discovered "combination" method of taking likeness is perfected, become more to be relied upon. At present, despite its boasted accuracy, it is far from being infallible. Its greatest recommendation is certainly that by its means a person can be identified, though he be at large and unknown, which can rarely be affected in any other way. A man who has been drugged may recognise his poisoner from the photographs of professionals of this class in the possession of the police. Such recognitions are, however, uncommon, and unless only a prelude to a careful test in the usual manner, somewhat dangerous, for an ignorant and unscrupulous man is prone rather to stick to his identification, when confronted with the man himself, than to admit

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\* The term "habitual" has not yet been defined in Bengal. In the N. W. P. the following definition has recently been adopted: "Any one who, being convicted of any of the offences specified in Chapters XII and XVII, I. P. C. (except §§ 426, 427, 434, and 447), or of any offences against property, punishable with three years' imprisonment or more, is shown to have been previously convicted of any such offence, whether precisely the same offence or not." Also any one who on a second conviction, or on a double charge, is pronounced by a convicting Magistrate of the first class to be a professional bully, or professional perjurer, or forger, or habitual thief.

† This fact was brought to notice by Dr. Chevers in "Notes and Queries."

himself mistaken. Natives are not accustomed to photographs, and have been sometimes seen complacently contemplating one upside down. At home, where all people are familiar with them and many have themselves been photographed, they are most useful for police purposes, and, to cite one instance, were instrumental in the arrest of the murderer Lefroy. Still even in Europe they cannot always be depended on. The German police, by trusting too implicitly to a photograph, caused much scandal and annoyance to some innocent English tourists last autumn. And if, as is most probable, Miss Dash possessed a likeness of her ephemeral husband, its failure to convince the first jury is singularly strong testimony to the uncertainty of sun-pictures.

Photography, if used at all, should be given a fair trial. It should be combined with a better system of registration of criminals such as that described. The likenesses should be large, and the artist and chemicals good. One photograph should represent the criminal in prison costume, and another in the dress in which he was arrested, or ordinarily wears. The photographs, by means of which the assassin Abdullah was identified, were of the cabinet size, and taken by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd in several positions. An objection to this is of course the cost, but photography as an aid to the police is only necessary in a comparatively limited number of cases. In all ordinary cases the registers, if properly kept, would be more useful and should suffice. Little would be gained by photographing the thousands of thieves and burglars who ply their trade secretly or by night, and never, if they can help it, give an opportunity of identification. For these careful registration would be all sufficient. When caught offending an accurate roll could be prepared and sent to the jail, or other office of registration for identification, which, with the aid of the French system of classification would be readily accomplished. Photography may very well be reserved for those criminals who ply their calling openly, and who, without being arrested, give their victims a chance of recognising them again. Such are professional poisoners, utterers of base coin, railway pick-pockets, and cheats of various kinds. In these cases we often feel sure that the offence is the work of an old hand; we have the victim to identify him, yet the trouble and expense of bringing all the known criminals of the particular class before the complainant is prohibitive. Here photography is in its element. The portraits are shown to him, and even if he does not recognise among them the man who has injured him, the field of enquiry is much narrowed by the process of elimination.

To these cases then and a few others\* the use of photography might very well be restricted.

In conclusion I have only to repeat what I urged in a former article that, in addition to other measures, we should be the better for some enactment legalizing the detention of criminals believed to be old offenders, until their antecedents have been ascertained, and a proportionate punishment awarded them. And in the case of homeless wanderers, against whom no previous convictions can be adduced, they might, on release, be sent to a colony established under the Criminal Tribe's Act, and an attempt be made to turn them into honest and respectable citizens.

A. H. GILES.

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\* Photography might be used more generally for the identification of corpses—especially if Assistant Surgeons could use the camera. The remains of Rose Brown found murdered in Amherst Street, Calcutta, were identified by means of a photograph.

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## NIGHT WATCHES.

**SLEEP**, that I courted one sweet-scented night

    In a fair summer time, forsook me quite ;  
 And I, repining, rose and found it dight  
 With such a gladness from the soft moonlight  
 As ne'er before these eyes of mine had seen.  
 Dear lady Moon ! Surely I did repent  
 Of my ingratitude, as forth I went  
 Into a street that all the day had been  
 Noisy and dusty ; full of toil and strife ;  
 But now was full of stillness, as befitted  
 A world of respites, about which there flitted  
 Echoes and earnest of a higher life,  
 And angels who were women once, and now  
 With a grave pity kissed me on the brow.

If I should die to-night no woman would weep,  
 No child bewail my loss ; and I should sleep,  
 Methinks, more comfortably than I do.  
 I have been very near indeed to death ;  
 Have felt upon my forehead his cold breath ;  
 Have heard the beat of wings as he passed through  
 The room in which I lay awaiting him.  
 I could not see his face—all was so dim.  
 Methought 'twas kindly. Well, I know that he  
 Is not the tyrant men's imaginings,  
 Born of base fear, have pictured him to be.  
 A kindly angel rather, whose white wings  
 Cleave through the darkness of all nights, and bring  
 Rest that is sweeter than returning spring.



Clouds sail athwart the moon, and veil her face,  
Making a mock of her great love and pity.  
A chill, tremulous wind creeps throughout space  
And sighs, as though the Plague were in the city  
“Bring out your dead.” The stars are hiding away.  
Over the world Hell—wrack holds all dominion  
A weary while—till upon fiery pinion  
Upwards forcing a path, the God of Day,  
Freeing himself from prison bars, is sown  
A saviour of the world, whose flashing spears  
Have won all heaven, and avenged the moon,  
And driven down to Dis the doubts and fears  
That, whilst the darkness might be felt, had power,  
And used it cruelly a doleful hour.

Did ever sunrise yet fulfil the glory  
It had imagined for itself when first  
It broke the prison bars of night, and burst  
Strong and benignant on a waking world?  
Did ever sunset yet tell all the story  
Of quietude, and respiting from sorrows,  
Of hopefulness, and faith in bright to-morrows  
Wherewith it rose from dreamings in the west  
And glowing with a tale of love unfurled  
To bless the weary world with, prating of rest  
And filling it with peace ineffable?  
Alas! We follow in the sunrise quest  
And fail to see the sunrise—and the spell  
Of evening peace is not to us addressed.

JNO. HOOLEY.

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## SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

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1. *Contemporary Socialism*, by John Rae.
2. *The Socialism of to-day*, by 'Emile de Laveleye,' translated by G. H. Orpen.
3. *The Historical Basis of Socialism in England*, by H. M. Hyndman.
4. *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, by Laurence Gronlund.
5. *A Summary of the Principles of Socialism*, by H. M. Hyndman and William Morris.
6. *Art and Socialism*, by William Morris.
7. *The Modern Revolution*, by E. Belfort Bax.
8. *The Socialist Catechism*, by J. L. Joynes.
9. *Socialism in Theory and Practice*, by Karl Pearson.
10. *England's Ideal*, by Edward Carpenter.

"TO-DAY," in the words of Emile de Laveleye, the well-known Belgian Professor of Political Economy, "we see socialism everywhere. The red spectre haunts our imaginations, and we fancy ourselves on the eve of a social cataclysm. What is certain is, that socialism has recently spread under various forms to an extraordinary extent. In its violent form it is taking possession of the minds of almost all mining and manufacturing operative, and at this very moment it is beginning to invade the rural districts. The agrarian movement which lately agitated Ireland, which has just been suppressed in Andalusia, and which is brewing in other places, is plainly inspired by socialistic ideas. In scientific garb socialism is transforming political economy and is occupying the greater number of professional chairs in Germany and Italy. Under the form of State socialism it sits in the council chamber of sovereigns; and finally, under a Christian form, it is making its influence felt in the hearts of the Catholic clergy, and still more in the hearts of the ministers of the different Protestant denominations."

During the last few years socialism has extended to England. Socialistic societies exist in London, in the large manufacturing towns, at the Universities; wherever the social question is discussed, the socialistic remedy finds supporters, an active socialistic propaganda is carried on by lectures and through the press; these are socialistic organs supported by writers of ability. It is, therefore,

well worth trying to set before ourselves the nature of this proposed solution of the evils of society as at present constituted. It seems the more desirable because, while every one is familiar with the word "Socialism," but few are acquainted with the theories that lie behind the word. It is an ignorance for which there is much excuse, for socialism, in its largest sense, is a thing of Protean character. Here I propose to speak only of that socialism which has a distinct economical basis and which appeals, above all, to the workers. It may be convenient to adopt the classification of Mr. Belfort Bax, who is perhaps the most brilliant English exponent of socialism, and to exclude at the outset three distinct forms of socialism (omitting all reference to anarchism, which can scarcely be said to exist in England) which are by no means without interest and significance, but which have not the importance that attaches to scientific socialism.

The first of these forms, *Christian Socialism*, founds itself on the movement of Kingsley and Maurice of forty years ago; it is advocated by a small number of enthusiastic clergymen, as Canon Shuttleworth and the Rev. Stewart Headlam, and its chief organisation is a body called the Guild of St. Matthew. It also possesses two organs in the press—the *Church Reformer* and the *Christian Socialist*. Although the leaders of this movement invoke the names of Kingsley and Maurice, they desire to assimilate also some of the more modern socialistic teaching, more especially that of Henry George; they also demand the disestablishment of the Church and its reorganisation on a democratic basis. It is, however, difficult to obtain any clear notion of what Christian socialism means, because its chief exponents have not put forth any clear or generally accepted statements. It can only be said that they are much in favour of substituting co-operation for the present method of competition, but how that substitution is to be effected they have not yet decided. "The whole scheme," Mr. Bax remarks, "is so vague and intangible that it is quite possible that some persons may really believe in the accomplishment of vast changes of a really socialistic character, through the instrumentality of a classified Christianity—a Christianity which shall consist apparently of the skins of dead dogmas stuffed with an adulterated system of socialist ethics, and of formulas which, though to the simple mind they seem plain enough, the brotherhood of the Guild of St. Matthew will show us mean something quite different from what they seem." Nevertheless, the hearts of these men, as it has been said, are sounder than their heads. They have realised the profoundly democratic character

of the words and actions of the founder of Christianity; their instincts are generally true, as one of them has said:

"Do I dream only, and are dreams never fulfilled, when I see the many doing what now only the few attempt, becoming poor for the sake of the poor, and thus more truly becoming rich? I see the curse transferred from poverty to luxury, from humility to pride—I see the workhouse crumbling to dust, and the prisons tottering to decay; all hospitals free; orphanages, almshouses on every side; guilds for every profession and calling, but none for any class; poverty wearing no badge save that of blessing, and riches not distinguished, save by honourable deeds of philanthropy, self-denial, and love."

It may be said here, in passing, that socialism, on the whole, is not in sympathy with Christianity. There are, of course, obvious reasons for this. Modern Christianity has not always distinguished itself by a courageous adherence to its early communistic traditions; but there is probably a deeper reason than this for the antagonism. Marx and Lassalle were Jews, and as Laveleye points out the Jews have been nearly everywhere the initiators or propagators of socialism. According to the Jewish conception (and we see this throughout the Old Testament, and especially in the Book of Job), as there was no future life it was in this world or nowhere that justice must be realised. "The Jew," as Renan remarks, "is not resigned like the Christian. To the Christian poverty and humility are virtues, while to the Jew they are misfortunes and to be avoided. Abuse and violence, which find the Christian calm, enrage the Jew. Hence it is that the Israelite element has in our time become an influence of reform and progress in all countries where it is to be found." The truth is that socialism stands in the position of a rival to Christianity; it is Judaism *minus* the theocratic element. Mr. Bax, who sees a Greek element in socialistic ethics, is probably incorrect in denying the Semitic element. "Socialism," he tells us, "aims at a rehabilitation (in a higher form) of the classical utilitarian mortality of public life. It has no sympathy with the historical eternally revolving in upon itself transcendent morality of the Gospel discourses. \*.\* \* \* Though socialism has no sympathy with anti-Semitism, as generally understood, it certainly represents the assertion of the Aryan ethics (whether classical or Norse) of social utility as against the Semitic ethics of personal holiness." It seems, however, an error to suppose that that strenuous yearning after a vast social ideal in the future which we term socialism was a marked feature either in classical times or among the Norsemen.

The second form of unscientific socialism is the *Sentimental*. There is little to be said about sentimental socialism; it may be

allied with any definite theory or with none. It is, however, by no means to be treated with contempt. At present it is very widely spread, and is an important factor in the formation of social conceptions. It concerns itself, whenever it becomes formulated, with a moral ideal to be aspired after. It seeks for comprehension, for toleration, for sympathy, for equality; it desires to combine intellectual and manual labour as essential elements in its ideal of spiritual perfection. It has set on foot some small societies with the object of serving as *nuclei* around which the new ideals of social progress may crystallise. Mr. Ruskin might be described as a sentimental socialist. So might Mr. Bax, who is a prominent member of the Socialist League. That body, in fact, although claiming with some justice to be scientific in its methods, is in many respects typical of sentimental socialism. It admits theoretically of no *modus vivendi* with existing institutions. It contents itself with holding aloft in a corrupt and degenerate society its own lofty ideal of the future, and is somewhat burdened by a lingering belief in evolution.

The third form of unscientific socialism has been termed the *Utopian*. This is a very interesting division which need not now, however, be discussed. The schemes of Owen, Fourier, St. Simon, etc., were pretty but much too artificial to be successful. "Their attempts," Mr. Bax observes, "bear the same relation to modern scientific socialism that astrology or alchemy do to astronomy and chemistry."

Most bodies of Utopian socialists that have succeeded in surviving, as the Shakers, Perfectionists, etc., have been founded in America, and have identified themselves with peculiar religious tenets which largely subtract from their practical significance. An interesting account of many of them may be found in Nordhoff's work on the Communistic societies of the United States. One of the most interesting and vital of these bodies may be mentioned. The Icarians, who were founded by Cabet and emigrated from France in 1848, have never had a religious basis other than a positivistic one. After many divisions and vicissitudes the younger and more energetic body of Icarians has settled in California and is occupied with fruit-growing. They permit the greatest possible amount of freedom in their social organization, and might now almost be described as Anarchists. Their future career cannot fail to be of interest to all who feel the value of social experiments.

We now come to scientific socialism—the socialism which has obtained a large amount of success among the working-classes everywhere, and is exhibiting more or less militant energy in most Euro-

pean countries, as well as in America. Germany is the head-quarters of scientific socialism ; it is there that its greatest successes have been obtained ; Bismarck's State-Socialism and the rigid laws against socialists have encouraged rather than extinguished its activity. At the late elections the socialists returned 24 members to the Reichstag, the party receiving altogether 550,000 votes. This foremost position rightfully belongs to Germany, for it was there that the new economical doctrines arose.

It was in 1847 that Karl Marx, the great apostle of scientific socialism, with the help of his friend Friedrich Engels, drew up a manifesto, in the name of the German Communists in London, which formulated the two principles which still rule Germany and, indeed, to a large extent, European socialism. The two principles of that manifesto were (1), that the interests of the working classes are international ; (2), that working men must acquire political rights in order to break the yoke of the capitalists. It is in Marx's great work, *Das Kapital*, which is not yet completely published, though the first part appeared in 1867, that the whole gospel of scientific socialism is contained. It is, therefore, impossible to speak about English socialism without saying a few words about German socialism. *Das Kapital* is by no means easy reading ; it is written in a rigidly scientific fashion with great display of politico-economical learning. The science is sometimes perhaps vitiated by tinges of philosophy. Marx was in early life a disciple of Hegel. In *Das Kapital*, more especially in connection with the theory of value, there are distinct traces of the Hegelian method. It must be said, however, that in the preface to the second edition Marx endeavoured to minimise the significance of this Hegelian influence. Another hindrance to the study of *Das Kapital* lies, for the English reader, in the fact that no translation has yet appeared, although one has for some time been in preparation. It may, however, be read in French.

According to Marx, and to all scientific socialists, the fundamental assertion of socialism lies in the proposition that *labour is the sole source of wealth*. It follows from this that to labour all wealth is due. Capital, therefore, is necessarily the result of spoliation. In his assertion that labour is the sole source of value, Marx was accepting the doctrines already taught by the orthodox economists, Adam Smith and Ricardo ; and it is admitted by Laveleye that if we accept that starting point there is no escape from Marx's conclusions. According to this theory a useful article possesses value only because it represents labour. In respect of value, Marx asserts, commodities intended for exchange are merely crystallised

labour. Now this being so we have to enquire how capital arose. Not by abstinence or saving, as the old economists thought, Marx argues, nor by exchange, which is normally made on the footing of equality.

The capitalist, to become a capitalist, must gain possession of some commodity having the important quality of being a source of value; that is, he must purchase the workman's "labour-force," *arbeitskraft*, the sole source of all value.

Then, being enabled by the "iron law of wages" to get this commodity at a very low price, he can sell manufactured articles for less than they cost to make. In this way he obtains "surplus value," *mehrwert*. Labour-force produces more than it costs to be produced. Therefore whoever buys it and sets it to work for his own gain enjoys the source of all wealth. The cost of production of labour is the food and different commodities necessary to support the labourer and the children who will succeed him. The value of these commodities is measured by the time it takes to produce them; the value of labour, therefore, is equivalent to the number of hours needed to create what is necessary for the labourer's maintenance. At this point Marx is reproducing Ricardo's law of wages. According to this law wages always tend to approach that minimum which is necessary for the existence of the labourers; if wages rise above that level the number of labourers increase, and the wages consequently fall; if below, the less fortunate labourers die and wages consequently rise. Thus it comes to pass, according to Marx, that during the first few hours of the day the labourer is producing the commodities necessary for the existence of himself and his family; this is what Marx calls the "necessary labour;" the rest of the day's work—the "surplus value"—is appropriated by the employer, who thus obtains the labour of twelve hours in exchange for the produce of six. Capital comes into being from this surplus. "The mystery of productive value," Marx concludes, "resolves itself into this fact, that a certain quantity of labour is employed without being paid for."

This, in as few words as possible, is the cardinal doctrine of *Das Kapital*, which is generally accepted by orthodox scientific socialists. It is asserted or assumed in all the writings of the English socialists. Thus Mr. H. M. Hyndman, in his *Historical Basis of Socialism in England*, devotes his chief theoretical chapter to "labour and surplus value." He is not, it seems to me, "a very lucid exponent of scientific doctrines, nor is his temper of mind distinguished for its temperate and judicial calm. *Socialism in England* is, however, distinct-

ly the most important contribution to socialist literature yet rendered by an English socialist, and it shows throughout considerable mastery of the subject in hand. Mr. Hyndman looks upon the fifteenth century as the golden age of the people in England. He describes with much satisfaction the days when nearly every labourer had, besides the large commons skirting his village, his own patch of ground and lived almost rent-free, the days when the sumptuous living of the poor so scandalised the upper classes that sumptuary laws were passed, prohibiting labourers from wearing silver girdles or clothing, which cost more than two shillings a yard. The Wars of the Roses and the dissolution of the Monasteries struck the chief blow at this condition of things; and, finally, at the beginning of the present century, the great industrial revolution, with its substitution of machinery for manual labour, completed the degradation of the labourer and the subjugation of labour to capitalism which, according to Marx, has arisen in the sixteenth century. But at the same time the great modern democratic movement had its start; Spence had already formulated his scheme of land nationalisation which found many adherents; and in 1835 the Chartists came to the front with their "five points," which were long regarded as the Gospel of democracy, and which are still in process of realisation.

In 1864 the International was founded in London with the object of uniting the working men of all countries in one great confederation. Carl Marx was its organiser; it gained ground steadily, and had reached very large dimensions by 1870. After the period of the Commune, which Marx had discouraged, dissensions and divisions arose, and in a few years time the International ceased to exist as a unity. In 1880, three years after the International came to an end, the first body of English socialists, the Democratic Federation, was founded, chiefly owing to the energy and devotion of Mr. Hyndman who has ever since remained at its head. It is owing to the activity of the Democratic Federation, aided by the enthusiasm called forth by Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, that socialism has obtained a distinct footing in England. Its programme comprises adult suffrage, annual parliaments, cumulative taxation, State appropriation of railways, abolition of hereditary authorities, legislative independence of Ireland and nationalisation of the land. Its general conception and aim are thus set forth in the *Principles of Socialism*:—

"The increased power of man over nature is gained by co-operation, by social machinery, by associated labour, by skilfully concerted work. This has been due to countless ages of growth and development, involving often the most horrible oppression, but ever producing more wealth with less labour. We



inherit the results of this long martyrdom of man to the forms of production and exchange. It is for us to take hold of and use these improvements for the enfranchisement of the people, and for the establishment of happiness and organised contentment for mankind. We, in England, have arrived at the completest economical development. Our example, therefore, will guide and encourage the world. All over the planet the same ideas are abroad. In Germany, France, Scandinavia, Russia, Italy, Spain, far away in the ancient empires of Asia as well as in America, and the other flourishing colonies of our days, the labourers stretch out their hands to one another for help, co-operation and encouragement in the struggle which manifestly draws near. Confident in their cause the socialists alone of modern parties can march steadily forward in international comity, to the assurance of victory for all.

"Thus then, based upon science and political economy, rejoicing in the beauty of an enfranchised art, with our social creed as our only religion—the scientific organisation of labour and the universal brotherhood of man—we appeal to men and women of all classes, all creeds and all nationalities to join us in the struggle wherein none can fail, to prepare for themselves and for their children a nobler, higher lot than has hitherto been their's, and to pass on to countless generations that joy, that beauty and that perfect contentment which can arise from true socialism alone."

The language used by the members of the Federation is not always consistent; sometimes it is violent and appears to invoke physical force; at other times, and especially lately, it seems to tend towards political opportunism. The Federation takes every opportunity of making capital out of political and social events as they arise, by public demonstrations, and through its organs the monthly *To-day* and the weekly *Justice*, an active little paper marked by reckless abuse of all persons and things connected with the present state of society—an abuse, one is glad to find, which is not always to the taste of that wage-earning class that the Federation seeks to attract.

At the end of last year a new Socialist body, the Socialist League, was formed, chiefly in consequence of dissensions within the Federation, for, as Mr. Rae observes, socialists have ever been suspicious of one another. William Morris, the poet, who has devoted his immense energies to the cause of socialism, may be described as the leader, or as he would himself term it, with the help of a species of cant common among socialists, the humble servant of the League. He is the editor of its monthly organ, the *Commonweal*, which will soon, however, be published weekly. The *Commonweal*, under Morris's direction, does not, like *Justice*, take a lively interest in current politics. It distinguishes itself favourably from that paper, however, by its high tone, and the more solid character of its contents. If the weekly issue should preserve the same features it will say much for the ability and energy of English socialists. The League

distinctly describes itself as revolutionary ; it has no faith in Parliamentary action. As Mr. Morris says in the *Commonweal* :—

“Philanthropy has had its day and is gone ; thrift and self-help are going ; participation in profits, Parliamentaryism and universal suffrage, State socialism will have to go the same road, and the workers will be face to face at last with the fact that modern civilisation with its elaborate hierarchy and iron drill is founded on their intolerable burden, and then no shortening of the day's work which would leave profit to the employer will make their labour hours short enough. They will see that modern society can only exist as long as they bear their burden with some degree of patience ; their patience will be worn out, and to pieces will modern society go.”

The League adheres, however strictly, to what it considers a scientific and historical development of socialism. Its policy therefore is of a *laissez faire* character. Mr. Lawrence Gronlund, a recent member of the League, author of an able exposition of socialism, *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, writes in a recent number of the *Commonweal* :—

“The grand doctrine of evolution which English scientists have installed on the throne of the human mind is the greatest intellectual revolutionary achievement since Copernicus, since it is nothing less than the divine basis on which the splendid edifice of Socialism is to be reared. Therefore the keynote to all my remarks will be this, that socialism is—not the best, not the wisest system—(though that certainly it is as soon as the conditions are ripe)—but the *INEVITABLY next* stage in our development ; that socialism, in other words, will be but the necessary historical product of English life, philosophically, religiously, industrially, politically and socially. We have not come to destroy but to fulfil.”

The Council of the Socialist League, it should be said, as well as that of the Democratic Federation, is largely composed of working men. Both associations have branches in various parts of the country. At present each body severely ignores the other. They will probably find, if they both continue to exist, that, while it may not be possible to reunite, their common interests will render desirable some amount of joint action. The present state of rivalry and jealousy does much to discredit both.

One other society may be mentioned. The Fabian Society was formed in 1883 from an impulse given by a series of meetings for the discussion of the basis on which society should be founded. The Fabians took their name from that old Roman, of whom it was said *cunctando restituit rem* ; that is to say, they started with the conviction that social changes must take place with the greatest amount of deliberation, and be preceded by the largest amount of study and investigation. While the acquisition of knowledge concerning social movements and theories forms a large part of Fabian

work, the society has, to some extent, departed from its original programme and become a propagandizing body. It contains an increasing body of men and women who advocate social reforms of a more or less socialistic nature, and many of them will in time be drafted on into one or other of the more pronounced socialistic associations.

I have said nothing of land nationalisation. Henry George's well-known work probably gave the first impulse to the modern socialist movement in England, and there are several societies, especially the English Land Restoration League, engaged in an active propaganda of George's doctrines. Mr. Alfred Wallace, the eminent naturalist, also finds adherents for his less radical scheme of occupying ownership under the State, and there is a very large amount of literature connected with the subject. The conception of land nationalisation has undoubtedly deeply affected the popular mind, and it is possible that in the next Parliament we shall see distinct traces of its influence. The orthodox scientific socialist feels, however, a little aggrieved by the activity of the land nationalists. It is but one department of the socialistic scheme, and he will not stop short of the whole. As Mr. Bax expresses it: "Land nationalisation is the child of true socialism, but it has been by Mr. George 'from its mother's womb untimely ripped.' Land communisation can only come effectually as the natural issue of a general socialist revolution."

It is probable that the number of *actual* members of the English socialistic bodies is not so large as those who look with horror on the influence of socialism are inclined to believe. But the power of the movement has not alone to be reckoned by numbers, but rather by the energy and ability of its representatives. No one can fail to recognise the determination and self-sacrifice of, at all events, a large proportion of the English socialists. Some months ago a conference was held in London concerning Industrial Remuneration, and the questions that arise out of it. At this conference delegates were present from a very large number of working-men's and other societies.

The socialists were distinctly in a minority, but it was remarkable that, whenever any energy, eloquence or enthusiasm was displayed, it was nearly always on the side of socialism. The advocates of the *in statu quo* were felt to be somewhat depressing. Sir Thomas Brassey's and Mr. Giffen's papers explaining the minute fragments of progress which had taken place during the last fifty years, under present conditions, in the position of labour, were not warmly receiv-

ed. Nor did Mr. Frederic Harrison's Exposition of Comte's views concerning the "moralisation" of the capitalist fare much better. "Moralise capital!" exclaimed Mr. Burns, a working-man delegate of the Democratic Federation with much energy. "Moralise capital! You might as well try to moralise the lion who was about to devour the lamb; you might as well attempt to moralise the boa constrictor that had its coils around the body of its victim. Could you moralise the retired capitalist out of his three hundred square miles of deer forest, or Sir Thomas Brassey out of his steam yacht, or Mr. Chamberlain out of the guinea orchid in his button hole?" There are many other indications that socialism in one form or another is about to occupy a large place in social and political reform. In the House of Lords, Lord Wemyss has been lamenting lately, without, however, obtaining much sympathy, the socialistic tendencies of recent legislation. Mr. Chamberlain has been advocating various reforms that are distinctly of the nature of State socialism, and the Conservatives are also holding out socialistic baits. The most vital questions of social reform are becoming subjects of discussion in a manner that would have seemed Utopian a few years ago. It is not long since those who attacked the old political economy of Adam Smith and Ricardo and Malthus and Mill seemed to feel that they were rebels dashing themselves against the impregnable fortress of economical science. One feels this in the utterances of Coleridge, of Carlyle, of Ruskin. Now everything is reversed. Since Fawcett's death, indeed, there is not a single distinguished representative of the old unmodified political economy left in England. Even the *Times* admitted not long since that political economy is being revolutionised.

These questions have a wider bearing than the internal economy of the home-country; it is unnecessary to point out that they involve in the most fundamental way its external relations. England's relations to India have much exercised the minds of English socialists. For it is not England alone, they assert, that is being ruined by capitalism and the commercial spirit. In Ireland, says Mr. Hyndman, the famines are purely modern and artificial.

"And in India capital and officialism act the part which the landlord class plays in Ireland. We are drawing from that unfortunate country year by year, as interest on railways, interest on debt, profit for transmission, pensions for work done, and salaries in the country, agricultural produce to the amount of not less, certainly, than £30,000,000 a year—that is to say, the food of fifteen millions human beings a year. Here is at once enough to account for the appalling increase of poverty and the deterioration alike of the soil and the people in India." And he adds: "I have never yet found an Anglo-Indian

official, from Sir John Strachey upwards or downwards, who could hold his own for half an hour on this point."

Such a movement as socialism cannot fail to arouse a vast amount of antagonism. And not alone among the capitalists, landowners and officials who naturally identify themselves with the existing order. Many of those who most warmly sympathise with socialism are repelled when they find its champions advocating it as a mere class war, carried on from the most selfish motives for the most material ends. In the *Principles of Socialism* we read: "We say once more this is a class war; we know it; we are preparing for it; we rejoice at its near approach. We mean to break down competition, and to substitute universal organisation and co-operation. There lie around us the necessary methods: they need but to be applied. But there are many difficulties and dangers; the power of wealth is great, the unscrupulousness of property knows no bounds? We are well aware of this: we see and do not shrink from the inevitable struggle." Lassalle, who did more than any man to create the socialistic party, and who was the leader of the German National Socialists, has said the same thing in a far finer and more conciliatory form. I quote from his "Working Man's Programme:—

"Whoever invokes the idea of the working class as the ruling principle of society, in the sense in which I have explained it to you, does not put forth a cry that divides and separates the classes of society. On the contrary, he utters a cry of *reconciliation*, a cry which embraces the whole of the community, a cry for doing away with all the contradictions in every circle of society; a cry of *union* in which all should join who do not wish for privileges, and the oppression of the people by privileged classes; a cry of *love*, which having once gone up from the heart of the people, will for ever remain the true cry of the people, and whose meaning will make it still a cry of love, even when it sounds the war cry of the people."

If English socialism should ever find its Lassalle, it would soon probably attain the dimensions of German socialism. It cannot be denied, however, that it has enlisted the services of some of England's finest-hearted sons. The adherence of William Morris has done much to give weight to English socialism; he has spoken many noble words for the cause of work and the workers.

"In all civilised countries" (I am quoting from 'Art and Socialism'), "but most of all in England, the terrible spectacle is exhibited of two peoples, living street by street, and door by door—people of the same blood, the same tongue, and at least nominally living under the same laws—but yet one civilised and the other uncivilised.

"All this I say is the result of the system that has trampled down Art and exalted Commerce into a sacred religion; and it would seem is ready, with the ghastly stupidity which is its principal characteristic, to mock the Roman

satirist for his noble warning by taking it in inverse meaning, and now bids us all 'for the sake of life to destroy the reasons for living.'

"And now in the teeth of this stupid tyranny I put forward a claim on behalf of labour enslaved by Commerce, which I know no thinking man can deny is reasonable, but which if acted on would involve such a change as would defeat commerce; that is, would put Association instead of Competition, Social order instead of Individualist anarchy.

"Yet I have looked at this claim by the light of history and my own conscience, and it seems to me so looked at to be a most just claim, and that resistance to it means nothing short of a denial of the hope of civilisation.

"This then is the claim :—*It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.*

"Turn that claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim; yet again I say if society would or could admit it, the face of the world would be changed; discontent and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward could not fail us! What serious harm could happen to us then? And the price to be paid for so making the world happy is Revolution: Socialism instead of *laissez faire*."

Nearly forty years before another great artist, Richard Wagner, had spoken similar words (in his *Kunst und Revolution*) which Bebel, one of the leaders of German socialism to-day, declares to be "entirely socialistic in spirit."

"When our freemen of the future are no longer compelled to make the support of life the object of life, when the realisation of a new faith, or rather of a new knowledge, assures to all the means of livelihood in return for congenial and useful labour;—in short, when industry is no longer our mistress but our handmaid, we shall discover that the object of life is joy in living, and seek to train our children to the full capacity of enjoyment. Education, starting with the development of strength and of physical beauty, will assume an artistic character, from unimpeded love to the child and delight in its growing charms, and in truth every human being will become an artist in one direction or another. The variety of natural tastes will lead to the development of the most manifold talents to an unprecedented extent."

Edward Carpenter, the author of "Towards Democracy," represents, like William Morris, the finest strain of English socialism, though he has less closely identified himself with socialistic organisations, and insists more strongly on the necessity of a moral basis. He has clearly realised that our present paths will not bring us to a true and genuine individualism, but rather to anarchy. Socialism, it has been said, is the school master to lead us to individualism.

"Socialism," he says, "if that is to be the name of the next wave of social life, springs from and demands as its basis a new sentiment of humanity, a higher

morality. That is the essential part of it. A science it is, but only secondarily ; for we must remember that as the *bourgeois* political economy sprang from certain moral data, so the socialist political economy implies other moral data. Both are irrefragable on their own axioms. And when these axioms in course of time change again (as they infallibly will) another science of political economy, again irrefragable, will spring up, and socialist political economy will be false.

"The morality being the essential part of the movement, it is important to keep that in view. If socialism, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has pointed out, means merely a change of society, without a change of its heart—if it merely means that those who grabbed all the good things before shall be displaced, and that those who were grabbed from shall now grab in their turn—it amounts to nothing, and is not in effect a change at all, except quite upon the surface. If it is to be a substantial movement, it must mean a changed ideal, a changed conception of daily life ; it must mean some better conception of human dignity such as shall scorn to claim anything for its own which has not been duly earned, and such as shall not find itself degraded by the doing of any work, however menial, which is useful to society ; it must mean simplicity of life, defence of the weak, courage of one's own convictions, charity of the faults and failings of others. These things first, and a larger slice of pudding all round afterwards ! "

It would not be safe to forecast the future of socialism in England. In the *Commonweal* lately a discussion was proposed as to the reasons why Socialists established no separate community for carrying out their doctrines. No contributions to this discussion appeared. Socialists view with repugnance any immediate and limited application of their principles. The work of socialism, Morris lately asserted, is not to take practical action, but " to make socialists." Doubtless this is a true instinct. The vast living and flowing forces of society cannot be thrust into any inflexible mould, however " scientific." Progress must be a growth—a growth that is always to a large extent incalculable. At least, however, it may be said that the next social reformation will be profoundly affected by the leavening influences now at work. And the history of the past, with its great rhythms of Socialism and Individualism, makes it seem likely that many of our present social difficulties will tend to a socialistic solution. Labour and capital were differentiated from a period of simple primitive socialism. It may well be that the history of the future—though probably not of the immediate future—will show a re-integration of these elements on a higher plane, the result of which will be a more complex new socialism.

S. OLIVER.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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REPORT ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE PUNJAB AND ITS DEPENDENCIES FOR 1884-85. Lahore Government Printers.—

It may surprise some readers in England to learn that the number of Native States subordinate to the Punjab Government is thirty-four. Throughout these, irrigation works, canals, railways, postal communications and other evidences of the rule of England are rapidly advancing. Less than fifty years ago, the land of the five rivers was as distinctly hostile to English rule as the Afghans were during the second Afghan war. Now the vast territory embraced under the title of the Punjab and its dependencies is as 'loyal as peaceful,' and in a measure as progressive as most of the provinces which have longer enjoyed the advantages that follow from a stable and just Government. Proofs of the loyalty of the Native States of India have been conspicuous on many occasions, but in the spring of 1885, when His Highness the Amir of Afghanistan was received by the Viceroy at Rawalpindi, the Native States of the Punjab exhibited their loyalty and attachment to the Crown in a very marked manner.

The Maharaja of Patiala, the Nawab of Bahawalpur, and the Rajas of Jind, Nabha, Kapurthalla, Faridkot and Chamba, were present at the Camp. Contingents comprising a total strength of 3,326 rank and file, from Patiala, Bahawalpur, Jind, Nabha, Kapurthalla and Faridkot, took part in the proceedings, and were brigaded with the British troops. From a provincial point of view one of the most striking features of the occasion was that in a time of some political anxiety, offers of service in men, money and supplies reached the Government in numbers from all sides. Leading Darbaris from every part of the Punjab were assembled and two Darbars were held by the Viceroy. The presence of a large proportion of the principal men of the Punjab offered a good opportunity for some real test of the feeling of the Province. No one who met these gentlemen at Rawalpindi could fail to be struck by the sincerity and depth of the good feeling towards the British Government, which one and all evinced. Amongst offers of service made by Chiefs may be mentioned those received from the Phulkian States, from Bahawalpur, Kapurthalla, Bilaspur, Nalagarh, Bhagal, Bajji, Bhagat and Kuthar.

Though the progress of the Punjab has been undoubted it is



not always safe to place one's trust in Indian statistics, because there are so many disturbing elements which affect their accuracy. This is now pretty generally acknowledged ; and statements made on the authority of the Director-General of Statistics are received even by his colleagues in the Council with a grain of salt.

"The collections on account of land revenue exceed the amount of the previous year by three and a half lakhs, and there is internal evidence in the land revenue accounts that the policy of prompt suspensions and remissions in all cases of real agricultural distress is fully recognised. Four and a half lakhs were advanced during the year under notice for agricultural improvements, and there is every reason to believe that with five lakhs a year at its disposal for the purchase of seed grain, bullocks, &c., the Government of the Punjab will take care to secure an equal administration of the allotment which will affect a marked influence in districts where artificial irrigation is rendered imperative by deficient rainfall. •

During the course of last summer frequent conferences were held with a view to the amendment of the Land Revenue and Tenancy Acts of the Province. Bills for these purposes have been accordingly published and submitted to the Government of India. The main objects of the Tenancy Bill are—

- (1). To place original settlers in as good a position with reference to occupancy rights as their successors ;
- (2). To adjust the present scale fixed for the enhancement and reduction of the rents of occupancy tenants with reference to the land revenue demand :
- (3). To restore power to Settlement Officers to fix the rents of occupancy tenants at the time of the assessment of land revenue ; and
- (4). To make provisions for more liberal compensation on ejection.

The police of the province comprises a total strength of 20,429 rank and file, maintained at a total estimated cost of Rs. 31,82,500, of which Rs. 26,70,600 are paid from provincial revenues and the balance from Municipal Cantonment and other funds.

At the end of 1884-85 the number of Municipalities in the Province was 202, or the same as in the previous year. In connection with the measures for the improvement of the administration of octroi, the abolition of 37 small Municipalities, which are no more than agricultural villages, has recently been directed. These will therefore cease to be municipalities at an early date. It is intended to entrust to the new Local Boards the sanitary and other duties heretofore performed at these small places by the Committees. Considerable progress has been made in the business of substituting wholly or partly elected for nominated Committees. In 1883-84 there were five wholly elected, five partly elected and partly nominated, and 192 wholly nominated Committees. In 1884-85 the figures were 10 and 110 and 82 respectively ; or in other words the system of election was extended to 110 towns where previously all appointments to the office of member of Committee were made by nomination. Rules to regulate these elections were framed under Act IV of 1873, and have recently been revised

under the new Act XIII of 1884. In the more important towns, such as Lahore, Delhi, Amritsar and Dharmasala, special rules have been drawn up suitable to the wants of the particular localities. Before the end of the year the new Act was applied to Delhi, Simla, Lahore and Dharmasala. Since then rapid progress has been made in the extension of the Act, and there are now not less than 79 first and second class Municipalities of the Province in which it is in force.

The income from octroi has been somewhat reduced by the steps taken to improve the administration of the tax. But the local income from taxes of all descriptions was Rs. 23,73,403, with an incidence of Rs. 1-1-8 per head of the town population. The expenditure incurred by the Committees amounted to Rs. 27,95,838, against Rs. 29,90,153 in the previous year. The balance at the credit of the several municipal funds at the end of the year was about 12½ lakhs.

The number of scholars in public educational institutions rose from 125,906 in the previous year to 132,993, an increase of about 7,000, or 5½ per cent. Numerically the greatest addition took place in Primary Schools; but proportionately the increase of about 50 per cent. in Arts Colleges was far higher than in any other department. The total expenditure on education during the year was in round numbers 20 lakhs of rupees, of which Rs. 7,14,410 were contributed from Provincial revenues, Rs. 6,55,104 from Municipal or Local Funds, Rs. 2,08,534 from fees, and the remainder from miscellaneous sources. The increase from fees is very satisfactory.

The number of students in the two Arts Colleges, namely, St. Stephen's College, Delhi, and the Government College, Lahore, is now 225, or almost exactly double what it was two years ago. For the first time candidates went up to the Entrance Examination of the Punjab University from extra-provincial institutions. The management of the Oriental College has been re-organized in accordance with the rules proposed by the Chancellor of the University.

Under the head of Secondary Education the increase of scholars was 1,160, or 15 per cent. It is in this stage that education must become self-supporting, and until the wants of primary education have been thoroughly satisfied, existing secondary schools will not, as a rule, be allowed to increase beyond the capacity of the teaching staff, except on condition that a very substantial share of the cost of the additional staff required and of the whole extra expenditure is provided from private sources and extra fees.

In special education the most striking feature of the year is that arrangements have been made in the Lahore Medical College for the admission of female students. Several of the women attending the classes know no language but the vernacular. This movement is in accordance with the wider movement now in progress throughout India for the relief of female suffering by female medical aid, and will, it is hoped, prove of much benefit. The Lieutenant-Governor has recently submitted for the sanction of the Government of India and the Secretary of State a scheme for enlarging the Lahore Medical College by the appointment of two additional Professors and in other ways. The scheme is based upon contributions from Local Bodies which will be supplemented by a provincial grant-in-aid of equivalent amount. The Committees and Boards of the Province have readily responded to the call made upon them for help in this important undertaking.

Altogether the condition of the Punjab and its Dependencies,

as exhibited in the very able and exhaustive report under note, is such as reflects the highest credit on the officers to whose energy, skill and unremitting labour the Punjab owes so much.

**PROGRESS REPORT ON ARBORICULTURE IN THE PUNJAB FOR THE YEAR 1884-85.**—The interest which the Governments of the various Provinces of India take in the preservation and extension of forests has been sufficiently marked in recent years to be notable. Apart altogether from the question of fuel and timber the climatic functions discharged by forests are now fairly well understood, and a charge of criminal neglect would lie at the door of any government which would choose to neglect the vast interest involved in arboriculture. The Punjab Progress Report is satisfactory so far as it is an evidence that the subject is being treated with intelligence and caution in that province, but it is very evident that a good deal remains to be done before the Punjab can be said to present an aspect arboriculturally satisfactory. The omission of statements of income and expenditure from six districts renders the Report valueless or nearly so for purposes of comparison. The planting of avenues has made considerable progress; 1,840,373 feet of single lines have been planted during the year. This translated into miles would give about 349 as the number of miles planted in avenues. Compared with the whole province and its dependencies this is comparatively a small advance, but if it is continued yearly and care taken to preserve what has already been planted, the progress is likely to be very apparent in the course of years. Among the forest districts either cultivation has failed or trees and plants already planted have died out in 914,033 feet. The Lieutenant-Governor very properly calls for an explanation of this severe loss from the Rohtak division. This is one of the dry districts, and no doubt satisfactory reasons will be forthcoming for this failure.

**MYAM-MA, THE HOME OF THE BURMAN.** By Tsaya. *Calcutta. Thacker Spink & Co.* 1886.—“The Home of the Burman” does not profess to be more than “a few fragments gathered from an experience of some years in the country.” The writer, who was English teacher to the royal family of Burma during the lifetime of Theebaw’s father, had many opportunities of obtaining glimpses of Burman life which few Europeans have enjoyed. The close relationship in which he stood to the sons of the late king Mindoon Min enabled the writer to form a fairly just estimate of their capacities as possible rulers. With reference to Theebaw the author says that as a boy he gave great promises, was bright and intelligent, and was kept with more care and had more lavish favour bestowed upon him than the other royal princes. Of course it is now clearly understood that Theebaw

was not the coarse ruffian which the acts perpetrated under his name naturally implied. He was the dupe and tool of ignorant, ambitious, schemers who foolishly worked his ruin. "The Home of the Burman" is a thoroughly readable little book, unpretentious, gossiping and never dull. The reader is carried through its ninety pages pleasantly, and it will probably spread, on the points it touches, clearer and more accurate views than a more elaborate treatise would accomplish.

Stealing and untruthfulness are not a general failing among the Burmese. They are, says the author, generous and warm-hearted, liberal and kind to their own, and by no means niggardly and peevish to strangers. Their great vice is gambling, which appears to have been originally borrowed from the Chinese. The use of opium and arrack they have also imbibed from the Race of the Sun. The Burmese are extremely polite; they are in this respect essentially the French of the East. This trait of the national character, however, is rather spoiled by the dulness and stupidity of the peasant. In reply to your enquiries he will put on a long face, and invariably answer 'ná-ma-lay-bóo,' 'I do not understand.' And when he has once expressed himself in this way, nothing you may say will extort any other idea from him but to repeat 'ná-ma-lay-bóo.' For if you ask a second time, he becomes impatient, and asserts more strongly 'ná-ma-lay-bóo-day,' 'I do not understand, I say.' And if you press still further for information, he will wax more intense 'ná-ma-lay-bóo-day-day' as if to assert, 'I say again,' or, 'I keep telling you, I do not understand.'

The language is fertile in honorific affixes; a prince will address his younger brother as *ko-dau*, 'my lord.' *Tha-kin-pyah*, 'sir,' is the respectful address to an European. Our simple word 'yes,' they express in three different ways: *okh-ba*, to a superior; *okh-teh*, to an equal; *okh-khe* to an inferior.

Like every other nation they politely ask you on meeting, 'are you well,' 'má-c-la,' to which you answer 'má-ba-c.' The next question always is, 'do you speak Burmese,' 'Myam-ma tsa-gah tat-tha-la.' If you are not versed in the language, the reply to this is, 'ma-tat-bóo.' Then follows, 'are you married,' 'main-ma-shé-the-la,' literally, 'is there a lady,' to which you will either answer 'shé-the' or 'ma-she-bóo.' They have a thousand other questions to ask, and become more and more interested as they find you friendly and willing to carry on the conversation. They are ready to invite you to their house, and will ask you to partake of food. If it be in the heat of the day, they offer you cocoanut, pickled tea, or other light refreshment.

The following passage with reference to the uses to which European objects of art and luxury are occasionally put is characteristic.

If somewhat vexed and disappointed, we were not a little amused, on entering a certain *Min-ghce's*† house, to find that a highly finished grand piano, which had been given him, was placed on the bare floor, the legs having been removed, and the black notes sawn off. On expressing surprise that this beautiful instru-

\* On the subject of pickled tea, we recommend it to the notice of our English purveyors as a grateful condiment.

† Minister of State.

ment had been so ruthlessly maimed, we were informed that the raised notes obstructed the fingers moving smoothly over the key board, and then, one had but to remember the Burmese mode of sitting, to realize at once the reason why the legs of the instrument had been dispensed with.

More absurd and provoking than this was an incident related by a resident of the royal city. He had ordered from England an encyclopædia published in twenty volumes. The case of books arriving at the frontier had to be examined and customs duty paid. This was charged in the rather novel way, of retaining one volume as commission. The remaining nineteen volumes were received in due course by the owner. In vain did he reason with the customs officer that the work was incomplete without this portion; 'nothing would induce the official to give up the book, which was persistently retained as duty.

Again, it greatly taxed the patience of an Englishman at the court, who saw a valuable gold watch, which he had presented to the prime minister, afterwards converted into a betel-box. The works had been removed, and the case used for the purpose of keeping the red and white lime for flavouring pan, a choice delicacy for chewing.

The old king's reign which extended over twenty-five years, seems to have been marked by a degree of wisdom and toleration not by any means common in Burman rulers. Tsaya says:—

In his interviews with foreigners he often essayed to adopt a preaching style, and indulged in discursive and fanciful language. As when once in making certain presents, he explained at some length the meaning of a ring, unending friendship,—a cup, true hospitality and confidence on the part of the giver, loyalty and fealty in the receiver.

The king used to say, 'Look at you English, with your boasted civilisation; look at your large gaols full of thousands of prisoners; come to my country, and you will see but a few dozen prisoners at the most.' Of course, there was an easy way of accounting for the fewness of the prisoners in the king's gaols, as it was well known to be so much the rule to put prisoners to death.

The king could never understand the custom of dancing as it prevails among the civilised nations of the West. He would say, 'You English people must be mad, to tire and distress yourselves in this way; when I want dancing, I make my slaves do it.'

The account which the Burmese embassy gave the king on their return from Europe, while highly flattering to Burma, was intensely amusing to the ears of the few English who were present at court on the occasion. After describing the greatness of England in her fine public buildings, schools, great works and manufactures, steamers, and ships of war, the king enquired about the religion. 'Are the English a religious people,' he asked. The embassy did not consider them nearly so religious a people as the Burmese, 'they are mostly Christians,' they said, 'but some are Buddhists.'

'Is England a country of rich delicious fruits and flowers?'

'No,' they said, 'there are a few roses, and a hard dry green fruit called an apple;' they represented that there was nothing to compare with the rich luscious fruits of Myam-ma.

The king, who was harmlessly credulous, was greatly interested, and pleased to think that, although England perhaps had its advantages, yet Burma was richer and more wonderful.

# THE CREAM Of the Monthly Reviews.

## TEMPLE BAR.

APRIL, 1886.

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**THE TURF.**—Under this title we have here a series of anecdotes, more or less connected with the turf, strung together without any particular method.

Some of these are from the autobiography of Thomas Holcroft, a man who had one of the most curious of careers. He was first a jockey, and was dismissed from two stables at Newmarket on the ground of inefficiency, though he afterwards proved himself capable enough in the stables of John Watson. He attributed his good seat to being slightly bow-legged. John Watson's only complaint against him was that he idled his time away in reading books. Eventually he left his master to help his father, who kept a cobbler's stall in South Audley Street, and afterwards he joined Mr. Kemble's strolling company, and he ended by becoming an eminent member of the literary world, and a correspondent of Horace Walpole's

The following account of the Prince of Wales and his set at Brighton is from the journal of Mr. Raikes :—

"In those days, the Prince made Brighton and Lewes Races the gayest scene of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests; the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London during that week; the best horses were brought from Newmarket and the North to run at those races, on which immense sums were depending; and the course was graced by the handsomest equipages. The 'legs' and 'betters,' who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble on the Steyne at an early hour to commence their operations on the first day, and the buzz was tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish, the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring, and then a sudden silence ensued to await the opening of their betting-books. They would come on perhaps smiling, but mysterious, without making any demonstration. At last Mr. Jerry Cloves would say, 'Come Mr. Mellish, will you light the candle and set us a-going?' Then, if the Master of Buckle would say, 'I'll take three to one about Sir Solomon,' the whole pack opened, and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half an hour before the signal of departure from the hill, the Prince himself would make his appearance in the crowd. I think I see him now in a green jacket, a white hat, and tight nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person; he was generally accompanied by the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Charles Wyndham, Shelley, Brummell, Mr. Day, Churchill, and, oh, extraordinary anomaly! the little old Jew, Travis, who, like the dwarf of old, followed in the train of royalty."

In spite of the strange company that the heir-apparent kept, the writer of the article considers that the charges made against him on account of the running of *Escape* is not proved.

On the 20th of October, at Newmarket, the Prince's horse ran for sixty guineas ditch in. There were four starters, and *Escape* came in last. Sam Chifney, the inventor of the Chifney bit, and father of the Chifneys, advised the Prince to back the horse for his race on the 21st. Five horses started for the race, and *Escape* came in first. Then ensued a terrible scandal. Sir Charles Bunbury, on the part of the Jockey Club, informed the Prince that no gentleman would match his horse with another if Chifney rode him. The Prince refused to sacrifice his jockey, and left Newmarket. Chifney always declared that he advised the Prince to back the horse for the second race because he thought that the running in the first race had improved his condition. The Jockey Club in 1805 petitioned the Prince to return to Newmarket.

Of Colonel Mellish, the Napoleon of the turf of the beginning of the century, the following account is quoted :—

"His establishment was terrific! He had at one period of his life, thirty-eight race-horses in training, seventeen carriage-horses, a dozen hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and hacks innumerable; and of course a whole brigade of retainers in his pay. The Colonel made his appearance on the race-ground when in the meridian of his career, in a way never yet imitated or approached. Driving four white horses "in hand" with "outriders" on matches, riding with harness bridles, and holsters at the saddle bows; his

barouche painted in exquisite taste, the handsome Colonel was truly the observed of all observers, as whirling up to the grand-stand, tossing his reins on either hand, and descending as if unseen, or the quietest man in life, he mounted one of the thoroughbred hacks, led by the saddle-horse groom in the rear of his retinue, habited like the rest of his people in crimson livery, and followed by two other grooms, cantered over the course towards the rubbing-house or warren."

No one could tell from the Colonel's manner whether he had won or lost, such was his equanimity.

He once lost a tremendous sum in backing his great horse Sancho, the winner of the St. Leger, at Lewes Races, on a match against Pavilion for three thousand guineas. Buckle rode Sancho, and was winning when the horse's leg gave way. The Colonel seemed unmoved at his defeat; but his mind was very much disturbed the next morning, when he officiated as second to Lord Barrymore in a duel with Humphrey Howorth, who, to the horror of the fastidious Colonel Mellish, appeared upon the field of combat stark naked, declaring that, from his surgical experiences, a piece of cloth accompanied by a bullet was highly dangerous to the constitution. The duel was bloodless, and the facetious Mr. Howorth listened to the entreaties of the Colonel, and consented to put on his clothes.

Colonel Mellish took to the dice-box, was rapidly ruined, and passed the last part of his life in a small house near his former great mansion.

One of the most exciting races the writer ever saw was a match between Lord Jersey's Glencoe and Mr. Batson's Plenipotentiary in 1834.

Glencoe was ridden by Robinson, by many considered the greatest jockey of the time. Patrick Conolly, an Irishman, steered Plenipotentiary. Glencoe, who was made a hot favourite, had orders to make the running, which he did at a terrific pace. Plenipo remained about a length behind, and it is related Conolly said to Robinson, "Now, Master Jemmy, I'm here; I can come when I'm wanted;" and come he did with a vengeance—he really seemed to be cantering in. The ring won their money, and we recollect a triumphant leg bawling out, "It is all over: Lord Jersey is shaking like a leaf." And shake no doubt he did, when he saw the beautiful chestnut, that it was fondly hoped would win the Derby, so ridiculously out-paced. Plenipo won the Derby, Shillelagh being second, and Glencoe third. He won the race in such grand style that in the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, Glencoe and sixteen other horses paid forfeit rather than meet him. The St. Leger, however, proved a great surprise; for, to the disgust and indignation of his supporters, Plenipo came in—last! There has never been a satisfactory explanation of this mysterious affair. It has been said that he had been frightened by a bird, and that he had injured himself by jumping from the bank to the road. Be that as it may, in the ensuing spring he was himself again. He won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, his opponents in vain trying to cut him down. Lord Orford's horse, Clearwell, by Jerry, five years old, entered the lists against the crack. The course was the T. Y. C., a little more than half a mile, and Clearwell was renowned for his speed and success at this distance. Plenipo won by three



lengths, and Robinson, who then rode him, declared that he never was at half his speed. The last appearance of Plenipo was when he walked over for the Port Stakes. He was expected to run for the Ascot Cup, but was withdrawn the day before the race, to the great disgust of his backers; and Mr. Batson's trainer is said to have been obliged to leave the course to escape the public indignation. We always fancy that in Plenipo we saw a second Eclipse.

The remaining anecdotes are chiefly taken from Mr. William Day's reminiscences.

The following regarding the sensational Derby of 1844 is instructive:—

Ratan, the property of the notorious Crockford, was a favourite; but the legs were dead against him and it was known he was not to win. It is curious to see Lord George a partisan of such a man, but he took a leading part on his behalf. Sam Rogers, the jockey who was to ride the horse, was an object of suspicion; and as he then rode for his Lordship, it was determined that his betting book should be inspected. It was at first proposed that Mr. Pedley, whose voice when he shouted out in the ring, "I'll lay against the favourite; two monkeys to one against anything!" could be heard at an immeasurable distance, should read out the list. Lord George, however, although his voice was weak, ascended the rostrum.

Sylvanus writes:

"His Lordship, with a whip under his arm, and a gold pencil-case in his fingers, dressed in the old Welbeck hides, and standing in high relief, amidst the besatined, Circassian-creamed plebeian legs, commenced proceedings by saying in his tranquil, well-assured strains: 'Gentlemen, I'm going to call over my jockey, Samuel Rogers' book, and will thank you to answer to your names and bets.' 'Mr. Gul—ly!' shouted he, in his best manner, from the rostrum. 'Here! growled old Gully from the crowd, removing the cigar from his lips to give place to a sardonic, catch-me-if-you-can implied smile. 'Here!' replied he. 'You have bet Samuel Rogers 350 to 25 against Ratan, I perceive (why this is all right; he seems to be backing his horse, said Lord George aside). Ah! but he stands in a pony with you on the Ugly buck, it seems, overleaf. (Terms not named.) This has an ugly look. Are those all the bets you have with him, Mr. Gully?' 'If you have any more in my name, and will specify, my Lord, I may then be better able to answer you,' replied the cautious old gladiator. And so Lord George proceeded through the harmless little volume, ticking off Master Tom Crommelin, Jerry Ives, the Dollar, and a whole heap of worthy betting men, who would scorn to take advantage of so interesting a gentleman as the member for Lynn!"

The writer of the above description saw the jockey locked up with Ratan, his bed being made up in an adjacent stall, and the unfortunate horse was the next day unable to gallop, with his coat blue and shivery, and standing in fright. Crockford, who had been informed of the plot against his horse, suffered the same tortures he had so often inflicted on others, and died two days after the ruin of his hopes.

Running Rein won the Derby, but it being discovered that he was a four-year-old he was disqualified, and Orlando gained the stakes. Everybody knows the part that Lord George took in the trial of this affair. Singularly there was

another horse, of the name of Leander, who was also four-years-old, and his leg in the race was broken by Running Rein. Mr. Lictwald, his owner, a German Jew, exclaimed, "Mein Gott! what lies these English tell. They say he was four-years-old. Why he was six!"

Lord George Bentinck is generally supposed to have left the turf in order to follow a Parliamentary career. Mr. Day, however, asserts that it was owing to his disappointment at the victories of the Danebury horses, especially of Cossack over Van Tromp. The final blow was at Goodwood.

"The scene was at his favourite Goodwood, in a race for 200 sovs. sweep-stake, all the money on P.P. Lord George ran two horses—Crozier, out of his prized mare Crucifix, and King of Morvin, the latter being run to assist the other, which was thought the better of the two and good enough to win, and heavily backed. My father had Mathematician, brother to Euclid, in the race, a horse he had bought at Mr. Thornhill's sale, when a foal, for 400 guineas; nothing very good, though thought well of, the Danebury stable being at that time powerful, so that the weight of money made him favourite, in spite of the heavy sums that Lord George had piled on his own choice. Mathematician and Lord George's horse ran a dead heat—but *with the wrong animal*, so far as his lordship's interests were concerned. It was, indeed, a virtual defeat to Lord George, for he had, as I have said, backed Crozier, and so lost; thus completely shattering his reputation for judgment in backing the worst horse of the two. On this he became furiously excited; and when the dead-heat between Mathematician and King of Morvin was run off, betted with still more extravagant recklessness than he had done before; and being beat again, gave rein to his uncontrollable temper—as I have previously related—and offered to sell, and ultimately sold, every horse he had for £10,000."

It must be recollected that the Days became Lord George's bitter enemies. On the other hand, Mr. Charles Greville, in his Memoirs to a certain extent, bears out the charges of Mr. William Day. But Mr. Charles Greville, once a partner, subsequently became a bitter enemy of Lord George.

Among celebrities frequently mentioned in the Reminiscences is the sporting son of Sydney Smith, commonly called the "Assassin."

He dressed like a groom and, was the envy of all the mews he passed. Syllanus states that no answer is recorded of the clerical dignitary, who was asked by him a sporting question. It was to an Archdeacon in Somersetshire that "the Assassin" propounded the problem, How long would it take to bring Nebuchadnezzar into condition after they took up from "grass"? The answer was, as we heard at the time, "A much shorter time than it will take *you* to learn manners." We think the Archdeacon had the best of it. Once a sporting friend came to stay with him at Combe Florey. The Assassin met him at the station. His friend asked him who was staying at the rectory. "Oh, it is devilish dull," said the Assassin; "there is only Sam Rogers." His friend pricked up his ears at the mention of the jockey's name. "Oh," groaned the

Assassin, "it is not *our* Rogers." He once gave some amusing advice to a friend who wanted to sell a horse to his father: "Mind and make a waiting race of it, and get the rails, if possible, as the governor is an artful old performer."

The paper thus concludes:

Mr. Day writes about the altered state of Newmarket, showing how its attractions have fallen off. Our recollections of Newmarket are of the pleasantest. How well we remember our little room, in a hospitable Squire's house, adorned with a picture by Herring, of Moses, who won the Derby for the Duke of York when Mr. Greville was his Master of the Horse. Then there was the ride to the course; the excitement in the town; the assemblage of the legs, Gully, Ridsdale, Crutch Robinson—a blaspheming cripple, Wagstaff—whose teeth fitted in like a shark, Frank Richardson—the blacksmith, and many others; the old Duke of Cleveland, "with his white sardonic countenance, looking on the scene with the air of a Mephistopheles." Mathews, the father of the inimitable Charles, was to be always seen shambling along the High Street. There was the grand procession to the Heath. Lord Herbert of Cherbury writes that the grandest sight in creation is a fine man on a fine horse. Nowhere else could one see such fine men and such fine horses. Lord Jersey, Colonel Anson, Lord George Bentinck, Horace Pitt, were then conspicuous amongst the horsemen. Amongst the ladies who then frequented Newmarket, there was the cynosure of every eye, "Wilton's pale countess of her lineage proud," whose "fair carriage and steeds of cream" have been celebrated in verse by Mr. Bernal Osborne; and the two beautiful sisters, Lady Chesterfield and Mrs. Anson. The aristocracy, it is said, are now hemmed in like the North American Indians, and threatened with extinction, "*Mais en attendant ils s'amuseut.*" This is the "age of progress," but, as Mr. Disraeli once said—"Progress where; progress to heaven, or progress to—the devil?" We think the march is in the latter direction; but it is more agreeable to avoid reflections on the threatening future, and dwell only on the pleasant recollections of the past.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—This paper is, to a great extent, a review of Colonel Brackenbury's recent work, which, though fairly correct in its general conclusions, cannot, the writer thinks, be pronounced of high merit, as an illustration of the art of war in its eighteenth century developments.

A great deal of space is devoted to topics that might have been fitly left out in a biography of a military kind, while, as for the purely military part of the work, though the author's view of what was achieved by Frederick, as a lasting contribution to the art of war, is sound and just, as far as it goes, it is wanting in insight and feebly expressed. His expositions of Frederick's strategy are very imperfect, and in some instances wrong; his account of his tactics inadequate and in some respects misleading. The descriptions of campaigns and battles are fairly accurate, but never graphic, full and impressive; the reflections on them are deficient in breadth, and they are overcrowded with petty details which perplex and bewilder the reader. Colonel Brackenbury, more-

over, takes no account of the precious and masterly essays of Napoleon on the campaigns of Frederick, and apparently has not read them.

In strategy, the writer is of opinion, Frederick holds only a secondary place.

His conceptions are not equal to those of Turenne, a strategist of a very high order; and nothing in his campaigns can compare with Marlborough's march from the Moselle to the Danube, or with his masterly plan for the invasion of France, an anticipation of the Napoleonic daring. The Prussian chief, we need scarcely say, is not even to be named with Napoleon as respects the great combinations of war; he was utterly inferior to the first of strategists in splendour of design and scientific skill; and we seek in vain, throughout the Seven Years' War, for anything that resembles the moves that led to Jena, Ulm, and, above all, to Marengo. Frederick, indeed, shows badly beside Napoleon, in one of the best illustrations of strategic art, in which the Emperor has been never rivalled—the operating against divided enemies, on the same theatre, at short distances, with an inferior but ably-handed force; his career proves that he could not even conceive such dazzling but well-considered manoeuvres as those which caused the triumphs on the Adige, and all but won success in 1814 against enemies fourfold in strength; and he was incapable of performing feats of this kind. Unquestionably, too, he often committed grave and inexcusable strategic errors, according even to the standard of his time, errors, too, not due to ignorance of facts, or to the complication of problems before him—the causes of many great chiefs' mistakes—but to be ascribed to want of perception of some of the main principles of the art of war. Thus, more than once, when invading Bohemia, he divided his army into distinct masses on separate and distant lines of operation, and without the means of combining easily, and this in the face of a nearly collected enemy; and, on one occasion, he ran the immense risk of concentrating these disconnected units, within striking distance of a more powerful foe, and under the guns of a great fortress—a movement which would have cost him dear, had he had to deal with men like Eugene or Villars. Thus, again, he repeatedly failed or neglected to assail his dull antagonist Daun, when that general and the Austrian army stood isolated and exposed to attack; and in return, he more than once left Daun in unbroken strength on his flank and rear, while he marched to encounter a distant enemy—faulty operations which might have been made fatal. Unequal, too, as we have seen, to the task of striking right and left against uniting enemies, before they had effected their union, and beating and breaking them up in detail, Frederick sometimes blundered, and was all but lost, when, as often happened in the Seven Years' War, he found himself in this grave position. Thus, strategically, he was quite out-generalled by Daun and Laudohn in 1760; he was, in fact, caught in these commanders' toils; and though, owing to Daun's remissness, he extricated himself by a successful battle, his operations were, in the main erroneous. Thus too, again, in the following year, he was hemmed in, in the south of Silesia, by the Austrians and Russians, in overwhelming force; and, but for bad blood between the allied chiefs, or had Laudohn been in supreme command, he would probably have been utterly crushed, or have met the fate of Mack or Bazaine.

Frederick's strategy, besides, was sometimes as rash as it was wanting in true scientific skill ; and the ruin of his detachments at Maxen and Landshut, perhaps his most glaring strategic mistakes, was directly due to imprudence or passion.

One of Frederick's chief merits was his clear appreciation of the advantage of the initiative in war, and the value, even with an inferior force, of a bold, rapid and fierce offensive against halting or unprepared enemies. He understood, too, what was to be gained by moving against antagonists as yet separated by large intervals.

Thus he could rush off from the Elbe to the Saale, or to the Oder from the Bohemian passes, neglecting the foe in his immediate neighbourhood, to assail another at a wide distance, and so to prevent or retard their union ; and in several instances these movements show extraordinary force of will and character, though often defective in pure strategy. By these operations he certainly gave a celerity to war before unknown ; he disconcerted the Lorraines and the Dauns from the same cause, if in a less striking way, as Napoleon, in a succeeding age, astounded the Bealieux, the Wurmsers, the Macks ; and in this particular he undoubtedly was far in advance of the conceptions of his time.

In tactics in the highest sense, *i.e.*, in dispositions to bring about a contest, he was occasionally able, but sometimes made serious mistakes, neglecting, more than once, to bring up his forces in collected strength to the field of battle. In this branch of the art of war, as in lesser tactics, his masterpiece was Leuthen. In what are usually called tactics, *i.e.*, in handling troops in action, his excellence was very great, though occasionally his mistakes were serious.

He had admirable *coup d'œil*, and was daring to a fault ; and accordingly he possessed the faculty of seeing the right moment to strike his foe, and to launch his soldiery with marked effect. In this, however, he was surpassed by Marlborough, for the perfect insight of the English chief was seconded by unerring judgment ; and passion and rashness sometimes got the better of the understanding of the Prussian King. Frederick's distinctive merit as a tactician is that he was before his age in the theory of the art, and that if he did not altogether design, he certainly perfected modes of attack, occasionally, no doubt, ill applied or abused, but original, brilliant, and very effective. The author of this book has dwelt on this topic, but we are not satisfied with his account of it. A diligent observer from earliest youth of the evolutions of troops at the Potsdam reviews, Frederick seems to have distinctly perceived that the elements of force which make up an army were capable of being put to better uses than had been the case in the wars of the past ; and, accordingly, he brought about, or, at least, completed, changes in the array and order of battles, and in the management of the three arms on the field, attended with great and lasting results. Thus abandoning rules which laid down that armies ought to be drawn up in a prescribed fashion, without regard to the character of the field, he adapted his formations to the nature of the ground, with a skill and judgment before unknown ; and to this simple circumstance some of his success was due. So

too—a change in the same direction—he disregarded the old routine, in which cavalry, in most instances, engaged only on the flanks of an army, artillery was stationary along the front, and infantry fought in opposite lines; and he illustrated, by many fine examples, how each arm can be fitly employed, at the right moment in any part of the field, and, in this way, is most truly effective. From this improved management, it almost followed that the three arms, in the hands of Frederick, acquired a celerity and power scarcely known before; cavalry, launched wherever they could act best, astonished foes by their crushing charges; artillery, wheeled by the aid of horses, and rapidly moved to favourable points, was more effective than it had been before; and infantry, employed where it was most formidable, accomplished results seldom known previously. A revolution was thus wrought in tactics; and, as Frederick always assumed the offensive, this was chiefly seen in the modes of attack which, as we have said, were due to him. The most remarkable of these methods, and that for which he is most famous, consisted in the direction he gave to the best of his arms on the field of battle. Possessing infantry that moved more quickly, was better trained, and fired with more effect, than the sluggish Austrian and Russian masses, he readily perceived that, by manœuvring, troops of this kind could be made to reach the most vulnerable parts of an enemy's line, and that, if once there, great results should follow; and accordingly, in five-sixths of his battles, he aimed at gathering on the flank of his foe, throwing back one wing of his well-handled footmen, and swinging the other quickly round, the evolution, in several instances, obtaining complete and decisive success. Unquestionably, however, the King abused this mode of attack in some well-known cases; at Kolin and Zorndorf the outflanking movement was a flank march of extreme rashness in front of a concentrated enemy, in both engagements with bad results, incapable as were the Allied chiefs; and it is evident, in fact, that what is known as the "attack in oblique order" ought to be only tried, and should only succeed, under certain conditions. It is an excellent thing, as Napoleon observes, to get round on your antagonist's flank; but in making the attempt you must almost always expose your own, and incur risk; and, unless the attacking army be much the better of the two, as invariably was the case with Frederick, or unless it is greatly superior in force—the Germans at Gravelotte had this advantage†—or unless as, at Leuthen, the manœuvre be in the nature of a complete surprise, the operation must be always hazardous, and, in some circumstances, may assure defeat.

But it is not so much in his scientific skill as in the moral qualities of a great chief of armies, that Frederick's greatness lay. Severe in the field and rigid in discipline, he nevertheless possessed the secret of winning the profoundest sympathy of his men. Owing to his iron will, not to be swayed by adverse fortune, he was never so great as after defeat.

\* The tremendous effects, however, of the concentrated fire of masses of guns were not understood in the days of Frederick; this was developed by Napoleon.

† At Gravelotte, however, had Bazaine been a general, the turning movement probably would have been arrested by the Imperial Guard, and the battle have remained drawn. Had Napoleon commanded the French army, to judge from precedents set by him, he would have fallen fiercely on the German right, after the terrible losses it suffered in its attack; and had he succeeded, the French would have won the day, great as was their inferiority in force. In that event the turning movement which decided the battle would not have been attempted, and the Germans would have found their communications gravely imperilled, to say the least.

Thus after Kolin, in 1757, the situation of Frederick appeared hopeless ; he had been routed in a great pitched battle ; a victorious adversary was in arms against him ; and hosts of enemies from west, north and east were gathering around him in overwhelming numbers. Yet steadily maintaining a firm attitude, he disconcerted and baffled Daun ; and, extricating himself from the verge of ruin, he found time to crush Subise by the Saale, and to end the campaign in triumph at Leuthen. So, again, after immense loss at Zorndorf, he marched on Dresden, as though he had scarcely suffered ; defeated at Hochkirk, with great slaughter, he nevertheless plucked Neisse from the foe ; and, having been all but destroyed in 1761, he emerged victorious in 1762.

The writer's estimate of the Prussian King<sup>†</sup> is thus summed up :—

He had not the supreme gifts of genius in war ; the splendour of imagination, and the calculating power which, aided by study and vast experience, made Napoleon the first of modern strategists, are not visible in the King's campaigns ; and, unlike Marlborough, he had not the advantage of serving under a man like Turenne. His perception, however, within certain limits was clear, intelligent, prompt, and accurate ; and this, seconded by intense force of will, enabled him to accomplish important results, even in the large operations of war, and to improve, in some measure, this branch of his art. He was versed in tactics from early youth, and was well read in tactical theories ; and this knowledge, and the special gifts of admirable *coup d'œil* and readiness in the field, and of a judgment sometimes, indeed, perverted by rashness, passion, and contempt of his foes, but in most instances sound and well-balanced, made him infinitely the best tactician of his day, and led to a revolution in tactical science. A kind of mannerism, however, it must be admitted, may be observed in his conduct of battles ; to this some of his defeats may be traced ; and pedantic sciolists have not only written much sorry stuff about his modes of attack, but have been taught by tremendous examples how perilous it may be to apply generally supposed rules deduced from his teaching. Frederick, too, unquestionably made more mistakes, especially in the great operations of war, than most generals of a very high order ; intellectually, we would not place him above Morcau or the Archduke Charles ; and in calmness, soberness, and accuracy of view, he certainly was surpassed by Marlborough. Yet he stands pre-eminent among the warriors of his time, and this not only because they were, as a rule, men of inferior stamp, but because his mental powers were extremely great, and because he possessed the moral faculties of energy, constancy, and strength of character, in a degree exceeded by no commander. This is his best title to permanent fame ; it is a title not to be gainsaid or questioned by those who really understand war ; and it places Frederick, if not in the first, in a foremost rank among great captains. If we measure him, too, by the test of success, no general, perhaps, has achieved more ; alone and almost unaided, he braved a hostile Continent arrayed against him, and he came out of the struggle victorious. This test, however, is not worthy of trust ; Zama closed the astonishing career of Hannibal ; Napoleon died on a rock in the ocean.

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## CONFIDENTIAL AGENTS.

"The Confidential Agent [*Omen divortii volucre*] is a shy and solitary bird of a somewhat dusky hue, in appearance and habit not unlike the Cuckoo; . . . of an irregular, crooked, noiseless flight, which the male bird takes usually towards nightfall, sometimes with a harsh and dissonant cry, but more commonly entirely mute; the female, whose plumage is varied and rich, making use of a call not unlike that of the partridge. In both, the appetite is voracious and indiscriminate, . . . and, even in the most ordinary specimens, there will be found an abnormal development of bill. They are much given to haunting low-lying localities, the strand of a river forming their favorite feeding ground, . . . where numbers of them may be daily observed, fishing close to the water's edge. Though not by nature pugnacious, they will, when attacked, defend themselves with uncommon tenacity and resolution."—*Vide passim Nat. Hist. Sup. Art. 'Conf. Ag.'*

Such is the humorous definition which the writer gives of this unwholesome product of modern civilisation, Leporello, as he aptly describes him, in nineteenth century dress; Figaro with a horseshoe pin, and Mascarille in a paper collar.

If, then, you can conceive a Mascarille without his ribbons, his ruff, his rolls, his wig, and his high heels; a Mascarille in a frayed frock-coat, vaccinated, and with cork soles to his boots; a Mascarille whose gay smile has yielded to fog and business troubles, whose hearing is not very good now for intervals on the guitar, who is dull, decorous, and attentive to your story as the commonest of common-law judges; if in your imagination you can build up such a figure, you will have some idea of the Confidential Agent of to-day, as he moves along the Strand, and backwards and forwards through the corridors of the Law-courts.



The Confidential Agent will do anything for you for money, anything, that is, which will not land him in the dock of a Criminal Court, and, of course, provided the money is enough.

He will put the jewels for you into Margaret's bed-chamber ; he will send old Martha doddering off on a fool's errand to the other end of the town to be out of your way ; he will make love to the little maid-of-all-work, and persuade her, with tears channeling down her grimy face, to mix the sleeping draught for Margaret's mother ; he will trip up Valentine's heels, and, if necessary, sit on his head ; and at the last desperate pinch, through his old schoolfellow the gaoler, get you secretly admitted to the prison, and have a hired carriage waiting at the street corner to carry you both off to Charing Cross, and catch the mail for Paris. He will thrash your enemy, play a practical joke for you on your friend, make love to your mistress, or watch your wife. In a word, the power of money and the power of the Confidential Agent appear to us to be almost exactly parallel.

Having thus introduced the Confidential Agent, the writer proceeds to serve up some typical samples of his work, purely ideal cases, of course, but founded on only too common facts. Our space will allow us to quote only two of them.

"Quelle rage a-t-on d'apprendre ce qu'on craint toujours de savoir !" cries Don Bartolo in the "Barbier" ; *quelle rage*, too, has the owner of this lordly mansion to learn as much, though naturally he fears it ; and so, the fury gnawing at his vitals and the pain growing insupportable, down he journeys on winter's day to the Strand, and with a bird-call summons to his side the Confidential Agent. By this time, neck and crop clean out of the boudoir has the old lover been turned, and by this time his patent-leather sole no longer presses the yielding stair-carpet ; but that, severe as the course has been, the lordly owner fears has not been severe enough. There is still the Mercury of the penny post, and for the messages he carries fortunately still and always that emotionless and unerring detective, the blotting pad. "See !" in a burst of anger he cries to the Confidential Agent, "see, she dares to write to him !" and, holding the white paper up to the winter's light, there across the sky lies as a portent the broken portion of a message of affection. Get him only proof more complete than this, join and connect for him only those broken lines ; get him, in a word, a letter ; and every sheet of it shall be paid for in banknotes ; get him that, and he will pay for it as though he were the craziest of collectors and it the crowning treasure of his collection.

Enters, then, that lordly mansion the Confidential Agent in search after a letter, in the fitting and noble guise of Jeames, the second footman, a new and innocent Jeames, with a rare Devonshire colour in his cheek, only too ready to make himself useful ; above all, only too ready to run little errands, to carry notes, to post letters. Strange, but Jeames with his fine Devonshire vigour is always anxious to run to the post, and in that is always indulged, in all but with the mistress's letters ; those are ever in Chawles's efficient hands ; none of her letters there are ever posted but by him, who, daily driving with his mistress, daily descends at the street corner, and, with a stately care and melancholy, to the blushing box consigns the precious papers. And, do what he will, the

innocent Devonshire lad Jeames never even can get a sight, much less a handling, of the letters daily entrusted to the silent Chawles, from the actual hands of the mistress of this lordly mansion.

Baffled? Ay, but for the moment only. Difficulties only stir the resourceful soul of the Confidential Agent, who gives up the place—which, young and willing and Devonshire-bred as he is, is yet too hard for him, and sets himself to watch outside instead. In heat and in cold, in wet and in fire, he saunters round that lordly mansion, behind it and before; and everything coming to him who knows how to wait, one day it comes to him, and, often disheartened and beaten, at last he wins and is gay.

On one of the days while he is watching in the rain, it is too wet for madam to drive; but, wet though it be, her letters must be posted, and by whom, of course, more secretly and surely than by the faithful Chawles? Though the sky fall, the letters must go; though shoes and stockings be ruined in the mire, the three o'clock post must be caught. Chawles comes into the portico and he looks up and down, up at the sky and down the street at the pillar-box. It is very wet, and his noble shoes are very thin, and after a moment's pause he beckons magnificently to a poor devil of a crossing-sweeper, slushing at the puddles, and—jingling twopence—bids him keep the letters dry and put them in the box for him. And, jingling the twopence, he rests and balances on his heels and watches it done, and throwing the money into the road, saunters superbly indoors.

The Confidential Agent's chance, clearly his chance, at last! The next hopelessly wet day there he stands at the corner in the sweeper guise, slushing at the puddles, and limping for largesse after the few passengers. And as he blows on his fingers he prays with all his heart for Charles to come, and come quickly, with the letters for the three o'clock post.

Will Chawles never come and breathe the air in the portico? Patience, oh Confidential Agent! Await at least the post hour, which, coming at last, brings with it Chawles, who, resting and balancing again on his heels, looks again up at the sky and down the street, and, again jingling twopence, calls to the poor devil of a crossing-sweeper. In the limping crossing-sweeper he recognises not the willing Devonshire lad Jeames. To his vague and bland eye are not all crossing-sweepers alike? A miserable crew whose souls are given over to the seductions of *white satin*, what should such pariahs know of the secrets of high life?

"Post these, Tom," he cries affably, "and here's a couple of coppers for you!" And, with his heart beating, oft limps the Confidential Agent to the pillar-box down the street, with the broom under his arm. His hand trembles and his eyelids shake as he looks down at the little packet. Is there one among them for his man? There is! And as at the box he deftly posts them, all but that one, he can scarcely keep from a wild flourish of his broom: and then, receiving a friendly nod from Chawles, he watches him indoors, lets the twopence lie in the mud, and with a yelp of exultation leaps into a cab, and so home to change and telegraph. Within the hour that letter was in his lordly patron's hands; within the hour, he was ready for other and similar adventures.

And here is another of a different type:—

The Count d'Alberg, with fair whiskers and moustache and fair hair centreperted, desires to ally himself with a highly respectable, almost distinguished,

family at Richmond ; the connecting link to be the attractive and only daughter, who is blest with a neat little fortune of fifteen thousand pounds. One day there visits the Confidential Agent a gentleman to consult him in the matter of this same Count d'Alberg, to inquire if anything be known of him, his family, his pretensions to nobility ; if, in short, there be any reason why as *amicus foci* he should forbid his banns of marriage with the Lass of Richmond Hill ; whose head being somewhat turned by the flash round it of this foreign coronet has discarded the inquirer. with no other recommendations, unfortunately, than his fidelity and a strict attention to business, neither of them qualities of the flash-dazzle order. Exit the Confidential Agent to consult his *dossier*, with the strong notion of finding in it something distinctly to the Count's disadvantage, the *dossier* in this case being the *Allgemeiner Polizei-Anzeiger*, a mysterious paper that circulates among the police of the world, in which are notices of the careers of rogues wanted and rogues secured and disposed of, with in many cases their photographs, and in all their personal marks and peculiarities. Among them, sure enough, the Count d'Alberg, and in the *Allgemeiner Polizei-Anzeiger* many reasons why the banns of marriage should be forbidden with the Lass of Richmond Hill. Cast your eye for one moment over his *dossier* and see if it be not so.

The Count d'Alberg, alias de This, de That, and d'Other, aged 30, height 6'2½. Here follow personal marks and peculiarities. *Filius Nullius*, he was born in Dublin, and from the age of eight years has been in and out of prison as often as the meteorological figure of the man is in and out of his little house, which, as all know, is as often as the weather changes. Convicted at eight years old of robbery, at fourteen of robbery with violence, at sixteen of burglary, at twenty sentenced to transportation for a great robbery at Liverpool, where five of them got clear away with 17,000*l.*, and might have had it till this day had they not, as thieves do, quarrelled over the division and so let in the police upon them. Capture, transportation, escape, &c. &c. ; *quid plura* ? Enough here surely to prove that the Count d'Alberg is scarcely the man for the Lass of Richmond Hill, his scarcely the arms to carry her off amid the rustled congratulations of every hamadryad in the park, nor his scarcely the career to be brightened by the charms of *this lass so neat, with smiles so sweet* !

There is to be a dinner-party at Richmond that evening to introduce the Count d'Alberg to the family and relatives of the lady he has won so impudently, and down to that dinner-party journeys the Confidential Agent, the guest of the inquirer of the morning, who, as an old lover to whom something is due, finds no difficulty in introducing him in the house, nor in introducing him to Count d'Alberg, to whom the Confidential Agent bows, and talks distantly about the weather. After dinner, the ladies gone, the Count's health drunk, scarcely are the heel-taps vanished, when "Excuse me, Count," calls to him from the other end the Confidential Agent, "but will you tell me how you spell your name ? I knew some one of your name once." And the Count spells it with a touch of defiance in his voice, having, with the rogue's keen instinct, scented here the presence of an enemy. "Ah !" replies the Confidential Agent, incisively, "did you always spell it that way ? Did you never spell it—so ?" rapping out one of the Count's many aliases. Dead silence, the Count pale as death, glaring and swearing he does not know what is meant ; the guests wondering what is coming, who the

unknown is, the old lover enchanted. "Or so?" repeats the Confidential Agent, rising, with another alias, "or so?" with another and another. And are you not this, and did you not do that? And, in one word, how dare you be here in England, in Richmond, when you should be lagging your time in the colonies, doing odd jobs about the verandahs and mending the station fences?

Terrible consternation, the Count d'Alberg appealing with yellow lips to his host to protect him from insult, from the blind charges of intoxication; stutters he never saw the man before, cannot guess to what he refers, rises as though to put an end to it and go into the drawing-room. "Before you go into the drawing-room," dauntlessly cries the Confidential Agent, "come into the next room with me, and I will show you the marks you have on you that will prove I know what I am talking about." Come, that will settle it, once and for all! But the Count has had enough, will do no such thing, will be insulted no longer; and, making his way unsteadily to the door, half bows to the company and goes out into the hall. Followed by the old lover, who never was so radiant, and who, with the Confidential Agent, sees that the Count takes his right hat, opens the door for him, watches him down the drive out into the utter blackness; and returning executes a *pas seul* of rapture on the door-mat, that turns out to be the first of his marriage festivities with the charming Lass of Richmond Hill. *Sic semper prædonibus!*

A KENTISH BOSWELL.—The Kentish Boswell referred to in this paper is a certain Mr. Henry William Brooke, who was at the head of the Alien Office in the beginning of the century, and who left behind him some brief private journals, relating chiefly to the exiled French princes and containing much observation of interesting detail.

In November 1807, Mr. Brooke was selected by Canning, then Foreign Secretary, to go down to meet the prince, who afterwards sat on the throne of France as Louis XVIII, when he sought refuge in England. The prince with the Duke de Bourbon and Count Pussygen, landed at Yarmouth, under the title of Count de L'Isle, and was accompanied thence by Mr. Brooke to Gosfield Hall, an unoccupied seat of the Duke of Buckingham, near Halstead, in Essex. The diary given *verbatim* in the present article describes what happened during the journey.

Previous to the landing of the party some embarrassment seems to have been felt on the score of want of suitable accommodation on shore, the Admiral's lodgings being too small for their reception, and the Mayor, in spite of a hint from Mr. Brooke, not offering to entertain them. The king, under these circumstances, decided not to land till the following morning. It then became a question where he should breakfast.

Mr. Brooke went, by request, over night to Admiral Douglass's lodgings, where the subject was discussed.

He told me he had sent to consult me about the King's breakfasting with him. That, from what I saw of the accommodation of his lodgings, and owing to the shortness of the notice (as the King was to come on shore in the morning), he felt embarrassed about offering H.M. a breakfast. As I had perceived that the feelings of the Princes were more interested about the mode of the King's reception on shore than about the splendour or excellence of the meal, I took the liberty of suggesting my ideas to the Admiral, and being joined by his amiable wife and daughters, he very cheerfully waived his own difficulties in favour of our suggestions. Mrs. Douglass observed that the Admiral's inclination was good, but that he always wished when he did anything of the kind to do it well. It was at length settled that I should return to the Princes, and in the Admiral's name invite the whole party to breakfast the next morning at nine o'clock. This arrangement, I was gratified to perceive, was evidently very satisfactory to H.R.H. *Monsieur* and the other Princes. It had been arranged prior to our quitting the frigate overnight that Admiral Russell should bring the King and his suite on shore in his barge in the morning, and that His Majesty should be landed at the Drawbridge in the Harbour between nine and ten a.m. on the. —

The King was landed amidst the huzzas of the populace. No guns were fired, either from the Swedish frigate or from the shore. His Royal Highness *Monsieur* had sent his carriage to the pier to convey the King to Admiral Douglass's lodgings, and the Admiral paid a similar attention by sending his. On the King's arrival before the door of Admiral Douglass's lodgings, I assisted His Majesty in alighting from His carriage—Admiral Douglass and myself uncovered—then conducted His Majesty and the Princes thro' a large concourse of people, who had ranged themselves in ranks and on each side of the carriage into the house. I was then requested (as speaking French) to introduce the party present to receive them to the King and Princes, among whom was Sir Samuel Hood. The ceremony over, we sat down to a very handsome and well-arranged collation, particularly as there had been so little time to prepare it; indeed, I understood that Mrs. Douglass and her amiable daughters had devoted the greater part of the previous night to the employment, and some of her neighbours had contributed to the luxuries exhibited. All the illustrious guests seemed pleased with the attention shewn them.

The following anecdote, told by Mr. Brooke, is the most interesting passage in the remainder of the diary :

His Royal Highness *Monsieur*, whose condescending and elegant manners were well known in every court of Europe, observing on our route (at Yoxford), that I took a great deal of snuff, and that my box was empty, had very graciously tendered me his own snuff-box from time to time. The conversation, therefore, at supper-time having been freed from restraint, I took the liberty of soliciting H.R.H. to allow me to take a pinch of snuff, which he, with the greatest good-nature offered me. I had no sooner done this than I perceived by the countenance of my next neighbour at table, the Count de——, that I had been guilty of an indiscretion of some kind, though it did not immediately occur to me what it could be. However, when we rose from table, I determined to solve my dilemma, and turning to my friend the Count, I told him I was sure by his manner that I had failed in etiquette in some way, and that I expected of his friendship he would frankly tell me in what my error consisted. He hesitated and made

light of it, but upon my insisting on knowing, he said he observed I had requested H.R. (*sic*) *Monsieur* for a pinch of snuff, a request it was unusual to make among them of a Prince of the Blood. It will easily be conceived that in spite of the Count's well-bred attempts to make me satisfied with myself, that this little blunder made me feel uncomfortable, but I consoled myself with the reflection that I had been led into error by H.R.'s (*sic*) spontaneous offer of his snuff-box on the road. By-and-bye for the sequel of this. The party then retired to the drawing-room to take coffee, when His Majesty very graciously entered into conversation with me. His Majesty addressing me aloud said, "Oh, Mr. Brooke, a circumstance happened to me on the road, while changing horses, which at the moment affected me a good deal. I had occasion to retire, and on my returning towards the inn door, I was met by a gentleman who accosted me by asking if I was not the King of France. To this I nodded assent, upon which he took a snuff-box out of his pocket with a miniature on the lid of it, observing, 'So I thought, for that is a portrait of your brother Louis 16th,' and he thought I was very like him!" It may easily be conceived that I felt as if a feather would have knocked me down, as one object of my mission was to prevent His Majesty from experiencing any annoyance on his route, such being the state of the public mind at that period that it was apprehended feeling might be manifested in favour of Bonaparte, &c., and averse (*sic*) to the Bourbons; but His Majesty readily perceiving my distress, very good-naturedly added "But I am sure he was very loyal, for he told me he had been in India, and had got some very fine Madeira wine, and that if I would accept some he would give me a few bottles. So he went and fetched them, and I had them put into the carriage, and have brought them down with me." His Majesty followed up this anecdote by another, still further to dissipate my discomposure. "Oh," he said, "I have something to tell you, Mr. Brooke, which will make you laugh. When I arrived at Colchester I learned the landlord of the inn was very desirous I should enter a new room he had just finished, and to this I consented, when to my astonishment I found about 150 persons ranged on each side, among whom were a great many ladies, and a cold collation was prepared for me to partake of. In the room I found the young Duke de Guiche, the son of the Duke de Gramont, who being quartered with his regiment, the——Light Dragoons, had come to meet his father. They were so delighted to see each other, that, according to our French custom, they proceeded to embrace. Now, as I knew this was not an English fashion, and the English ladies were looking at them, I tried to place myself between them, but the more I tried the more they persevered, to my great amusement."

As it now began to get late and I intended to leave Gosfield Hall in the morning, I approached the King to take leave, who very graciously extended his hand to me and repeated his satisfaction with the manner in which I had executed my mission. I then withdrew to my chamber.

I had no sooner reached my chamber and lain (*sic*) myself down in bed, than I heard a gentle tap at my door, and on the door being opened two of the King's valets presented themselves with silver canisters (*sic*), and said that His Majesty having observed that my snuff-box was exhausted (*sic*), he had directed them to fill it. In fact, I have no doubt the Count——, having hinted to the circle (when I left the drawing-room), the distress I had left at my little inadvertence before

detailed, His Majesty had hit upon this expedient to prove that it had made no ill impression in his own or R. H. (*sic*), *Monsieur's* mind or feelings. This, if there were need, would speak volumes, but the personal affability of these princes cannot, I conceive, have ever been brought into question by their bitterest political enemies.

**SCORES AND TALLIES.**—After citing Mr. Frank Galton's often quoted story of the natives of Damara, who, on being paid four cakes of tobacco at once for two wethers for which the price agreed on was two cakes each, regarded the result with mingled surprise and suspicion, and insisted on going over the whole transaction again *du capo*; the fact that the Chiquitos could count no further than one, the Tasmanians only up to two, and the Australians of Queensland not beyond four, while some savages, as the Tongans, whose numerals reach as far as 10,000, have very advanced systems of numeration, the writer goes on to remind us that the basis of all arithmetic lies in the primitive habit of counting on the fingers.

Not only do all children and all savages so count at the present day; not only do we all learn our first arithmetical lessons on that simple and natural portable abacus; but also all our most advanced numerical methods bear still upon their very face the evident marks of their evolution from the old mode of reckoning on the human hand. For the decimal system itself is a living result of the fact that every man (bar accidents) has ten fingers, and ten only. Nay, the very word "digits," by which we still express in the most abstract manner the symbols of the numbers, points back at last to the ten upheld black fingers of the original savage.

At the outset, however, the decimal system had a rival in the vigesimal, which went in for counting by twenties instead of tens, *i.e.*, by the fingers and toes, instead of by the former alone. This, it is remarked, was probably the original method of all the northern nations, as it certainly was of the Celts, and traces of it remain in our old English numerals, three score and four score, and in the French system of numeration. The habit of counting by tens got the better of that of reckoning by twenties, the writer suggests, owing to the growth among civilised peoples of the custom of wearing shoes, while the decimal impulse, once set on foot, was strengthened by writing and the use of the slate and pencil.


Twenty, it is observed—questionably, we suspect,—is called a score, because, representing a whole man, it is scored down, or marked on the tally, as one person.

The survival of the practice of counting sheep by the score, in our country districts, very well illustrates this ancient Celtic vigesimal practice. When the new county voter (called in his non-political aspect Hodge or Giles) wishes to number a flock of sheep, he does so by first counting out twenty; the counting itself being often done, not by the ordinary numerals, one, two, three, four, but

by the old half-Celtic "rhyming score," "Eena, deena, dina, dus, Catla, weela, weila, wuss," and so forth, up to twenty. There, he has reached his higher unit, the score; in other words, one man, regarded as barefoot. So he makes a nick in a piece of wood, and begins his rhyming singsong over again. Thus he counts score after score, till he reaches at last the full number, say eight score and seventeen. At that he rests. He doesn't translate the numbers into the decimal notation: why should he? It would mean far less in his mind than his native numbers. Eight score and seventeen are to him a far more real and realisable amount than 177. He sticks still to the vigesimal system. Twenty is for Giles the one true higher unit.

The absolute dependence of arithmetic upon the human fingers and toes is further illustrated by the fact that, in many savage languages, the words used to describe the abstract numbers are derived from the fingers or toes themselves.

The earliest appearance of true ciphers dates from the time when picture-writing began to develop itself. The poor Indian marked ten by the vague outline of a man. The formidable looking Roman numerals are really mere picture-writing.

When the noble Roman of remote antiquity wanted to mark the number one, he drew a single straight line or digit to represent the uplifted forefinger. In our modern type, we print it, I. For two, he drew two digits, or II; for three, he wrote III; and four he represented, not by IV, which is a comparatively late modern innovation, but by the good old clock-dial symbol, IIII. These, in fact, are nothing more than just the fingers of one hand. But how about five? Why should it be represented by the apparently meaningless symbol V? Simply because V is not V, but a rude hieroglyphic of one hand, the broad stroke standing for the four fingers united, while the narrow one stands for the extended thumb. V, in fact, is nothing more than a very degenerate pictorial symbol, like the hand  still used by printers in certain circumstances to call special attention to a particular paragraph. As for X, that is usually represented as equivalent to two such hands set side by side; but this interpretation I believe to be erroneous. I think it much more likely (on the Indian analogy) to stand for "one man up—" that is to say, ten, with a people who counted by fingers alone, or, in other words, employed a decimal notation. If this hypothesis be true, X represents a double of the Indian man figure, with outstretched arms and legs like a colossus, the hand having disappeared entirely by disuse, as often happens in the evolution of what are called cursive hieroglyphics.

The other Roman numerals L, C, D and M, belong to a much later period and sprang from discarded letters of the Greek alphabet, which the Romans utilised for this purpose, with certain modifications.

Few persons adequately appreciate the difficulties in which arithmetic would be involved, but for the invention of the Arabic numerals. As an illustration of the impossibility of arithmetic without the Arabic notation, let any one multiply MDCCXLIV by DCLXXXVI, and divide MCCXLIII by XLV. An abacus was,



in fact, indispensable for arriving at any high arithmetical result under these circumstances.

The only way to work out a big sum was then, to take one lot of pebbles or cowries to mark the units, another lot for the tens, a third lot for the hundreds and a fourth for the thousands. If one wished to sum up a large number, say to add 2347 to 8929, one put separately into each heap two pebbles and eight, three pebbles and nine (which necessitated a remove or "carrying"), four pebbles and two, and nine pebbles and seven (carry again). No one heap, of course, could ever exceed ten; when it did, nine pebbles were taken out, and one was removed to the next heap. Observe how this primitive method of reckoning has coloured all our subsequent arithmetical language (and arithmetical conceptions. Just as digit means a finger, and points back to the period when men reckoned on their two hands alone, so calculus means a pebble, and points back to the period when they reckoned with little heaps of stones, or cowries. To calculate is merely to heap up pebbles, and the differential calculus itself is the way we manipulate the small marbles in order to produce certain high mathematical results. Even the very phrase, "to carry one," "to carry two," still used by our school-children, retains a memory of the time when ten pebbles were taken from the heap of units as soon as it reached ten or more, and one of them was added in compensation to the other pile immediately above it.

The first step towards the establishment of the modern decimal system was made by the Romans, when they began to write the co-efficients over the letters standing for the unit, the ten, the hundred and the thousand. The next step would be to omit the superfluous letters, leaving ii—iv—v—ix to represent 2,459, but this could not be taken owing to the confusion that would arise from such an expression as iivvix, where each digit of units, tens, hundreds, thousands is not represented by a single figure. The introduction of the Arabic numerals, however, made the change easy enough. As a matter of fact these numerals are a compromise between the two systems of picture-writing and alphabetical signs.

They come to us, like the beginnings of most mathematical science, from the remote and mysterious East; and they make their first appearance under hardly recognisable forms in the Indian cave-inscriptions of the first and second centuries. One, two, and three are there represented by parallel bars, placed sideways instead of lengthways, and standing, of course, for our old friends the human fingers. It is, easy enough to see how —, =, ≡ are readily converted into 1, 2, 3, the first being made upright on the analogy of the Roman I, and the other two being hastily run together with connecting lines into 2 and 3. The other units, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, are the initials or most prominent letters of the name of each corresponding number in the language of the inscriptions. We might make a similar English table thus: —, =, ≡, F, V, S, E, I, N. The immense advantage of the new numerals lies, of course, in the fact that each of them represents a single unit by a single symbol, and so allows us to express sums like 2, 347, 859, 427, and so forth, in a way unattainable under any other system. Nay, our symbolic conceptions are thus allowed even to outrun the

resources of language, and the astronomer and the mathematician now habitually deal with strings of figures which it would be impossible for them so much as to express in words.

It is curious to reflect, remarks the writer in conclusion, that the whole decimal system itself, with all its faults and shortcomings and awkwardnesses, has been foisted upon us as a pure survival by the mere accident that man happens to have five fingers on each hand.

If mathematicians had now to devise, *de novo*, a system of numeration—if a new and Universal French Revolution were to sweep away at one fell swoop all records of the past, and set humanity upon its legs once more on a *tabula rasa* of arts and sciences—there can be no doubt that eight would be the number immediately hit upon by the worshippers of reason as the best possible basis for an arithmetical series. Eight would then be written 10, and 64 would be written 100, while the symbols 8 and 9 would be entirely discarded from the reformed arithmetic. For eight is a good square number, divisible all round, by two and by four, and halving evenly till it reaches unity, by the successive stages of four, two, and one; whereas ten lands you at once in five and two-and-a-half, which are useless and impossible quantities to deal with practically. But the accident of savage man's predilection for counting on his fingers has burdened us for all time with this clumsy and awkward decimal system; while only the lucky fact that the Greeks and Romans wore shoes has prevented us from the still more terrible habit of reckoning everything by scores or twenties.

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## HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1886.

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GOING DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS, is a chapter on the rise and progress of navigation in Phil Robinson's well-known style. Its very brevity indicates the spirit of half mockery in which it is written. The following humorous account of the earliest attempts to navigate a boat will serve to convey an idea of its character.

One of the delightful experiences which I begrudge antiquity (which, by-the-way, appears to me to have had a very unfair share of the fun and excitement of life) is that of having seen the first man trying to navigate the first boat. How he got astraddle a log, and it slipped round and got away from under him, and how he then flattened the top of the log and sat on it, and how he eventually hollowed out the log and got complacently inside it, must have been sufficiently diverting. But when he came to experiments in progression, his procedure must have been infinitely amusing.

He was no doubt jeered at by the old folk as a good-for-nothing with his new-fangled notions and scatter-brain projects. Wading, they said, had always been good enough for them, and for their fathers—who were no fools—before them, and they did not see what young people wanted with boats. Besides, how was he going to keep a boat right side up? This must have been a clincher.

But our genius had meanwhile hollowed out his log, and so long as it was on dry ground he found no difficulty in getting in and out, and in this modified trough imagined, poor soul! that he had satisfied all the requirements of naval architecture. And then to have seen him drag his boat into the water, and to have heard his exultation when it floated! “There! I told you so!” It was a little on one side, perhaps, but what of that? And then to see him try to

get inside his boat, and to hear the huge delight of his painted contemporaries as he immediately capsized ! For he did capsize, and at once—be sure of that. One of two things happened : either he was shot out directly like a sack of potatoes, or else he and his boat solemnly sank together. His next experiment would be made with more caution, and eventually we can imagine him, as proud as a grub in a nutshell, sitting complacently at the bottom of his boat. It wobbled, no doubt, in rather a startling manner whenever he moved ; but then he was inside a boat, and it was no use trying to deny it. “ But what good does that do you ? ” the still contemptuous graybeards asked. “ You can hardly see over the edge of your vehicle, and you cannot move, and you cannot even get out without falling out.” But our genius was not to be beaten. And grasping the fact that a boat, to be of much use, ought to be able to move, he asked a friend to shove him. The result was satisfactory enough till the other man got tired of shoving, and contemporary history fails to tell us how the next step was taken. But probably finding himself within arm's-reach of the bottom, he tried to push himself along, and getting into deeper water, used a stick as a motive power. From the stick was developed the punt pole, and from the punt pole the thin-bladed paddle. The blade of the paddle was gradually widened and its handle lengthened till the oar was evolved ; and holding up his shirt to dry one day after the usual accident, the sail was chanced upon. And then they began gradually increasing the size of the boats till the sails and oars could not move them, and then increased the size of the sails and the oars till the boats could not carry them. And how they capsized and foundered, got taken aback and got pooped, ran on rocks and went to pieces, and how eventually they found out the happy medium in all things, and made a ship that could carry her canvas squarely, sail with dry decks, and answer her helm, need not be related here. Centuries passed with a terrible annual loss of life, and then men made a slave of steam, and bridged oceans, so that nations might exchange their commerce and their peoples.

SPRINGHAVEN.—The most noteworthy feature in the current number of *Harper* is the first instalment of a new novel, under this title, by the author of “ Lorna Doone.”

The delicious bits of description in the first chapter, and the delicate and humorous touch with which Captain Tugwell, and Miss Dolly Darling are painted, show that the writer's hand has lost none of its cunning. Nothing could well be fresher, crisper or more graphic than the picture of the little harbour of Springhaven.

In the days when England trusted mainly to the vigor and valor of one man, against a world of enemies, no part of her coast was in greater peril than the fair vale of Springhaven. But lying to the west of the narrow seas, and the shouts both of menace and vigilance, the quiet little village in the tranquil valley forbore to be uneasy.

For the nature of the place and race, since time has outlived memory, continually has been, and must be, to let the world pass easily. Little to talk of, and nothing to do, is the healthy condition of mankind just where. To all who love repose and shelter, freedom from the cares of money and the cark of fashion, and (in lieu of these) refreshing air, bright water, and green country, there is scarcely any valley left to compare with that of Springhaven. This valley does

not interrupt the land, but comes in as a pleasant relief to it. No glaring chalk, no grim sandstone, no rugged flint, outface it ; but deep rich meadows, and foliage thick, and cool arcades of ancient trees, defy the noise that men make. And above the trees, in shelving distance, rise the crests of upland, a soft gray lias, where orchards thrive, and greensward strokes down the rigor of the rocks and quick rills lace the bosom of the slope with tags of twisted silver.

In the murmur of the valley twenty little waters meet, and discoursing their way to the sea, give name to the bay that receives them and the anchorage they make. And here no muddy harbor reeks, no foul mouth of rat-haunted draîns, no slimy and scraggy wall runs out, to mar the meeting of sweet and salt. With one or two mooring posts to watch it, and a course of stepping-stones, the brook slides into the peaceful bay, and is lost in larger waters. Even so, however, it is kindly still, for it forms a tranquil haven.

Because, where the ruffle of the land stream merges into the heavier quietude of sea, slopes of shell sand and white gravel give welcome pillow to the weary keel. No southerly tempest smites the bark, no long groundswell upheaves her ; for a bold point, known as the "Haven-head," baffles the stern in the offing, while the bulky rollers of a strong spring tide, that need no wind to urge them, are broken by the shifting of the shore into a tier of white frilled steps. So the deep-waisted smacks that fish for many generations, and even the famous "London trader" (a schooner of five-and-forty tons), have rest from their labors, whenever they wish or whenever they can afford it, in the arms of the land, and the mouth of the water, and under the eyes of Springhaven.

The portrait of Dolly Darling, the Admiral's younger daughter, is charmingly natural. But it is in describing the people of Springhaven, and their chief Zebedee Tugwell, that the author puts out all his strength :—

To achieve unmerited honor is the special gift of thousands, but to deserve and win befalls some few in every century, and one of these few was Zebedee. To be the head-man of any other village, and the captain of its fishing fleet, might prove no lofty eminence ; but to be the leader of Springhaven was true and arduous greatness. From Selsey Bill to Orfordness, taking in all the Cinque Ports and all the port of London, there was not a place that insisted on, and therefore possessed, all its own rights so firmly as this village did. Not less than seven stout fishing-smacks—six of them sloops, and the seventh a dandy—formed the marine power of this place, and behaved as one multiplied by seven. All the bold fishermen held their line from long-established ancestry, and stuck to the stock of their grandfathers, and their wisdom and freedom from prejudice. Strength was condensed into clear law with them—as sinew boils down into jelly—and character carried out its force as the stamp of solid impress. What the father had been, the son became, as the generation squared itself, and the slates for the children to do their copies were the tombstones of their granddads.

There was scarcely a man who pretended to know much outside of his own business, and there was not a woman unable to wait (when her breath was quite gone) for sound reason. Solidity, self-respect, pure absence of frivolous humor, ennobled the race and enabled them to hold together, so that everybody not born in Springhaven might lament, but never repair, his loss.

These people had many ancient rules befitting a fine corporation, and among them were the following: "Never do a job for a stranger; sleep in your own bed when you can; be at home in good time on a Saturday; never work harder than you need; throw your fish away rather than undersell it; answer no question, but ask another; spend all your money among your friends; and above all, never let any stranger come a-nigh your proper fishing ground, nor land any fish at Springhaven."

These were golden laws, and made a snug and plump community. From the Føreland to the Isle of Wight their nets and lines were sacred, and no other village could be found so thriving, orderly, well-conducted, and almost well-contented. For the men were not of rash enterprise, hot labor, or fervid ambition; and although they counted things by money, they did not count one another so. They never encouraged a friend to work so hard as to grow too wealthy, and if he did so, they expected him to grow more generous than he liked to be. And as soon as he failed upon that point, instead of adoring, they growled at him, because every one of them might have had as full a worsted stocking if his mind had been small enough to forget the difference betwixt the land and sea, the tide of labor and the time of leisure.

To these local and tribal distinctions they added the lofty expansion of sons of the sea. The habit of rising on the surge and falling into the trough behind it enables a biped, as soon as he lands, to take things that are flat with indifference. His head and legs have got into a state of firm confidence in one another, and all these declare—with the rest of the body performing as chorus gratis—that now they are come to a smaller affair, upon which they intend to enjoy themselves. So that, while strenuous and quick of movement—whenever they could not help it—and sometimes even brisk of mind (if anybody strove to cheat them), these men generally made no griefs beyond what they were born to.

As to Captain Tugwell:—

What man could be built to beat Zebedee himself, in an age like this, when yachts and men take the prize by profundity of false keel? Tugwell yearned for no hot speed in his friends, or his house, or his wife, or his walk, or even his way of thinking. He had seen more harm come from one hour's hurry than a hundred years of care could cure, and the longer he lived the more loath he grew to disturb the air around him.

"Admirable Nelson," he used to say—for his education had not been so large as the parts allotted to receive it; "to my mind he is a brave young man, with great understanding of his dooties. But he goeth too fast, without clearing of his way. With a man like me 'longside of 'un, he'd have brought they boats out of Bulong. See how I brings my boats in, most particular of a Saturday!"

It is true, the way he brought his boats in on the particular Saturday with which the story opens, did not quite satisfy a certain Admiral, greater than Dolly's father, the "admirable Nelson" himself, to wit, who is introduced in the third chapter.

"Starboard there! Brail up your gaff! Is that the way to take the ground? Ease helm, *Rosalie*. Smartly, smartly. Have a care, you lubber there. Fenders out! So, so. Now stand by, all! There are two smart lads among you, and no more. All the rest are no better than a pack of Crappos. You want six months in a man-of-war's launch. This is what comes of peace already!"

The fishermen stared at this extraordinary man, who had taken all the business out of Master Tugwell's hands ; but without thinking twice about it, all obeyed him with a speed that must have robbed them of a quantity of rust. For although he was not in uniform, and bore no sword, his dress was conspicuous, as he liked to have it, and his looks and deeds kept suit with it. For he wore a blue coat (very badly made, with gilt buttons and lappets too big for him), a waistcoat of dove-colored silk, very long, coming over the place where his stomach should have been, and white plush breeches, made while he was blockading Boulogne in 1801, and therefore had scarcely any flesh upon his bones. Peace having fattened him a little, these breeches had tightened upon him (as their way is with a boy having six weeks' holiday) ; but still they could not make his legs look big, though they showed them sharp and muscular. Below them were brisk little sinewy calves in white silk hose, with a taper descent to ankles as fine as a lady's and insteps bright with large silver buckles. Yet that which surpassed all the beauty of the clothes was the vigor of the man inside them, who seemed to quicken and invigorate the whole, even to the right sleeve, doubled up from the want of any arm inside it. But the loss of the right arm, and the right eye also, seemed to be of no account to the former owner, so hard did he work with the residue of his body, and so much did he express with it.

His noble cocked hat was in its leathern box yet, for he was only just come from Merton ; but the broad felt he wore was looped up in front, and displayed all the power of his countenance, or rather the vigour ; for power is heavy, and his face was light and quickness. Softness also, and a melancholy gift of dreaminess and reflection, enlarged and impressed the effect of a gaze and a smile which have conquered history.

"Why don't 'ee speak up to 'un, Cap'en Zeb?" cried young Harry Shanks, of the *Peggy*, the smartest smack next to the *Rosalie*. "Whoever can a be to make thee so dumb? Doth 'a know our own business afore our own selves? If 'ee don't speak up to 'un, Cap'en Zeb, I'll never take no more commands from thee."

"Harry Shanks, you was always a fool, and you always will be," Master Tugwell replied, with his deep chest voice, which no gale of wind could blow away. "Whether he be wrong or right—and I won't say but what I might have done it better—none but a fool like you would dare to set his squeak up against Admirable Lord Nelson."

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## LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1886.

Children of Gibeon. By WALTER BESANT	...	...	...	—
Book I: Chapter X.—The Great Renunciation.				
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The “ Donna” and the prevalent Distress. By THE EDITOR		...	...	—

IS WHIST-SIGNALLING HONEST?—Mr. Proctor, in this paper, takes up Mogul’s recent article “ Whist—Rational and Artificial,” and attempts to draw a line between conventions which are honest, and conventions which are dishonest. His criterion lies in the answer to the question whether a particular convention is a development from a strategical rule, or whether it is a signal, pure and simple—a signal that is based on no expectation of advantage except such as may be derived from the information conveyed.

Treating the game entirely from the non-gambling point of view, he proceeds to consider some of the arguments used by Cavendish to prove that his conventions have their origin in points of play.

Thus he argues :

When your partner has led a suit in which you are weak numerically, it is often a point of whist strategy to return him your best as a strengthening card. This helps him in more ways than one. It forces out good cards from the enemy ; it enables him to finesse as if your card were one of his own ; and it has the further advantage of showing him, but quite legitimately, that you are short in the suit. But while this lead of a strengthening card of two cards left, say a knave or ten instead of a small one, is manifestly legitimate as a part of whist strategy, the case is surely altered when having two small cards left you lead the higher as a conventional way of showing that you hold only two. Strategy does not require you to lead the three, for instance, from three, two, or



even the five from five, two. You cannot possibly help your partner by so doing—at least, not in one case out of a thousand. No whist-player would ever think of returning the five rather than the two because of any superiority in strength which the five possessed over the two. But of course the lead of the five from five, two, or of the three from three, two, according to the present conventional system, is a matter of considerable importance. It means either when the lower card falls, or if through the previous play your partner knows that you hold the lower card—"I have but these two cards left in the suit." Therefore your partner has a hint as to the hands of the opponents. Now this conventional meaning is necessarily a matter of preconcerted arrangement. It matters not whether it is arranged just before the game to which you are sitting down, or last year, or fifty years ago ; it does not even matter whether it is arranged between A and B for a single game, or known to all the players of a club, or of a county, or of a continent. It is a prearranged convention in no sense depending on whist principles. Mogul says it is dishonest, and there is a good deal to be said for that view ; but even if it be regarded as legitimate, it involves a change in the game. The rules ought definitely to say it shall be (or shall not be) lawful for a player to make use of this particular convention for the sake of informing his partner that he has not more than two left after the first round in his partner's suit.

Again, as regards the signal *par excellence*, he says :

Suppose that a player, A, who has a strong hand, especially in trumps, holds the knave and a small one in a suit which is led by the enemy, he being fourth player. If the trick is won by third player with the king or queen, A may perhaps deem it well to play the knave rather than the small one. For while the knave will fall, and most probably fall ineffectively next round, its play first round may lead the enemy to suppose A holds no more in the suit, and therefore to lead trumps lest one of their strong suits be ruffed, or lest perhaps a cross-ruff fatally injurious to them should be established. Now supposing the enemy not thus entrapped to lead trumps, A's partner, if he is an old hand, will naturally observe A's attempt to get trumps led by the enemy, and will therefore at the first opportunity lead them himself. It would be the same if A played knave from knave, ten, instead of from knave and a small card not in sequence with it, except that in this case the device, as costing nothing, would not imply quite so strong a wish for a trump lead as in the other case. In every such case, where a player obviously played a higher card where a lower one would have done as well, or—if not in sequence—even better, to induce the enemy to lead trumps, there has been an expression of a wish that trumps should be led. And this wish has been expressed in a manner strictly in accordance with whist strategy. The player has done what seemed good for his game and his partner's, and the partner, if a player, seeing what has thus been held good strategy, makes his inferences accordingly, precisely as he does from the play of his partner, or of either opponent when leading, or when second, third, or fourth hand. This is part of the game, and the issues of such manœuvres are among the *gaudia certaminis*.

There is all the difference in the world, however, between a piece of strategy like this and the signal or Peter as now established. To see this, one has only to consider what the signal would look like to a keen player not knowing its conventional significance, and seeing it for the first time. He would

say to himself, What on earth can my partner (or either enemy) mean by playing the four when he held the two? He could gain nothing by it. It must have been sheer carelessness. I must ask him (if partner) at the end of the hand, or (if opponent) at the end of the rubber. Now if the meaning of the signal were thereupon explained to him and he were invited always to employ the signal when needed, and always to respond to it when displayed by a trustworthy partner, in what respect would this explanation differ from a direct attempt to introduce means of communication between players depending on matters entirely outside the game? If he asked an opponent Why did you cough twice just before playing? and the opponent said, In our club that means, "The card I am playing is my last in the suit;" but two coughs followed by a sneeze imply that trumps are to be led *instantly*, he would probably say, "I would rather not play in your company." But really there is not much to choose between the two methods of signalling. And I think with Mogul, there is absolutely nothing to choose, so far as fairness is concerned, between the Peter and a system (generally admitted, if that makes any difference) by which opening a suit of a different colour from trumps should be understood to mean all-round strength.

As for the signal, though thus deduced from a strategic detail, being a development of a principle that is in truth all nonsense. It is not a principle at which that you should play a high card to deceive the enemy into leading trumps when you want trumps led. This is but a dodge, often found effective, but assuredly no principle. And the play of the higher of two indifferent cards is not even a development of this dodge. It is something entirely different; for it is play which, of itself, could not possibly induce the enemy to lead trumps. One might as well take for a signal the play of all cards with the right hand when trumps are not wanted, and with the left hand when they are.

As for the "echo to the call," he considers it so essentially artificial that there is something suggestive of audacity in attempting to treat it as the development of a principle, and he equally condemns the penultimate and American leads as unfair dodges, except in the case of the occasional lead from the lowest of an intermediate sequence in a strong suit, which he thinks defensible on strategical grounds, and in the case illustrated by the following instance :

..

Cavendish was once playing from a long suit headed by ace, queen, knave (six cards in all), and—following the ace with the queen, as formerly was the recognised rule—had his long suit blocked by his partner. The queen made, and when the third round was played, Cavendish's partner took the trick with his king, and, having no small card left in the suit, had to lead a losing card, so that opponents made their strong suit and won the game. Here manifestly there was defective whist strategy, and the lesson taught should have been, *not* that a conventional or recognised system of going on with long suits should be introduced for the sake of conveying information to partner, but rather that to all recognised rules there are exceptions. Seeing the opportunity of making a great game with his long suit, and the risk that if his partner had the king and failed

to play it soon the chance would be lost, Cavendish ought certainly to have led the knave, thereby either forcing out the king from the enemy, or drawing it from his partner, who, following the sound rule that you should seldom attempt to finesse in your partner's suit, would have played king on his partner's knave. Whether in the actual game Cavendish's partner had any opportunity of throwing away his king, and so clearing his partner's suit—the nature of which after the second round should have been clear to him—is not mentioned in the story as usually told. Possibly even that would not have saved the suit, as the third lead in it may only have been open to the partner, not to the original leader. If there was a chance of discarding the king, Cavendish being sure of re-entry, then the partner played ill too. Be this as it may, Cavendish noted the experience, and corrected his manner of leading from ace, queen, knave, to five at least, thereafter.

In conclusion, the writer remarks :

But the American leads, which are little short of an abomination of desolation in themselves (considered as a whole), have led to further developments, which, if admitted, must utterly ruin whist as a game. As I put the matter long ago in the pages of "Knowledge," Cavendish seems to be in no way troubled that he is spoiling the game by knocking the brains out of it, so long as he can bring in some new additions to the developments, which are no developments of principles, nor even real developments of certain devices which were never more than occasional points of strategy. Mogul goes farther, and says of Cavendish's "Whist Developments" that it makes him exclaim, "It were better for whist if Cavendish had never been born." But for my own part I rather rejoice at the appearance of that most unattractive work, for I know that it will do more to destroy the growing conventionalities of whist than any amount of direct opposition. Gamblers, as a rule, are a foolish nation, and though they will learn easy tricks quickly enough, they have not in the main capacity for such developments as Cavendish is trying to introduce under the pleasing title of 'The Echo in plain Suits.' Those who love whist for itself, seeing the lengths to which professionals are prepared to go in arranging a system of signs, will cease to play with them at a game which will no longer be whist. In rejecting the new developments whist-players of the unprofessional sort (*amateurs* are so called because they love the game), will be led to question the propriety of other so-called developments. When they do so, I doubt if even the Blue Peter will escape, long though it has lasted. I have done something in my "How to play Whist" to kill the signals, by showing what a quantity of signalling has to be attended to when not only the positive but the negative aspect of the signals is taken into account. I believe that every one of these conventions has injured the game. At any rate, as I wrote last year in "Knowledge," if not the active causes of decay, they are its signs and tokens. Let the game be restored to its original purity. It assuredly should be seen that it needs some cleansing when players are asked whether, when whist is played for money, the system of signalling is *honest*.

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## MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1886.

A Legend of another World. By the Author of "A Strange Temptation"	...	—
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THE MUSICAL AND THE PICTURESQUE ELEMENTS IN POETRY is a laboured attempt to prove that of the two elements which, between them, make all the formal qualities of poetic work, the "musical" and "picturesque," it is the former that is the essential element in poetry.

The true interpretation of both, he remarks, may be arrived at by developing the consequences of Lessing's theory of the limits of poetry and painting respectively.

Lessing proved in the "Laocoon" that the method of the poet must be different from that of the painter (or of the sculptor); that the poet cannot imitate the painter in his treatment of subjects they have in common, and that the painter cannot imitate the poet. He shows by examples what difference of treatment actually exists, and deduces it from the necessary conditions of the arts of expression in words and in colours. There is this difference of treatment, because in poetry images are represented in their relations in time, while in painting objects are represented in their relations in space. In detailed descriptions of beautiful objects the poet cannot equal the painter, but he is not confined, like the painter, to a single moment of time. The poet describes the effects of things, not merely the things themselves; and thus he can convey ideas of beautiful objects by methods of his own which the painter cannot employ. But to produce a "poetic picture," that is, a picture not of an object but of an action or event, which consists of successive phases related in time, not of co-existent parts related in space, is the true aim of the poet.

Now Lessing's conception of a poetic picture—a picture in words of a series of images related in time—is not a perfectly simple conception. We may discover in it by analysis those suggestions of distinct pictures which, as Lessing admits, are made incidentally by the poet without attempting anything beyond

the limits of his own art. The words of the poet call up images of what existed at those particular moments which the painter might select if he were working on the same subject.

It is not the mere relation of these images in time, the writer contends, but the "musical element" that makes the picture poetic, and, in illustration of this, he takes the following passage from Milton:—

"Down a while  
He sat and round about him saw unseen.  
*At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head*  
*And shape star-bright appeared or brighter, clad*  
With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him or false glitter."

Here he says, the poetic effect does not proceed merely from the vivid objective representation of the phases of an action or event as they follow one another in time. The movement in which the mind is absorbed is not the external movement, but the musical movement of the verse.

The remainder of the paper is occupied with an examination of the characteristics of the poets in whose work musical quality becomes most manifest as a quality distinct from all others. Taking lyric poetry as that in which any relation between mode of treatment of material and mode of manifestation of poetic quality is most certain to show itself, and the "subjective" character of lyric poetry as its distinguishing feature, he remarks that the more complete the transformation of human emotion with all its circumstances, into a new "subjective" world, the more complete is also the detachment of form from matter, and the more intense the impression given by form alone.

This transformation may be brought about in two different ways. One of these consists in contemplating from the point of view of a peculiar personality the few typical emotions and ideas to which analysis reduces all the rest. A new world is created in which some effect of strangeness is given to everything. After the treatment of earlier artists has been studied, an effort is made to express what has been left by them incompletely expressed—all those remoter effects of things which they have only suggested. Baudelaire, who has carried this method to its limits, has also given the theory of it. He called it the research for "the artificial," and regarded it as the typical method of modern art. The other method is to give to the mood that is selected as the motive of a poem a special imaginative character by associating with it some typical episode of life, colouring this brilliantly, and isolating it from a background that is vaguely thought of as made up of commonplace experience. This mode of treatment of life is to a certain extent that of all poets; but some lyrists—Heine, for example—have carried it to greater perfection as a poetic method than the rest. Lyrics such as Heine's have for their distinctive character an intensity of

emotional expression which has led some critics to praise them as not being "artificial." But they are really quite as artificial, in a sense, as those with which they are contrasted. For nothing in them is taken directly from life. The episode that is selected has a certain typical character by which it is removed from real experience; in being emphasised by intensity of expression and by contrast it is of course equally removed from the world of abstractions. Thus it is true here, as everywhere else, that "art is art because it is not nature."

But among the lyric poets themselves there are some in whose verse the musical quality becomes more distinct than it does in the verse of those who may be characterised by their use of one of the two methods described. The musical quality in the verse of the poets referred to above is of course unmistakable, but it is not the quality which we select to characterise them. In the one case intensity in the expression of a mood is most characteristic, in the other strangeness in the colouring. But there are some poets who are pre-eminently "musical," whom the musical quality of their verse would be selected to characterise.

Is there any peculiarity in their mode of treating the material of all poetry, he asks, by which this still greater detachment of form from matter can be explained?

From a comparison of the works of Milton, Shelley and Swinburne, whom he classes as the most distinctly musical of English lyrists, he concludes that there is such a peculiarity, and that it consists in the power they possess of representing an ideal as triumphant.

The triumph of the human soul is conceived by Milton as a supremacy of the individual will over circumstance. This conception is above all that of "Samson Agonistes." Shelley expresses the belief in the permanence of certain ideas, such as that of "intellectual beauty," under all changes of superficial appearance. And with Mr. Swinburne, just as the opposition of man and destiny is represented in its most general form—

"Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is a rock that abides ;

But her ears are vexed with the roar and her face with the foam of the tides ;"

—so the triumph of man over destiny is represented in its most general form as the conquest of external things by "the spirit of man."

GENERAL READERS ; BY ONE OF THEM, is a gentle protest against what the writer considers the undue austerity of Mr. Harrison's view of the course of reading proper for the general reader, as put forward in his recent work, "The Choice of Books and other Literary Pieces."

The course recommended by Mr. Harrison comprises the best of all that has been thought and said in the world, the best in poetry, philosophy, history, fiction, and *the best only*.\* He says :—

"To put out of the question that writing which is positively bad, are we not amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it except that it is new? Now, do stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply

curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for desultory "information"—a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two evils, I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish much less enlarge and beautify our nature."

Mr. Harrison's theory is that whenever one reads a book that is not truly instructive, so much is taken from his power of recognising and appreciating one that is. But, says the writer of the article :

To read the best in literature ; to read it always, and to read it only. Wise counsel ; but who shall fulfil it ? Does not such an education pre-suppose a condition of mind and fortune—one might almost say, too, of body—rare indeed in this much-harassed age, if possible at all ? A monk of the Thebaid, Saint Simeon on his pillar, that sage, "hoar-headed, wrinkled, clad in white," who for ever, in Mr. Arnold's beautiful lines, ponders God's mysteries amid the eternal snows of the Himalayas—for such happy beings conditions such as Mr. Harrison pre-supposes for his ideal reader might have been possible ; or possible in nearer, but yet as vanished times they might have been, when our universities were truly homes of learning, cities of refuge, unvexed by the storms that raged outside their happy grounds, before they set themselves to catch and reproduce some feeble echoes of those empty tempests. But where, for whom, is such a life possible now ? We must all be up and doing : with heavy hearts or light we must all

"into the world and wave of men depart,"

Even the most futile can get seats in Parliament—and do. The scanty moments most of us can spare to literature must be given to the newspaper or to the last popular novel or treatise on irreligion, taken as an anodyne before bed-time. With our nerves always at high pressure, and our brains distraught with the multiplicity of trifles which make up the sum of most lives how can we set ourselves in order to listen to the great voices echoing from

"the mountain-tops where is the home of truth" ?

Mr. Harrison admits that to seek the company of these immortals as one would chat with a pleasant friend over a cigar is a vain thing. "When," he asks, "when will men understand that the reading of great books is a faculty to be acquired, not a natural gift, at least not to those who are spoiled by our current education and habits of life ?" They need a certain freedom of mind, a clearness of brain, and perhaps a certain austerity of mood, to be properly read. The palate must be clean to taste them truly, as they were wines of some rare vintage. Charles Lamb declared that Milton almost required "a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which who listens had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears."

He also vowed that he had once soothed a melancholy night with a pipe of tobacco, a bottle of port and "King Lear;" at least he told Coleridge he had done so: but one cannot help speculating on the share each of these anodynes contributed to the net result. In any frame of mind I doubt whether port-wine and tobacco could be the most convenient adornments for "King Lear," though they might serve as a pretty relish for the humours of Falstaff. Even those who can, and do, give more time to literature—especially those who must, as the author of "Leacon" says, read a little to write—cannot be always in trim for the best, and the best only. To force oneself to read this great solid best when one really craves something a little less good, a little lighter, more easy of digestion, as it were, is a far worse thing than to keep always from it. The brain, I take it, is much as the stomach. When a man has come to the years of discretion—the phrase is perhaps more current than certain, but let it pass—if he does not know what to eat, drink, and avoid according to his condition and habit, not all the doctors in the world will help him. There is not one universal stomach; nay, has not one man many stomachs? What is good for him to-day may not be good for him to-morrow. That is why these rules for diet so much in vogue just at present are really such supreme nonsense, as none, let us fervently hope for the credit of the Faculty, know better than the doctors themselves. And it is much the same, I take it, with books and reading. The real secret is to know what fare the intellectual stomach needs at the moment. "A man," said Samuel Johnson, "ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good." "I read," wrote Macaulay in his journal "Henderson's Iceland" at breakfast; a favourite breakfast book with me. Why! How odd! we are made! Some books which I never should dream of opening at dinner please me at breakfast, and *vice versa*." "Much," said Lamb, "depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the 'Fairly Queen' for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes's sermons?" Why put all your poor intellects out of joint striving to keep pace with Plato through the realms of thought, when what would really soothe your tired brain, and send you to bed at peace with yourself and the world, would be—and you know it—Mr. Burnand's "Happy Thoughts"? Why break your brains over "Paradise Lost," when you are yearning, more fervently than ever Mrs. Blimber yearned to see Cicero in the flesh, for the "Ingoldsby Legends"? Neither Milton nor Plato will do you any good in those conditions, any more that cold water will do you good if you are sick of a fever, or the pantomime at the Lyceum give you any idea of Goethe's "Faust."

As Dr. Channing says in his "Book-lover's Enchiridion."

"The best books for a man are not always those which the wise recommend, but oftener those which meet the peculiar wants, the natural thirst of his mind, and therefore awaken interest and rivet thought. And here it may be well to observe, not only in regard to books, but in other respects, that self-culture must vary with the individual. All means do not equally suit us all. A man must unfold himself freely, and should respect the peculiar gifts or biasses by which nature has distinguished him from others. Self-culture does not demand the sacrifice of individuality, it does not regularly apply an established machinery, for the sake of torturing every man into one rigid shape, called perfection. As



the human countenance, with the same features in us all, is diversified without end in the race, and is never the same in any two individuals, so the human soul, with the same grand powers and law, expands into an infinite variety of forms, and would be woefully stinted by modes of culture requiring all men to learn the same lesson, or to bend to the same rules."

No one, the writer thinks, has ever written more temperately on this subject than Mr. Harrison, and it is a subject on which so much intemperate foolishness has been written, that he has no wish to contribute to it.

What shall be taken, and what left, I make no pretence to decide. Whether a man, or a woman, prefer Sir Arthur Helps to Marcus Aurelius, or Buddha to both, matters nothing to me. Let this man, if he chooses, place George Eliot by the side of Shakespeare; I am sure Shakespeare, in his infinite courtesy, will gladly go up higher to make room for her. The "windy suspirations of forced breath" Mr. Swinburne delights to blow against Byron do not irritate me as they seem to irritate so many pious souls. One supposes them to please Mr. Swinburne, and certainly they do no manner of harm to Byron. But I cannot see why we should not read everything that is good after its kind, and enjoy them all, each according to its kind. Lord Steyne was famous among epicures for his French cook and his cellar; yet he could dine off a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, and find that it was good. That, I submit, is the proper spirit for your true reader.

Surely Mr. Harrison is incorrect in his view that "to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books," and that "merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind." Surely a wholesome entertainment is in certain moods and to certain spirits itself a teaching, an elevation, and information, even of a chance kind, if goods is no bad thing.

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## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

APRIL, 1886

The Evolution of Theology. By Professor HUXLEY	...	...	...
The Church and the Villages: What Hope? By Rev. Dr. JESSOPP	...	...	...
The Second Part of "Faust." By Professor BLACKIE	...	...	...
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Liberal Election Addresses. By LORD EBRINGTON, M.P.	...	...	...
Three attempts to rule Ireland justly. By R. BARRY O'BRIEN	...	...	...
A "Nationalist" Parliament. By W. E. H. LECKY	...	...	...

**WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.**—In spite of the delusive evidence of petitions to Parliament, Mrs. Chapman thinks it clear that there is no wide and genuine desire for the suffrage, either among educated or uneducated, rich or poor, women. Nor does she think that this attitude, as some ardent reformers would have it, is due to ignorance or apathy. Large numbers of competent women who have fully considered the question, and especially married women, have no wish for political equality with men. And this attitude, she undertakes to show, is a wise and prudent one.

She admits, *in limine*, that, if the question is to be decided by mere mental capacity, or by the qualifications of property-holding, labour-employing, or tax-paying, the exclusion of women from the franchise is an artificial and anomalous arrangement. All our arrangements, however, are compromises between the exigencies of different sets of considerations, and the actual position of women is the result of such a compromise, arrived at unconsciously and gradually.

If by calling that position artificial people mean that it is the result of a deliberate scheme, planned by men for the exclusion of women from power, they can be contradicted with absolute security. All the evidence of mankind's history goes to show that the relative position of the sexes as we know it has slowly worked itself out in obedience to deep underlying laws, which, unawares to us, have shaped its main outlines. That there ever was a time when men as a sex said of the other sex, 'these women may become too powerful; we

must see to it and keep them down,' there is no evidence whatever.\* No, the insistence has always been on what is fitting and beneficial to women in themselves, and as mothers, wives, and daughters of men; and the ideas of what is so have slowly shaped themselves according to the great unalterable facts of human nature.

It is by an appeal to those great unalterable facts underlying all our arrangements that the question ought to be decided.

No one can seriously argue that, on the physical side, divergence of pursuits and habits is not indicated for the sexes.

The common-sense of mankind has long ago answered the question, and even our female reformers I believe admit that ploughing and driving cattle, soldiering and sailing, are not appropriate to women, nor feeding and rocking children, nursing the sick and keeping house, to men. Not that women have not as much physical strength and energy in their own kind as men in theirs, but that energy appears to have a different scope. Men would find the common tasks of women desperately fatiguing and irksome; a man, for instance, would certainly not cultivate manly strength and energy as a child's nurse; yet the nurse exercises a great deal of strength, carrying and nursing a heavy child. The ignoring of this differentiation of physical energy in the two sexes is always the note of barbarism or degradation among mankind. Where you find women put to tasks which do not suit with their physical constitution and functions—a practice always evidenced by premature decrepitude—there you have a people low in the scale of humanity.

Now, as the energy of women differs in kind and scope from that of men on the physical side, so it differs in moral and intellectual matters also, though the difference may not be so easy to discriminate. In illustration of this difference, the writer refers to the subject of impurity and the crimes which spring from it. The view that the state of the law and public conscience in this matter would be improved, if women had a direct voice in legislation, she believes to be founded on a grave mistake.

If physiological considerations have any meaning, it must always be impossible for women to view these subjects *in lumine sicco*. If they were invested with the power of dictating legal methods, we should have, with the best and purest intentions, all the worst errors committed which marked the attempt of some persons to deal with these evils last summer. But if it is asked, Do you mean, then, that women should look indifferently on these terrible subjects, or turn their eyes away from them and ignore them? the answer is, God forbid. The very qualities in the nature of women which unfit them for devising legisla-

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\* This is said advisedly, spite of the instances to be cited of the opposition by male workers to the intrusion of women upon their trade or profession. These seem to me not the opposition of sex to sex, but mere cases of a class and trade exclusiveness which has the sole purpose of maintaining a certain rate of wages, and is exercised quite as often by men against men as by men against women. Again, the often-quoted absorption by the male sex of educational endowments intended for both sexes cannot be shown to have resulted from any plan to oust girls from schools: it resulted rather from the fact that there was no demand for female education,

tion denote their proper office in raising morality, of which legislation is the follower and servant. The consciences of even good men are apt to be blunter in respect of these evils than those of women, blunted by past transgression of their own, or by frequent knowledge of transgression in others; and in no case can a man have as keen and painful sense of the harm wrought as a woman. It is the office of women to use this keen and painful sense to quicken the conscience of men in the matter. If women of the upper classes, instead of being idle and cowardly disinclined to consider any grave subject, and mostly occupied with dress and amusement, use the many opportunities they have of influence with husbands and sons, brothers and near friends, to urge the cause of purity and high-mindedness, they are helping forward that cause as no legislation could help it. If wives and mothers among them refuse to admit to their houses, much more to be the husbands of their daughters, men known to be viciously given, they are helping forward that cause in a yet larger sphere. And if all well-to-do women resist mere luxury and self-indulgence in themselves, not

Compound for sins they are inclined to  
By damning those they have no mind to—

they are influencing the whole nation against the sins of the flesh, for example filters downwards in these matters most rapidly of all. If women of the working classes, instead of indulging their young sons and daughters in every freak of self-will, keeping no order in the family as to hours and associates, and then angrily resenting the daughter's 'losing her character,' or the son's having to pay for an illegitimate child—if instead of all this they hold up before their children, by example and precept, the blessing of a godly, righteous, and sober life, they are exercising in the cause of purity and goodness a power far greater than any franchise can confer, and a power which they are fitted by their own womanly nature to wield. And to women of all classes the due exercise of these womanly influences gives the right and the power to press on the consideration of their male relations any need they may see for alteration in the law.

So, in other matters of the Commonweal, the true office of woman, in the writer's opinion, is to temper the hardness which leads men to incline to the business side of things, and be satisfied with general rules, irrespectively of their bearing on particular cases by keeping alive ideals and speaking for a wise generosity.

Nor, she remarks, need this influence be confined to social questions.

Wise women will offer their opinion with diffidence where (as in foreign politics, for instance) they can have but a very imperfect knowledge of data, and probably also strictly limited powers of estimating what they do know. But if they are able to take intelligent interest in (say) the foreign affairs of the country, it can but be to the good that they should discuss such subjects with their male friends and relations, and bring to bear those characteristics of feminine minds which, as I have tried to show, have a true value in counselling the masculine. But surely the more careful they are in thinking and speaking, the more they will recognise that questions of peace and war, trade and

commerce, belong as appropriately to masculine minds as questions of household management, the care of children, and the care of sick belong to feminine.

The fitness of men, she is disposed to think, is to discern the larger issues of life and conduct, to infer principles and lay down rules of action, and that of women to care for the daily needs and claims of individuals; to raise the sympathies, the charities and the graces of life to the same level of importance as its necessary business; and, she would urge, the entrance of women into the strife of the political arena would be their adventuring upon controversies with which, by nature and habit, they are unfit to deal, besides hindering the exercise of their proper womanly functions.

Some, at least, of the advocates of female suffrage, the writer remarks, appear to be aware of practical objections to a female franchise co-extensive with the male. The limitation of the present Bill to female householders is significant.

Who could ever have dreamt of such an absurdity as confining any public right to bachelors and widowers? And yet the proposed enfranchisement is practically limited to spinsters and widows. The fact is that it is impossible to deal with this or any other question of moment as between the sexes without opening up the widest question of all, that of the marriage relation. Unless we are prepared to make of marriage a mere civil partnership, dissoluble at will, it is certain that the normal relation between husband and wife must be one of control and decision on the husband's side, and difference and submission on the wife's. "Where two ride on a horse, one must needs ride behind." This remains inevitable so long as the marriage is not dissolved, notwithstanding any means devised for protecting wives from wrong. Now to give that which is a subject of keenest divergence of opinion, the exercise of the political franchise, to married women, would certainly introduce into married life a fruitful source of dispute and discord. It is, doubtless, the perception of this which is largely responsible for the proposed limitation of the franchise to women-householders. But of all anomalies and inconsistencies, that limitation would be surely one of the greatest conceivable. It is alleged to be unjust that sensible and intelligent women should not have the franchise, and then it is gravely proposed to except from enfranchisement precisely that half of the female sex which has most experience of life, most training in practical affairs, most sense of the claims of others.

**THE FACTORS OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION.**—Mr. Herbert Spencer, in this paper, enters into a critical examination of the evidence in favour of the inheritance of functionally-produced modifications, as a factor in organic evolution, and makes out a very strong *à posteriori* case for what is *à priori* an almost necessary conclusion.

First, Mr. Spencer considers the difficulties which meet us, if we recognise no other factor than survival of the fittest, and then he considers what evidence there is that the structures of offspring

are affected by special kinds of activity and inactivity in their parents.

As an instance of the difficulties which disappear if the inherited effects of use and disuse are recognised, Mr. Spencer, in his *Principles of Biology*, had brought forward the decreased size of the jaws in the civilized races of mankind. He now adds the diminution of the muscles of the jaws in dogs which have been bred for many generations as household pets.

To get direct proof of the decrease of the muscles concerned in closing the jaws, or biting, would require a series of observations very difficult to make. But it is not difficult to get indirect proof of this decrease by looking at the bony structures with which these muscles are connected. Examination of the skulls of sundry indoor dogs contained in the Museum of the College of Surgeons proves the relative smallness of such parts. The only pug-dog's skull is that of an individual not perfectly adult; and though its traits are quite to the point, they cannot with safety be taken as evidence. The skull of a toy-terrier has much restricted areas of insertion for the temporal muscles; has weak zygomatic arches; and has extremely small attachments for the masseter muscles. Still more significant is the evidence furnished by the skull of a King Charles's spaniel, which, if we allow three years to a generation, and bear in mind that the variety must have existed before Charles the second's reign, we may assume belongs to something approaching to the hundredth generation of these household pets. The relative breadth between the outer surface of the zygomatic arches is conspicuously small; the narrowness of the temporal fossæ is also striking; the zygomata are very slender; the temporal muscles have left no marks whatever, either by limiting lines or by the character of the surfaces covered; and the places of attachment for the masseter muscles are very feebly developed. At the Museum of Natural History, among skulls of dogs, there is one which, though unnamed, is shown by its small size and by its teeth to have belonged to one variety or other of lap-dogs, and which has the same traits in an equal degree with the skull just described. Here, then, we have two, if not three, kinds of dogs which, similarly leading protected and pampered lives, show that in the course of generations the parts concerned in clenching the jaws have dwindled. To what cause must this decrease be ascribed? Certainly not to artificial selection; for most of the modifications named make no appreciable external signs: the width across the zygomata could alone be perceived. Neither can natural selection have had anything to do with it; for even were there any struggle for existence among such dogs, it cannot be contended that any advantage in the struggle could be gained by an individual in which a decrease took place. Economy of nutrition, too, is excluded. Abundantly fed as such dogs are, the constitutional tendency is to find places where excess of absorbed nutriment may be conveniently deposited, rather than to find places where some cutting down of the supplies is practicable. Nor, again, can there be alleged a possible correlation between these diminutions and that shortening of the jaws which has probably resulted from selection; for in the bull-dog which has also relatively short jaws, these structures concerned in closing them are unusually large. Thus there remains as the only conceivable cause the diminution

of size which results from diminished use. The dwindling of a little-exercised part has, by inheritance, been made more and more marked in successive generations.

Difficulties of another class are those which arise in connexion with the evolution of such structural changes as adapt an organism to some useful action in which many parts co-operate. As an instance of this class of difficulties the case of the giraffe, noticed by Mr. Darwin, in the sixth edition of the *Origin of Species*, is enlarged upon.

Darwin had observed :

"In order that an animal should acquire some structure specially and largely developed, it is almost indispensable that several other parts should be modified and co-adapted. Although every part of the body varies slightly, it does not follow that the necessary parts should always vary in the right direction and to the right degree (p. 179)."

And, again, "the prolonged use of all the parts together with inheritance will have aided in an important manner in their co-ordination. Mr. Spencer, however, finds reason to believe that the entailed modifications are much more numerous and remote than at first appears, and that the greater part of them cannot be described in any degree to the selection of favourable variations.

Whoever has seen a giraffe gallop will long remember the sight as a ludicrous one. The reason for the strangeness of the motions is obvious. Though the fore limbs and the hind limbs differ so much in length, yet in galloping they have to keep pace—must take equal strides. The result is that at each stride the angle which the hind limbs describe round their centre of motion is much larger than the angle described by the fore limbs. And beyond this, as an aid in equalising the strides, the hind part of the back is at each stride bent very much downwards and forwards. Hence the hind-quarters appear to be doing nearly all the work. Now a moment's observation shows that the bones and muscles composing the hind-quarters of the giraffe, perform actions differing in one or other way and degree from the actions performed by the homologous bones and muscles in a mammal of ordinary proportions, and from those in the ancestral mammal which give origin to the giraffe. Each further stage of that growth which produced the large fore-quarters and neck, entailed some adapted change in sundry of the numerous parts composing the hind-quarters ; since any failure in the adjustment of their respective strengths would entail some defect in speed and consequent loss of life when chased. It needs but to remember how, when continuing to walk with a blistered foot, the taking of steps in such a modified way as to diminish pressure on the sore point, soon produces aching of muscles which are called into unusual action, to see that over-straining of any one of the muscles of the giraffe's hind-quarters might quickly incapacitate the animal when putting out all its powers to escape ; and to be a few yards behind others would cause death. Hence if we are debarred from assuming that co-operative parts vary together, even when adjacent and closely united—if we are still more debarred from assuming that with increased length of fore-legs or of neck, there will go an appropriate change in any one muscle or bone in the hind-quarters—how entirely

out of the question it is to assume that there will simultaneously take place the appropriate changes in *all* those many components of the hind-quarters which severally require re-adjustment. It is useless to reply that an increment of length in the fore-legs or neck might be retained and transmitted to posterity, waiting an appropriate variation in a particular bone or muscle in the hind-quarters, which, being made, would allow of a further increment. For besides the fact that until this secondary variation occurred the primary variation would be a disadvantage often fatal; and besides the fact that before such an appropriate secondary variation might be expected in the course of generations to occur, the primary variation would have died out; there is the fact that the appropriate variation of one bone or muscle in the hind-quarters would be useless without appropriate variations of all the rest—some in this way and some in that—a number of appropriate variations which it is impossible to suppose.

Nor is this all. Far more numerous appropriate variations would be indirectly necessitated. The immense change in the ratio of fore-quarters to hind-quarters would make requisite a corresponding change of ratio in the appliances carrying on the nutrition of the two. The entire vascular system, arterial and venous, would have to undergo successive un-buildings and re-buildings to make its channels everywhere adequate to the local requirements; since any want of adjustment in the blood-supply to this or that set of muscles would entail incapacity, failure of speed, and loss of life. Moreover the nerves supplying the various sets of muscles would have to be proportionately changed, as well as the central nervous tracts from which they issued. Can we suppose that all these appropriate changes, too, would be step by step simultaneously made by fortunate spontaneous variations, occurring along with all the other fortunate spontaneous variations? Considering how immense must be the number of these required changes, added to the changes above enumerated, the chances against any adequate re-adjustments fortuitously arising must be infinity to one.

If the effects of use and disuse of parts are inheritable, then any change in the fore parts of the giraffe which affects the action of the hind limbs and back, will simultaneously cause, by the greater or less exercise of it, a re-moulding of each component in the hind limbs and back in a way adapted to the new demands; and generation after generation the entire structure of the hind-quarters will be progressively fitted to the changed structure of the fore-quarters: all the appliances for nutrition and innervation being at the same time progressively fitted to both. But in the absence of this inheritance of functionally-produced modifications, there is no seeing how the required re-adjustments can be made.

Another difficulty is that which attaches to the increase by natural selection of any one faculty among creatures which depend for their lives on the efficiency of a multitude of diverse faculties—a difficulty also recognised by Mr. Darwin.

Thus, among mankind:

Remembering that mankind, subject as they are to this domestication and cultivation, are not, like domesticated animals, under an agency which picks out and preserves particular variations; it results that there must usually be among them, under the influence of natural selection alone, a continual disappearance of any useful variations of particular faculties which may arise. Only in cases of variations which are specially preservative, as, for example, great cunning during



a relatively barbarous state, can we expect increase from natural selection alone. We cannot suppose that minor traits, exemplified among others by the æsthetic perceptions, can have been evolved by natural selection. But if there is inheritance of functionally-produced modifications of structure, evolution of such minor traits is no longer inexplicable.

As to direct proof of the inheritance of functionally-produced modifications, Mr. Spencer first points out that there are good reasons why paucity of recognised evidence should not be accepted as implying that plenty of evidence does not exist.

If it be asked how it happens that there have been recorded multitudinous instances of variations fortuitously arising and reappearing in offspring, while there have not been recorded instances of the transmission of changes functionally produced, there are three replies. The first is that changes of the one class are, many of them, conspicuous, while those of the other class are nearly all inconspicuous. If a child is born with six fingers, the anomaly is not simply obvious but so startling as to attract much notice ; and if this child, growing up, has six-fingered descendants, everybody in the locality hears of it. A pigeon with specially-coloured feathers, or one distinguished by a broadened and upraised tail, or by a protuberance of the neck, draws attention by its oddness ; and if in its young the trait is repeated, occasionally with increase, the fact is remarked, and there follows the thought of establishing the peculiarity by selection. A lamb disabled from leaping by the shortness of its legs, could not fail to be observed ; and the fact that its offspring were similarly short-legged, and had a consequent inability to get over fences, would inevitably become widely known. Similarly with plants. That this flower had an extra number of petals, that that was unusually symmetrical, and that another differed considerably in colour from the average of its kind, would be easily seen by an observant gardener ; and the suspicion that such anomalies are inheritable having arisen, experiments leading to further proofs that they are so, would frequently be made. But it is not thus with functionally-produced modifications. The seats of these are in nearly all cases the muscular, osseous, and nervous systems, and the viscera—parts which are either entirely hidden or greatly obscured. Modification in a nervous centre is inaccessible to vision ; bones may be considerably altered in size or shape without attention being drawn to them ; and, covered with thick coats as are most of the animals open to continuous observation, the increases or decreases in muscles must be great before they become externally perceptible.

A further important difference between the two inquiries is that to ascertain whether a fortuitous variation is inheritable, needs merely a little attention to the selection of individuals and the observation of offspring ; while to ascertain whether there is inheritance of a functionally-produced modification, it is requisite to make arrangements which demand the greater or smaller exercise of some part or parts ; and it is difficult in many cases to find such arrangements, troublesome to maintain them even for one generation, and still more through successive generations.

Nor is this all. There exist stimuli to inquiry in the one case which does not exist in the other. The money interest and the interest of the fancier, acting now separately and now together, have prompted multitudinous individuals to make experiments which have brought out clear evidence that

fortuitous variations are inherited. The cattle-breeders who profit by producing certain shapes and qualities; the keepers of pet animals who take pride in the perfections of those they have bred; the florists, professional and amateur, who obtain new varieties and take prizes; form a body of men who furnish naturalists with countless of the required proofs. But there is no such body of men, led either by pecuniary interest or the interest of a hobby, to ascertain by experiments whether the effects of use and disuse are inheritable.

Among the evidence which the writer proceeds to cite is a fact discovered by Brown-Sequard, quite accidentally in the course of his researches.

He found that certain artificially-produced lesions of the nervous system, so small even as a section of the sciatic nerve, left, after healing, an increasing excitability which ended in liability to epilepsy; and there afterwards came out the unlooked-for result that the offspring of guinea-pigs which had thus acquired an epileptic habit, such that a pinch on the neck would produce a fit, inherited an epileptic habit of like kind. It has, indeed, been since alleged that guinea-pigs tend to epilepsy, and that phenomena of the kind described occur where there have been no antecedents like those in Brown-Séquard's case. But considering the improbability that the phenomena observed by him happened to be nothing more than phenomena which occasionally arise naturally, we may, until there is good proof to the contrary, assign some value to his results.

Evidence well worth noting is also furnished by other nervous disorders.

There is proof enough that insanity admits of being induced by circumstances which, in one or other way, derange the nervous functions—excesses of this or that kind; and no one questions the accepted belief that insanity is inheritable. Is it alleged that the insanity which is inheritable is that which spontaneously arises, and that the insanity which follows some chronic perversion of functions is not inheritable? This does not seem a very reasonable allegation; and until some warrant for it is forthcoming, we may fairly assume that there is here a further support for belief in the transmission of functionally-produced changes.

The most important examples, however, are perhaps those cited by Darwin himself, who, as is shown by numerous quotations from the *Origin of Species* and the *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, was very far from ignoring the inheritance of functionally-produced changes.

The following are some of the cases quoted from the last named work :—

Treating of domesticated rabbits, he says :—

The want of exercise has apparently modified the proportional length of the limbs in comparison with the body (p. 116). We thus see that the most important and complicated organ [the brain] in the whole organisation is subject to the law of decrease in size from disuse (p. 129).

He remarks that in birds of the oceanic islands "not persecuted by any enemies, the reduction of their wings has probably been caused by gradual disuse." After comparing one of these, the water-hen of Tristan d'Acunha, with the European water-hen, and showing that all the bones concerned in flight are smaller, he adds :—

Hence in the skeleton of this natural species nearly the same changes have occurred, only carried a little further, as with our domestic ducks, and in this latter case I presume no one will dispute that they have resulted from the lessened use of the wings and the increased use of the legs (pp. 286-7). As with other long-domesticated animals, the instincts of the silk-moth have suffered. The caterpillars, when placed on a mulberry-tree, often commit the strange mistake of devouring the base of the leaf on which they are feeding, and consequently fall down; but they are capable, according to M. Robinot, of again crawling up the trunk. Even this capacity sometimes fails, for M. Martins placed some caterpillars on a tree, and those which fell were not able to remount and perished of hunger; they were even incapable of passing from leaf to leaf (p. 304).

Here are some instances of like meaning from volume ii.

In many cases there is reason to believe that the lessened use of various organs has affected the corresponding parts in the offspring. But there is no good evidence that this ever follows in the course of a single generation. Our domestic fowls, ducks, and geese have almost lost, not only in the individual but in the race, their power of flight; for we do not see a chicken, when frightened, take flight like a young pheasant. With domestic pigeons, the length of the sternum, the prominence of its crest, the length of the scapulæ and furcula, the length of the wings as measured from tip to tip of the radius, are all reduced relatively to the same parts in the wild pigeon.

After detailing kindred diminutions in fowls and ducks, Mr. Darwin adds :—

The decreased weight and size of the bones, in the foregoing cases, is probably the indirect result of the reaction of the weakened muscles on the bones (pp. 297-8). Nathusius has shown that, with the improved races of the pig, the shortened legs and snout, the form of the articular condyles of the occiput, and the position of the jaws with the upper canine teeth projecting in a most anomalous manner in front of the lower canines, may be attributed to these parts not having been fully exercised. These modifications of structure, which are all strictly inherited, characterise several improved breeds, so that they cannot have been derived from any single domestic or wild stock. With respect to cattle, Professor Tanner has remarked that the lungs and liver in "the improved breeds" are "found to be considerably reduced in size when compared with those possessed by animals having perfect liberty." The cause of the reduced lungs in highly-bred animals which take little exercise is obvious (pp. 299-300).

And on pp. 301, 302, and 303, he gives facts showing the effects of use and disuse in changing, among domestic animals, the characters of the ears, the lengths of the intestines, and, in various ways, the natures of the instincts.

Mr. Darwin's view is made still clearer by the following passage in the preface to the second edition of his *Descent of Man*.

I may take this opportunity of remarking that my critics frequently assume that I attribute all changes of corporeal structure and mental power exclusively to the natural selection of such variations as are often called spontaneous ; whereas, even in the first edition of the "Origin of Species," I distinctly stated that great weight must be attributed to the inherited effects of use and disuse, with respect both to the body and mind.

Mr. Spencer, however, is disposed to think that Darwin after all underrated the importance in organic evolution of the transmission of modifications caused by use and disuse.

After summing up the evidence he says :

To me the *ensemble* of the facts suggests the belief, scarcely to be resisted, that the inheritance of functionally-produced modifications takes place universally. Looking at physiological phenomena as conforming to physical principles, it is difficult to conceive that a changed play of organic forces, which in many cases of different kinds produces an inherited change of structure, does not do this in all cases. The implication, very strong I think, is that the action of every organ produces on it a reaction which, usually not altering its rate of nutrition, sometimes leaves it with diminished nutrition consequent on diminished action ; and at other times increases its nutrition in proportion to its increased action ; that while generating a modified *consensus* of functions and of structures, the activities are at the same time impressing this modified *consensus* on the sperm-cells and germ-cells whence future individuals are to be produced ; and that in ways mostly too small to be identified, but occasionally in more conspicuous ways and in the course of generations, the resulting modifications of one or other kind show themselves. Further, it seems to me that, as there are certain extensive classes of phenomena which are inexplicable if we assume the inheritance of fortuitous variations to be the sole factor, but which become at once explicable if we admit the inheritance of functionally-produced changes, we are justified in concluding that this inheritance of functionally-produced changes has been, not simply a co-operating factor in organic evolution but has been a co-operating factor without which organic evolution, in its higher forms at any rate, could never have taken place.

Be this or be it not a warrantable conclusion, there is, I think, good reason for a provisional acceptance of the hypothesis that the effects of use and disuse are inheritable ; and for a methodic pursuit of inquiries with the view of either establishing it or disproving it. It seems scarcely reasonable to accept without clear demonstration the belief that, while a trivial difference of structure arising spontaneously is transmissible, a massive difference of structure maintained generation after generation, by change of function leaves no trace in posterity. Considering that unquestionably the modification of structure by function is a *vera causa*, in so far as concerns the individual ; and considering the number of facts which so competent an observer as Mr. Darwin regarded as evidence that transmission of such modifications takes place in particular cases ; the hypothesis that such transmission takes place in conformity with a general law, holding of all active structures, should, I think, be regarded as at least a good working hypothesis.

THE FREE-TRADE IDOLATRY.—Lord Penzance, in this article, concludes the attack opened by him last month on the abstract

dogma that all imports of articles, the like of which we produce at home, ought to be free of duty.

Whatever may be thought of his arguments on the merits of the case, there can be no doubt that he deals a very hard blow at the contention of the free traders that the prosperity of the years since 1845 is due to free imports. If this were the case, he argues, other nations, who have rejected free trade, ought not to have had the same experience. But what are the facts? Taking Mr. Mulhall's figures, he shows that, while during the last fifty years British trade has increased seven-fold, the trade of France has increased nine-fold, that of Germany eight-fold, that of the Netherlands nine-fold, that of the United States six-and-a-half-fold, that of Austria thirteen-fold, that of Italy nine-fold, that of Scandinavia eight-fold, and that of South America seven-fold, while the average increase for the whole world is seven-fold.

Taking the figures for the ten years between 1870 and 1880, again, it is shown that while the average increase of the world's trade is about one-fourth, that of British trade is only one-fifth.

If these figures are anything like correct, what, the writer asks, do they show?

It is no longer possible to set it down to the system of "Free Imports." For the advance is general, and is found to exist in all countries, and the system of "Free Imports" is particular, and exists only in one. Whatever the cause, or rather the causes—for such a result is pretty sure to spring from more causes than one—they must needs be such as have been in action in the countries where the result appears. The railway, the electric cable, the ocean-going steamer, and the ever-increasing substitution of steam-power for the muscular labour of horse and man, are all of them causes of that character; while the tariff of duty on importation is nowhere alike, and uniform exemption from duty exists in no country but this. If, in the face of the above facts, it is possible to uphold the policy of "Free Imports" by an appeal to the prosperity which has succeeded its adoption, the fact that a like prosperity has occurred in countries where protection prevails is an equally good argument for upholding a system of protective duties.

Lord Penzance next proceeds to consider the question whether Free Trade is justified by the resulting cheapness to the consumer. The benefits of cheapness, he argues, vary greatly with the character of the thing imported. In the case of articles of general consumption by rich and poor, and especially of food, it is all important; but it is of less importance, and sometimes of very little importance, in the case of luxuries consumed by the rich. It may be doubted whether cheapness ever made a nation wealthy, or is capable of doing so; for the mainspring of wealth is employment, and profitable employment presupposes a market.

As an illustration of the necessity of considering the relative value of cheapness on the one side and improved wages on the other, he takes the case of a piano.

Let me assume that in this country it cannot be made and sold at a remunerative price for less than 30*l.*, and that it can be made in France, and imported, and sold here, with a fair profit to the makers, for 27*l.* The gain to the consumer in buying the foreign article would be 3*l.* The loss to those who live by wages here in making a similar article would be the amount of wages earned by those that make it. In respect of such an article the value of the labour as compared with material must be considerable; it is perhaps two-thirds of the price, but let me say one-half. This gives 13*l.* or 14*l.* lost in wages, as against 1*l.* gained by the consumer. Now, if a contrast of this kind is applied to an article of such a character that the wage-earner is himself also the consumer of it, the bargain is still a bad one, for he has gained 3*l.* and lost the chance of selling his labour to the extent of, say, 13*l.* But then it may be said that he has got his labour unsold and may sell it to some one else. Just so; but this is precisely what he *cannot* do. If it might be assumed with truth that a market can always be found for labour, and that a man taught and brought up to one special manufacture can always turn his hand to something else, and having done so can always find a market for his labour and skill, what I am now insisting upon would fall to the ground. But this is far from being the case in fact. In times of pressure, such as do and must occur, to find a market for all willing and competent labour, even at largely reduced wages, is notoriously difficult, and often impossible. If it were otherwise there would be no such thing as distress—at least among men able and willing to work. His labour then remains unsold, and if so his loss, and the loss to the community, is measured by the value of it. The foreign article, then, is a bad speculation for the wage-earning class, even when they reap the benefit of its cheapness by being themselves consumers of that class of goods.

Much worse, he contends, is the case when, as in that of the piano, the loss of wages is all on the side of the wage-earning class and the benefit of cheapness is realised by others.

In considering the question of duty, or no duty, he maintains, the Legislature should ask itself whether the community, as a whole, gain more by the cheap price than they lose by the lost market for their industry.

Finally, he pleads : ..

But if the principles of so-called Free Trade are too sacred to be inquired into, let us at least inquire into facts.

• For forty years this country has regulated its import duties upon a system different from that of other nations; has not the time arrived when we may profitably take stock of our commercial position, compute our gains, and see what "Free Imports" have done for us. This is all the more necessary because there are many who assert that on a balance of advantages there are no gains at all. Meanwhile not a day passes that the public press does not record some fresh and startling complaint of the suffering and losses that foreign competition entails. In this matter it is more than probable that some

exaggeration prevails. When things are going wrong it is almost in the nature of a popular cry that it should be unjust.

But one would like to know the truth—one would like to know, for instance, whether it is true that import of Spanish and other foreign lead has resulted in the closing of nearly every lead mine in this country. Or, again, whether it is the fact that in 1862 there were 110 iron furnaces in Staffordshire, and that there are now no more than forty-one, and as fast as the furnaces are extinguished in England others are lighted abroad to replace them. Nay, more, is it true of the iron trade that those who used to be our purchasers have become our competitors, and not only sell against, but undersell, us not merely in neutral markets, but in the very heart of our ironmaking districts? In Sheffield, the home of the cutlery trade, it is asserted, I know not with what truth, that foreign-made goods (chiefly German) are largely sold at a price with which we find it impossible to compete, and a similar tale is told of many other trades in which we used to enjoy a marked ascendancy. What is the truth about watches, silks, ribbons, guns, and even bulky articles like furniture and joiners' work? How many of the complaints daily made are well founded, and to what extent? We ought at least to know the price that we have to pay for the blessing of purchasing cheap.

If our leading statesmen and politicians care not to insist upon an inquiry into these things, depend upon it there are those who will. There is too much intelligence in the artisan and other working classes whose interests are the first to suffer from the competition which cripples home manufacture for them to be content to remain any longer in the dark.

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THE NATIONAL DEFENCES.—The fact that, since the time of the Conqueror, no project for the invasion of England in force has succeeded, affords no guarantee of similar good fortune in the future. We have before now lost the command of the sea surrounding our coasts, and shall probably do so again, the more especially that the enormous development of our commerce might easily lead to our being deprived of the services of our fleet at home at a critical moment. The immense forces of Continental nations make the enterprise, as a sudden movement, more possible than ever before.

The defences of the country, therefore, form a subject of vital interest.

The first point to consider is, what would an invading army aim at. History points to the capital as likely to be one of its first objectives. What would be the consequence of its capture?

London, besides being our commercial and social centre and the seat of Government, includes within its immediate neighbourhood and the circuit of its defence our only great arsenal and manufactory of guns at Woolwich, our principal powder factory at Waltham, and some of our largest private powder factories, our great and only Government small-arm manufactory at Enfield, and our chief store of small arms at the Tower. The capture of London



would therefore paralyse our defence, and though no doubt we could transfer the seat of Government elsewhere, and find factories of arms, powder, &c., in the midland counties and the north, yet they are very accessible to a foreign army and equally undefended. It will serve to give some idea of our position in case we lost command of the sea round our coast (we must not limit our command to the Channel) if it is remembered that London is only fifty miles from the south coast and fifty from the east; that after many battles, and in spite of French forces numbering 210,000 men, the Germans had got to Paris two hundred and fifty miles from the frontier, six weeks after it was crossed, and the portion of France they then actually occupied was about as large as all England.

The capture of London would, in fact, be a more vital blow to us than that of any other capital to its country.

But there are other prizes, as rich, or nearly so, though their capture would not be so vital. Manchester boasts that the population of that city and the country within thirty miles is as large as that of London and the country thirty miles round; and the riches of the two districts are, perhaps, equal, while the value of Liverpool is estimated at £400,000,000. It seems incontestible, therefore, that there should be some prepared system of defence for London, either by forts surrounding it, or by entrenched camps on the lines of approach to it, and that the recommendation of the Royal Commission of 1859 on the subject of an arsenal in the interior, to replace or supplement that of Woolwich, should be attended to.

The serious interruption of our commerce, again, would be almost as fatal as an invasion.

The total imports and exports of the United Kingdom alone amount to £800,000,000 per annum; the value of the imports and exports of our colonial possessions is £400,000,000. Taking the value of the imports and exports of the United Kingdom and the colonies together, and allowing for a portion which is included in both the foregoing sums, the amount is £1,000,000,000; and besides this are the investments in foreign goods in which British subjects have an interest. This does not include the goods carried for foreign countries in British ships. The British shipping comprises 6,600 steam vessels, of close on 4,000,000 tons, and of a value nearer £100,000,000 than £80,000,000. There are 18,000 sailing vessels, measuring 3,500,000 tons, whose value is £30,000,000. To this has to be added the fishing fleet and the colonial vessels, which would bring the total value, at a moderate estimate, to £1,200,000,000, exposed to the risks of war. It is estimated that the value of goods constantly at sea which would be exposed to war risk is £150,000,000, and that of the shipping constantly at sea £130,000,000. Counting all values, it may be said that we have some £300,000,000 constantly afloat and exposed to war risks.

The interruption of our commerce, the cessation of the supply of raw material and of the means of exporting the manufactured articles, mean, of course, throwing out of work a large part of our population—raising the

question of "the unemployed" on a gigantic scale with all its dangers, and these increased by the scarcity of food, half of which now comes to us from abroad.

A powerful and commanding navy is therefore necessary, not merely for the prevention of invasion, but for the preservation of our existence; and this implies dockyards, naval arsenals and protected harbours for our fleets. In the provision of these necessities, we can give, on the whole, a good account of ourselves.

Edward IV. fortified Portsmouth. The fortifications of Henry VIII, some of which still stand, and form part of our defences, not only protected our principal naval stations, but were aimed at defending probable landing-places all along the sea-coast, from Cornwall along the Channel, and by the east coast up to Hull. Royal Commissions on Defences were issued by Queen Elizabeth and James I., and great works undertaken in the reigns of Charles II., Anne, George II and George III. Besides several other points on the coast, the dockyards and arsenals established at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham were furnished with defences, which were improved from time to time as years rolled on, so as to adapt them to the advance in the art of war, and finally, since the Report of a Royal Commission in 1859, have been advanced to a very creditable degree of efficiency. Our dockyards now are at Chatham, Sheerness, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, and Cork. We also have a great fortified naval station at Portland, and another is in course of construction by convict labour at Dover. The Channel Islands furnish an advanced-post to watch Cherbourg, which has been constructed by the French mainly for offensive purposes against England. These dockyards, &c., are all well defended on the sea approach and all but two against a siege on the land side. Those which lay up the Thames and Midway have been protected by forts along the river bank from such a disaster as befell us when the Dutch burned the ships at Chatham dockyard in 1667.

Besides these, certain ports and landing-places which from their position seem to offer tempting facilities to an enterprise have been secured by works of defence. These are Harwich, Dover, Newhaven, the Isle of Wight; and martello towers line parts of the east and south coasts.

This enumeration of works shows that attention has been principally directed to the Channel Coast, as that most likely to be attacked. This has, from geographical causes, been the point of attack of the French and Spaniards in past times. When, however, the Spaniards held the Netherlands, and when the Dutch themselves were a formidable naval power, our East Coast was a probable point of attack, and now that we have a strong naval and military power in the North Sea, it is highly important that we should provide a fortified naval station on the East Coast.

After these preliminary remarks, Sir Edmond Du Cane enters into a general description of our two principal naval fortresses, Portsmouth and Plymouth.

The defences of Portsmouth are thus described.

The line of defence which guards Portsmouth may be roughly described as lying for the most part at a distance of about three and a half or four miles from the harbour and dockyard. This much exceeds the distance at which it was thought necessary that an enemy should be kept before the great mechanical improvements in artillery which commenced some thirty years ago. It is dictated by the necessity of preventing an enemy from destroying the dockyards and arsenals by bombardment, *i.e.*, by raining down showers of shells to destroy and set fire to the buildings and stores. This mode of attack, which is not effective to the point of entire destruction without an inordinate expenditure of means, is not likely to be attempted if the capture of a strong line of works involving considerable time and undisturbed possession of the country is a necessary preliminary, so that the existence of these works at once removes one source of danger. The circuit of defence rests at both ends on channels which separate the mainland from the Isle of Wight and is completed by the defences of that island. All possible landing places on the Isle of Wight by means of which an enemy might try to seize it and make it a foothold for his operations against Portsmouth are protected by strong batteries, connected by a military road which would enable troops and artillery to be transferred readily to whatever point should be threatened, and affords additional positions for batteries to be constructed as occasion demanded. The batteries are under the protection of forts of such strength that they could not be taken without regular siege operations from the land, and these could not be undertaken unless the enemy had first captured and were in full possession of a secure harbour in the island and were left undisturbed for some weeks to pursue his attack. The anchorage of St. Helen's is protected by a strong ironclad fort which keeps up the connection between the Spithead works and those for the protection of the south and east coast of the Isle of Wight.

Assuming the Isle of Wight to be secure, the possibility of approach to the dockyard by sea, either from the east by way of Spithead, or from the west by the Needles, has to be prevented. The Channel to the westward narrows to about 1,400 yards opposite Hurst Castle, and a work here, with four other strong batteries on the Isle of Wight shore, renders a passage by this way a very hazardous preliminary to a run of twenty miles up the narrow Solent in order to reach the dockyard. The passage from the eastward and the anchorage at Spithead are protected by four ironclad forts lying across the Channel at Spithead, respectively on the Horse Sand and No Man's Land (2,000 yards apart) and in St. Helen's Road, and Spit Bank. They cross fire with each other, and with land forts on their flanks, over the whole of the anchorage and the Channel an enemy must pass through to reach the dockyard, and over any position he could take up in order to bombard it. They would be further furnished with connecting lines of submarine mines, booms, &c., and the defence would be assisted by guard boats, torpedo boats, and gunboats, so as to make the enterprise of passing them more difficult than any naval operation which has yet been successfully attempted. If any hostile vessels should succeed in passing through these defences they would, in going up to the harbour, encounter more submarine mines, &c., and pass under the fire of the batteries and forts which line the beach of Southsea on the east side and Stokes Bay on the west, and of the batteries at the immediate narrow entrance of the harbour.

The complete protection of Portsmouth of course involves the necessity of preparing against a possible landing east or west of it (and there are many places which might be seized and used for such a purpose) and capturing it or bombarding it from the land side. Portsmouth is situated at the mouth of the estuary which extends to the high ground near Fareham, some five miles to the north. The estuary forms the harbour, and on its margin are the magazines and dockyard establishments, store houses, &c. At high tide the water covers a large expanse some two miles wide, but at low tide the water is limited to a comparatively narrow channel, which is broad and deep at the mouth. Three miles eastward of Portsmouth is a somewhat similar piece of water, called Langston Harbour, covering a width of some two miles at high tide, and these two harbours are connected at their upper ends by a channel at Hilsea, three and a half miles inland, parallel to the shore at Southsea. North of this channel, about five miles from the beach at Southsea and three and a half miles from Portsmouth Dockyard, is Portsdown Hill, a chalk range 300 to 400 feet high overlooking the whole island and roadstead, and well within bombarding range of the dockyard. West of Portsmouth Harbour a flat country extends for several miles, and is traversed by the broad expanse of Southampton Water, which empties itself into the Solent.

The whole land line which protects Portsmouth may therefore be divided into three parts: first, Langston Harbour on the east, an expanse of water or mud which it would be impracticable to pass at all, and which besides is commanded by the works on Portsdown Hill, which dominate it; second, the line of Portsdown Hill, six miles in length, which is occupied by five forts so strongly designed that they could be held by a small force of 3,000 to 5,000 men, and could not be captured except by prolonged siege operations; third, by a line of five works stretching across the low land on the west side of Portsmouth Harbour and resting on one side on the line of works on Portsdown Hill, with which it is connected by a fort at Fareham, and on the other on the sea at Stokes Bay. These works also are too strong to yield to any but a regular siege. Their defence would be assisted by the works on the commanding position of Portsdown Hill, and an enemy who passed them would still find himself on the wrong side of the harbour, which he would have to pass in the face of opposition before he could get at the dockyard to destroy it as we did Sebastopol. Hitherto there has been a continuous line of works surrounding the town of Gosport on the west side of the harbour, and a strong line of works, originally constructed 200 years ago, surrounded the towns of Portsmouth and Portsea. All of these have been or are to be removed, and the ground gained utilised for the benefit of the town and garrison; but the remote possibility of an enemy passing through the line of works on Portsdown Hill and rushing on to the dockyard is guarded against by a very strongly designed line of works on the margin of the Hilsea channel, which connects Portsmouth and Langston Harbour.

With common prudence and foresight, the writer is of opinion, we may certainly reckon on the safety of our home naval stations and arsenals; and the completion of certain parts of those defensive positions, the creation of an arsenal less exposed than that at Woolwich, or of proper arsenals at each of the great fortified stations described, and the establishment of a naval station, already decided on, at Dover, and of another on the East Coast, will render

our defensive position complete, so far as concerns that branch of it, though we are very short of artillerymen and engineers to meet the requirements of active defence.

Nevertheless, an enemy would be able to inflict enormous loss on us with comparative safety, at other points, if one should for a time lose the command of the sea on our coast.

The coast of the United Kingdom is studded with towns and ports of all degrees of importance and value, which are at the mercy of any enterprising skipper, like Paul Jones, who, in 1778, made havoc in the shipping plying on our coast, even captured two men-of-war, and burned the shipping in Whitehaven Harbour. An enemy who broke through the small defences of the mouth of the Mersey might hold Liverpool and all it contained, estimated at £400,000,000, to ransom. These great ports and ship-building establishments would furnish an invaluable reserve for our naval power if the energies of the country had to be directed to offensive or defensive war. Of these Southampton lies within the area protected by the Portsmouth sea defences; Bristol, Cardiff, Liverpool, and the Forth and Tyne have some protection, but quite insufficient; every one of the rest, barring a few submarine mines, practically lies at the mercy of an enemy to bombard or destroy without landing, or to put to ransom. The inhabitants of these towns, and the owners of shipping which frequent them, may lay it to heart that on them would, without any question, fall the first blow in a condition of things such as I have supposed—a condition of things which has existed already, and is so likely to exist again that it would be reasonable to assume that it can hardly be avoided, and must therefore be provided for.

This doctrine of attacking our commerce and undefended coast towns is held by the present Minister of Marine of France, who is building ships to ruin and cripple the commerce of the enemy he has in view, and ceasing to build heavy and expensive ironclads to contend with his regular navy.

The necessity for using all our other defensive resources in order to free our fleet for the protection of our commerce is imperative. Our fleets and armed cruises would be required both to convoy our merchant fleets comprising 19,000 vessels, to patrol five great lines of commerce aggregating a length of 92,000 miles, and to chase, capture and destroy the enemy's vessels.

Our ships of war and our merchant ships need coal in large quantities to carry them on their road, and enable them to keep at sea, and our war ships require means of refitting and repairing damage, which in these days of ironclads cannot be improvised. These necessities are supplied by naval stations of various classes all over the globe. Some are mere storehouses or fitting stations, others are naval strategic points where fleets would assemble ready to move in any direction they might be required, or by possessing which they could block the passage of an enemy's ships. The lines of commerce are:—1. To the North of Europe, the defence of which rests entirely upon England as its base. 2. To the United States, Canada, and the West Indies. On this are the fortified harbours and stations of Halifax, Bermuda, and Jamaica. 3. To South America,

the Pacific, China, and Australia, by Cape Horn. 4. To the Cape of Good Hope, and to India, China, and Australia by that route. St. Helena and Ascension, Cape Town and Simon's Bay, the Mauritius and the Falkland Islands are the coaling and fitting stations on these two routes. The chief ports and harbours in Australia are fortified by the colonies themselves, except King George's Sound, a coaling station of the greatest importance, directly on the line of communication, and which, being unfortified, could undoubtedly be seized at the first moment by an enemy as a point at which he could lie in wait for the valuable passing commerce. 5. To the South of Europe, India, China, and Australia, by the Suez Canal. This line is furnished with naval stations at Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Trincomalee, Bombay, Singapore, and Hong Kong. To these must be added Port Hamilton, Esquimaux in Vancouver Island and Fiji, the stations for the fleet which protects our trade in the Pacific, which will acquire immensely increased importance now that the railway across Canada furnishes us with another alternative route to India, China, and Japan. It stands to reason that the defence of these harbours must be independent of the fleet, otherwise the fleet would not be able to leave them to protect the commerce; and not only must they be protected in order that their coal and stores may be available for our fleets, but because so long as they are secure an enemy's fleet would be unable to keep the sea from want of coaling stations, which no other nation has at its command because their commerce does not require it. It is also of great consequence that our principal naval stations and coal harbours should be connected with us by telegraph.\*

A Royal Commission fully investigated this subject in 1882, and their report was duly rendered, but was not made public. Some portion of the works required have been provided at Singapore, Hong Kong, and Aden, but beyond the supply of some submarine mines little has been done elsewhere to carry out their recommendations. Although this vital weakness in our defensive position is unknown to or unappreciated by our public, to whom it is of most concern, it is by no means unknown to our possible enemies. When the naval struggle, which in the course of events must some day come upon us, does actually break out, we shall probably be startled and scared by hearing that the enemy is in possession of King George's Sound, and some other strategic points on our lines of communication, and the constitutional fiction of ministerial responsibility will afford little comfort or satisfaction to the population, both of rich and poor, who will be ruined by the stoppage of our commerce.

The inadequacy of our military forces to the duties required of them, as testified to by the highest authority, makes it doubly important to supply the permanent works of defence, which will economise numbers by enabling a smaller number to defend a vital point.

ENGLISH LOVE OF SPORT.—Mr. Kebbel's paper is, in essence, a defence of the Game Laws, and it contains incidentally a good deal of picturesque description of sport.

The writer holds the interest taken by the labouring classes in all kinds of venery to be still as warm as it was when Cobbett was a child, one of the chief sources of this interest being the fact

that at a comparatively early period field sports ceased to be the privilege of the few. Though the right of killing game was for a long time confined to the owners of land and persons connected with the aristocracy, the lowness of the property qualification brought it within reach of the whole yeoman class. Thus England grew up a nation of sportsmen, and complaints of the preservation of game are of quite modern growth.

The heartburnings said to be occasioned by fox-hunting, of which we have heard so much of recent years, have been pushed into undue prominence by a few interested persons, who confide in the ignorance of the greater number of their readers.

Foxes, of course, help themselves to an occasional fowl or duck, and no doubt there are reckless and thoughtless riders who, in a very indefensible fashion will break down fences, gallop over newly sown crops, and cut up grass-land when it is soaked with rain. But the ducks and chickens will be paid for, as a matter, of course, often much above their value, and without any troublesome inquiries. For other damages compensation can usually be obtained when the complaint is *bonâ fide*. Moreover, they are generally the work of strangers, who only flock in large numbers to the meets of a few favourite packs, while against them we have to set off the pleasure which the farmer derives from a sport which not only costs him nothing, but which puts money into his pocket by keeping up the price of hay and oats.

But if we set aside the farmers, and look only to the labouring classes, the interest taken by them in fox-hunting cannot be gainsaid.

Let us take any well-known fixture in a Midland county, where the village population is, say, two-thirds agricultural and one-third manufacturing. Let it be a Leicestershire or Northamptonshire meet, and let us picture to ourselves a long straggling village street, with a wide open space in front of the principal inn, and some little distance from any large town. The morning shall be soft and rather misty, with a little drizzle in the air which promises towards noon to yield to the advancing sun. About eleven o'clock smart grooms are seen turning the corners of the road, mounted on well-conditioned hunters, and many of them leading a second. They turn into the inn yard, rub down their horses and accoutrements, and reappear in front of the Rose and Crown to await the arrival of their masters. Then comes a solitary pink who has been taking matters easily; then another, and another bearing about him tokens of the hard riding necessary to do the twelve miles within the hour over bad cross road and green lanes fetlock-deep in mud. Next come the hounds, huntsmen, and whippers-in; redcoats hurry in from all sides, the master among them; hacks are exchanged for hunters, and in a little time the space before the inn door is crowded like a London reception-room. Nor are similar attractions wanting. On that pretty chesnut horse sits the belle of the county; and in yonder carriage, surrounded by all the gallantry of the hunt, recline ladies whose languishing charms are more dangerous even than the saucy beauty of the equestrian. But observe the standers-by, who take as much interest in the scene as any one. Who are these grimy-faced, lean, active men

in fustian trousers and nailed boots, who look as if the hunt was 'got up as much for their pleasure as for that of my Lord or Sir Richard? They represent the sporting democracy, the adventurous spirits of this and the adjoining villages—the cobbler, the rat-catcher, and innumerable "stockingers," as they are called in that part of the world, many of whom will run with the hounds all day and be in at the death when gentlemen on two-hundred-guinea hunters are far behind. See that tall, active-looking fellow about five-and-thirty, whose face bears suspicious traces of too much gin, but who has lost none of his agility in consequence. He wears corduroy breeches united at the knee, grey stockings, the usual boots, a black coat and hat, and carries a hooked ash stick in his hand. He is a well-known local tailor, who has walked five miles to the meet, and is prepared to run twice as many more from the coverside. These men have a perfect knowledge of the country, and know as much about the habits of the fox as the huntsman himself. Consequently, by short cuts, shrewd guesses, and great powers of endurance, they often succeed in seeing as much of the sport as anybody present, except of course the very first flight. They mingle with the more aristocratic horsemen quite at their ease, know most of them by name, and are known to them in turn, exchanging greetings about the prospects of a run with the baronet or the squire like brother sportsmen as they are. These are not the class of footpeople who are the fox-hunter's annoyance. They understand the game, and know better than to mob the covers, and head the fox just as he is pointing for a fine grass country. This last class of visitors come more often from the town, but though they are more troublesome than those I have described, their love of the noble pastime is just as great and testifies just as strongly to its popularity with the working classes.

As soon as the authorities have decided which of the neighbouring covers is to be drawn first, the whole party sets off at a trot, one object being to shake off as many of the footpeople as they can. The knowing ones, however, have quite made up their minds which way the hounds will go, and have taken up their stations outside the gorse or wood before the pack is thrown in. As we have already said, however, these men know how to behave themselves, and rarely spoil sport. They understand, too, on which side the fox is most likely to break, and keep well out of the way to allow him a 'free course. The cover is one of those small gorse coverts, pronounced "goss" in Leicestershire, which are common in the Midland counties, surrounded by grass-fields strongly fenced, and not an easy one to get away from. But hark! they have found; the solitary note grows into a general burst; a confused shouting proclaims that the fox is off, and then follows a rush such as can only be witnessed in the "shires" Off goes the whole crowd, helter-skelter, horse and foot, some making for the nearest gates, some crashing through the tall, stiff, midland hedges, but all at that moment intent on getting to the front. The first rush is followed more slowly by the grooms with their second horses, who look about carefully for the wind, and whose business it is to hang upon the skirts of the hunt and use their experience in divining the fox's points so as to do in three miles what their masters do in six or eight; while here and there some luckless weight, in the shape of a young farmer whose vaulting ambition has mounted him on a half-broken colt, is rolling over with his horse upon the green sward; on the right side, however, of the fence which they had charged so boldly. Soon, however, they all disappear. The cry of the hounds and notes of the horn grow fainter in



the distance, and the spot resumes its usual quiet. But as the hunt sweeps over the country, it is greeted with enthusiasm everywhere. At the first sight of the "red men" a Leicestershire village turns out *en masse*. The stockinger leaves his frame, the mechanic his board, the ploughman tells his boy to mind the horses for a minute, and all start off in pursuit to see what they can of the run.

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The first check gives time for all the stragglers to come up, and if the fox has got into a drain, as perhaps he has, the sporting tailor is sure to know where the nearest terrier is to be found, supposing that important functionary, the gamekeeper, in his leggings and his velveteens, not to be off the spot. He is sure, however, not to be very far off, and as the hounds move on to draw another cover, is soon seen touching his hat to the master and bringing news of a fox that lies in a neighbouring osier-bed. "The warmint's had a lot of my pheasants," says the keeper, trying very properly to make the most of himself. But though several of the pedestrians present have had quite as many, they have no sympathy with their fellow-marauder, and thirst for his blood as much as either huntsmen or dogs. One day is like another. At the covert-side almost every class of the community is represented, from the statesman near the throne down to the tinker from the neighbouring common; from the highbred dandy who traces his blood to the Plantagenets, to the village idiot who, like Davie Gellatly, has kept a corner of his senses for the hounds. Here and there a parson, not the worst type of his class you may be sure; here and there a local doctor, lawyer, or land agent: plenty of farmers, all the boys from the preparatory school, who have a whole holiday for the occasion, some on ponies, some on donkeys, the majority on foot, help to make up the field, and proclaim that fox-hunting at all events is the sport of the many and not the privilege of the few.

The same holds good of every other kind of hunting: stag-hunting, otter-hunting, hare-hunting, either with greyhounds, harriers, or beagles. All classes delight in it, and if any ill-blood exist between them on other scores, it is forgotten in the amusement which they all partake of together.

This is not equally true of shooting, because a certain class of farmers want to get the game entirely into their own hands. But there is no reason why sporting rights should not be left to the laws of supply and demand, like other elements of value in a holding. As in the case of hunting, if we turn from the farmers to the labourers, they are no enemies to the sport. Some few of the peasantry may be ignorant or stupid enough to suppose that, if the Game Laws were abolished, everything would go on as before, except that they might snare the hares and rabbits with impunity; but the vast majority know that there would be none left for them to snare.

Then, as to other kinds of sport:

Almost every village urchin is a born angler; and the number of artisans who haunt the Trent, the Thames, the Lea, the Ouse, and other well-known English rivers which abound in the coarser kinds of fish, sufficiently attest the popularity of *this* sport with the lower order. But hunting and shooting supply the best illustrations of that national love of sport which it is the object of this

paper to illustrate. Racing and steeplechasing are mixed up with too many other considerations to afford the same unadulterated evidence of its popularity. But still there is a great deal of excitement and amusement derived from horse-racing which is wholly unconnected with money, and many bets are made which partake no more of the spirit of gambling than bets on this or that gun in a day's shooting. The love of horses is eminently a national passion, and on every racecourse mingles largely with the merely pecuniary interest which is taken in the odds. Racing, moreover, is undoubtedly one of the most useful of English sports in its tendency to bring classes together; and though they often come together for no other purpose than to see what they can make out of each other, a certain amount of friendly intercourse is promoted by the racecourse, as it is so much more largely by the hunting-field.

But a better example of the passion for competitive sports as distinguished from field-sports is found in cricket and rowing. The scene at Lord's on a Public School day, or along the banks of the Thames at the Oxford and Cambridge boatrace, is to be witnessed nowhere but in England. Nor is it indeed necessary to select these particular gatherings. Any great match of the season, wherever it is played, brings together large crowds who have no other interest in what they come to see than is inspired by love of the game. County cricket and the village cricket club are popular institutions which should always be cherished and extended. They certainly bring all classes together in a friendly trial of skill which has nothing mercenary about it. On the village green, wherever that picturesque relic of the past still survives, or where there is none, in an adjoining field or meadow, practice goes on almost every summer evening, and whenever he is young enough the parson should be one of the eleven. If he is caught out or stumped by a particular Baptist, so much the better. Some little jealousy and ill-blood may have been let off in that manner, and the loss of a wicket may contribute its mite to save the loss of the Establishment. The village innkeeper will probably take an interest in the proceedings; for cricket is a thirsty game, and there are such things as cricket dinners and suppers to be thought of. Our friend the tailor, whom we saw so forward with the hounds, is almost sure to be of the party; for has not his fleetness of foot and accurate "throwing up"—an art acquired, it is thought, in less innocent pursuits than cricket—pulled many a game out of the fire? The younger farmers will make up the party, and if the squire has a son at home either old enough or young enough, as the case may be, to take part in the game, he too should be one of them.

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One thing I think may safely be asserted while we are on this subject, and that is that in the English peasantry there is a deeply seated admiration for skill and daring in all bodily exercises. It is bred in the bone, and will take centuries to eradicate. The proficiency in athletic sports and games of all kinds acquired by the sons of English gentlemen at our public schools appeals directly to this feeling, and gives them an influence wholly independent of rank and wealth. In running, jumping, swimming, cricketing, no less than in riding and shooting, if the gentleman bears away the palm, if in courage, endurance, agility, and dexterity combined he shows himself the best man among them, the peasantry will do homage to that natural superiority with a heart and a half; and its existence will

cover a multitude of such sins as do occasionally lurk under the most benevolent of paternal despotisms.

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The sympathies which are thus bred between class and class are very powerful, and will stand a good deal of buffeting yet. As for the supposition that small proprietors and occupiers would set themselves against hunting, such an idea can only have arisen in minds quite ignorant of the inner nature of the English peasant. Mr. Jefferies, who knows them well, takes quite a different view of their proclivities; while as for shooting, there is no reason to suppose that the owner or occupier of a few acres would be different to-morrow from what he is to-day. And to-day his only anxiety is to get some one to shoot over his land, that he may receive a hare, perhaps, or five or six shillings in return.

I quite agree, then, with Mr. Jefferies that the English gentry need be under no apprehensions on the subject of sport in consequence of the extended franchise, provided only the labourers are left to themselves and free to follow their own natural predilections. Whether they will be or not is a question with which I am not at this moment concerned. But I believe that if they were ever led away into doing anything which seriously interfered with "sport," they would be very sorry for it afterwards.

**THE LIBERAL SATURNALIA.**—It is a little difficult to discover the view held by the writer of this trenchant paper on the probable outcome of the present political situation, but there is no question of the pungency of the satire with which the paper turns. Take for instance the following hit at Mr. Gladstone.

More than eleven years have passed since Mr Gladstone wrote to Lord Granville, "I see no public advantage in my continuing to act as leader of the Liberal party. This retirement is dictated to me by my personal views as to the best method of closing the last years of my life." "Sindbad, my friend," said no doubt the Old Man of the Sea when he had established himself firmly on that luckless traveller's shoulders, "my legs are weak. I had meant to retire and give up strangling strangers, but habit is too strong for me. At one time I proposed to spend my last days in a very different way, but I find now I can combine religion with personal investigation of the island. Step out, Sindbad." Mr. Gladstone's apology for Genesis is of evil augury to his opponents. He can now congratulate himself upon having achieved what he probably contemplated as the closing act of his life—the rehabilitation of Christianity—and he can devote the next twenty years of his career to political controversies. Should, however, a favourable opportunity occur in the future, the discrepancies still unexplained in the Mosaic cosmogony will perhaps be got rid of, and Homer proved to be the author of the Book of Job.

And, again, this :

The great secret of Mr. Gladstone's popularity is his inability to see any defects in his own work. It is one of the most curious conditions of his mind that he sees that all he does is good. It is analogous to that of the Creator of the universe. Mr. Gladstone is infallible in judgment, in motive, in execution. No vain regrets trouble or torment him. He is as one of the Lucretian gods whose seat neither arguments, nor the Press, nor denunciations touch. The abuse of opponents but strengthens him, and tightens his grip of Sindbad's

throat. Were he a cynic, he might imitate Wilkes on the hustings with perfect confidence. "Look at all these damned scoundrels," said the patriot to Luttrell, pointing to his excited supporters. "What would you do if I repeated what you have just said to the people?" asked Luttrell. "I should say," rejoined Wilkes, "it was one of Luttrell's damned lies, and they would tear you to pieces." All attacks upon Mr. Gladstone are believed to be the lies of persons to whom no credit can be attached, and they recoil on the heads of those who venture to give utterance to them. Another source of Mr. Gladstone's popularity is his obscurity of language. Democracy enjoys the thought that its own minister has nothing in common with those of former days, who impressed their hearers and the country by their halting honesty, and their assumption of and pride in the ordinary qualities of a class not too highly educated. Students are pleased by learned and tortuous involutions of style. Demos is only beginning to study politics, and the more removed its representative is from itself in mode of expression the better pleased it is. It prefers Mr. Gladstone to Lord Althorp, Lord Derby, or Lord Palmerston. We are becoming Kalmucks in our appreciation of intellectual efforts. This interesting people produced a poem seventeen miles long, of which one man read to the eighth, and another could repeat to the one-and-a-half milestone. National education may some day produce a seventh standard scholar capable of repeating to the twentieth milestone of Mr. Gladstone's speeches.

Speaking of the prospect of the Whigs, whom he advises not to break with the Government over land-legislation which will make no practical difference to either owner or cultivator, the writer says:—

It will be said that it is in the direction of Ireland that the Whigs have the best chance of self-assertion. But is there any alternative policy to that which Mr. Gladstone inaugurates? What party or section of a party will bell the cat? Will eighty Liberals vote against the Government, unless they feel that constructive statesmanship is behind them, not negative criticism alone? If the provisions in Mr. Gladstone's measure for Irish independence are not too nakedly displayed, it will probably pass the Lower House. Will it be destroyed in the House of Lords? The answer to this question depends upon its previous reception by the constituencies. All turns on the feelings and wishes of the electorate; and those men who have most carefully studied them would be least desirous of laying down the law or of predicting the event. There was less Liberal enthusiasm in 1885 than in 1880, and in 1886 it may be still further diminished.

The attitude of the bourgeoisie is not doubtful. The men whose votes were to ruin England in 1832 will soon throw their whole weight on the side of the Conservatives. The first aim of the average citizen is that of the Duke of Wellington, to keep his house over his head, then to have protection for his property, and then such a Government as will not interfere with the success of his business. Theoretically, of course, he favours equality, but were he obliged to define his meaning, it would be posthumous equality; and even in heaven he would not be shocked were he to find that "as to superior spirits is wont honour due and reverence none neglects." It is not, however, on this class that the issue depends. If a dissolution takes place before or after the harvest of this year, will the labourers and mechanics and miners support Mr. Gladstone? It

will be hard to create enthusiasm again, especially on a question which has so often played the part of the Liberal stalking-horse. But there is still a reserve of popularity upon which Mr. Gladstone can call. If he appeals to the electorate, and says, "After fifty-three years of experience in public life, about to appear before my Maker, immeasurably touched as I am by the undeserved affection and confidence of millions of my countrymen, I solemnly declare that I believe this measure of mine is my final contribution to a controversy which has raged for centuries, and is destined to remain an imperishable record of Christian love, which will enable England by the proudest victory, a victory over herself, to allay internecine strife and win over a high-souled nation,"—such an appeal might enlist the sympathies of the country, and the Liberals might find themselves almost as powerful a body as at the present moment.

While the attitude of both the House of Commons and the Electorate is hard to forecast, Chambers of Commerce, manufacturers, employers of labour, whether Liberals or Conservatives, look on with anxious eyes. Peace and confidence are the only sources of hope for them. Perplexed politics unsettle markets. Old Parliamentary hands know that the danger of any real changes in the constitution is very slight, but some regard must be paid to the fears of the average shopkeeper. House-property is falling; buyers are waiting to see the effect of the cry for leasehold enfranchisement, and legislation is all in favour of the "bears" at present. But all this will right itself in time.

Some day we shall have to admit that if an article does not pay to grow, no one will either grow or wish to grow it. All losing concerns must be made to pay, say Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Arch. Land must be cultivated. Why stop at this point? All houses must be tenanted; all goods must be sold; all mills now idle must be run. Why should a man be allowed to keep a huge building capable of giving employment to five hundred people untenanted and bare? It is true that there may be no demand for the goods it used to produce, and the trade may have left the town. Never mind; let the State do its duty, give fifteen years' purchase of the profits made between 1865 and 1880, and then work the factory at the expense of the ratepayers. There are large stores of iron stocked and unsold. There should be a penalty in every case where stock is not got rid of. The possession of cloth and iron and corn should be looked upon as a grievous wrong to the State, and the Government might take over all the unsold productions of the realm. Hard-hearted political economists must submit to be disestablished for an interval, until the reaction shall come.

In time the laws of truth will assert themselves and will be alone recognised. Cow-rigging will have its brief day, and other nostrums may succeed it. In spite, however, of all tunes the bulk of the electorate is indifferent. Zola speaks of these as being the vast majority in France, thirty-five out of thirty-six millions. "This great party of indifference," he says, "demands peace at the hands of the Government, and if they are not shrewd enough to satisfy this demand, a fatal day will come when the sheep of indifference will become maddened and will devour the wolves who *depuis trop long-temps les fatiguent à hurler dans leurs oreilles.*" So it may come to pass in England. The country

may become sick of recriminations and contests between rival actors, and if it cannot obtain peace and repose from old servants, it will have recourse to new ones.

Regarding the latest development, or what is believed to be the latest development, of the Irish question, the writer says :—

"If Mr. Giffen's article is inspired from head-quarters, a new phase has been entered upon. Home Rule is one thing : fresh burdens to be borne, or liability to fresh burdens, is another. The country at this moment is stupefied by the magnitude of the sums mentioned, by the vastness of the operations required, lets its ears drop under a sense of impending disaster, and yet is prevented by its old loyalty, by the past expressions of gratitude to Mr. Gladstone, in which it is steeped to the lips, from assuming a critical attitude. Mr. Gladstone has never in his long life received so high a tribute to his overwhelming powers and commanding personality as the reception of this scheme in silence by his friends and supporters. The wand of the magician under which we have lived has been so long revered, that it is no wonder if men are unwilling to rush in and seize it and reverse it. The first stage, however, has been reached when all declare that they will regard the Irish question no longer from a party point of view, but as one which demands an open mind, and in which their opinions and votes will be given irrespective of party considerations. In the marketplace, on the railway, at the dinner table, and in the street, those opinions are being formed, and their expressions are creating broader and broader circles of hostility to what rightly or wrongly are believed to be the proposals of the Prime Minister. It may be that more scepticism should have been exercised, but the experience of the past proves that political rumours are worthy of credence, and were the fears now expressed unwarranted, the Liberal party would hardly be left in its present position of bewilderment, a blank cheque in one man's hands.

The electors have no wish to leave the Irish loyalists to their fate—no intention of shirking the just responsibilities attaching to their past action ; and if the financial conjuring can be so ordered that no loss shall accrue to England, and no fraction of the arrangement shall be dependent upon the word or the guarantee of the Irish leaders, they will, we believe, acquiesce in a large measure of purchase. But the justification for this purchase is that, owing to the proposed action of the English Government, the Irish landowners will be unable to collect their rents. The justification is not that the landowners are to be saved from the losses resulting from a falling market. The rental of 528,000 holdings in Ireland, amounting to £3,572,000, is, according to Sir James Caird, practically irrecoverable by anybody, whether landlord, English Government, or Irish Government. On what principle can even ten years' purchase of this sum be either asked for or conceded ? In many an English county land is now worthless for which a short time ago large sums were given. Investors hold depreciated stocks, but on behalf of neither the former nor the latter body would the Legislature intervene. Free trade has its reverse side, and its laws have to be submitted to in fortitude. Absolute security exists for no class of property. The hoarder of coin in a napkin might see his store rendered worthless by the discovery of gold mines on some scale hitherto unknown. The depreciation of land is creating a social revolution, with unnumbered hardships and sorrows as its result ;

but if we are logical, it must be allowed to take its course, and not drag down with it those who are still holding their heads above water. There is no harder task for soldiers than to remain quiescent under the fire of the enemy. It is equally hard for politicians to possess their souls in patience at such a time as the present. This interval, however, of "prudent reserve and wholesome scepticism" will have borne some useful fruit if it has made men face and formulate the alternative that lies before them in the event of the rejection of the Government measure.

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## THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

APRIL, 1886.

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**THE FAME OF TURNER.**—The story of a man's career, the writer remarks, begins with the individualities of his parents, and the peculiarities of Turner's, he thinks, had a strong bearing on his individuality as an artist and on his character as a man.

Turner's father was a barber in Maiden Lane. He did not die till the artist was fifty-five, and as for the last twenty-five years of his life he resided with his son, many stories of him have come down to us. A host of these relate to his parsimony, which, on one occasion, it is said, led him to pursue into the Strand a customer whom he had neglected to charge a half penny for soap. During the day at his son's, he divided his time between straining canvases, doing odd jobs about the house, and keeping an eye on the shillings that came in from visits to the gallery. The influence of Turner's relations with his father upon his career as an artist was, the writer thinks, wholly unfortunate.

Of Turner's mother little is known, except that her maiden name was Marshall, and that she was a person of strong will and furious temper, and passed some months of her old age in Bethlehem Hospital.

In the parentage of Turner, nervous excitability was thus crossed with the essential but ignoble virtues of the lower middle class.



The strain which drove his mother to madness was in part corrected by the narrower, more positive, and more wiry mind of his father, and in judging its effects we must remember that the equilibrium between the two was not to be kept till the end, for the painter's conduct in his last years is scarcely to be reconciled with complete sanity. Perhaps, too, Turner's most unlovely characteristic, his Shylock-like determination to have more than his bond, is to be traced to the union of his father's economy with his mother's unbalanced mind.

Of the tricks to which Turner would descend for the sake of a few doubtful guineas, the following is given as a specimen :—

Soon after the painter's death the late John Pye, the engraver, set to work to collect material for a book on the *Liber Studiorum*. He wrote to most of those who had been concerned, directly or indirectly, in its production, and from nearly all he drew stories of the author's sharp practice. One of these I may repeat here because it brings Turner's peculiar views on trade into strong relief, and confirms the notion that they were partly due to a mental taint. The story is told in a letter from Mr. D. Colnaghi dated 30th July 1852. "About four years since," he says, "I received an order for a set of the *Liber*. As usual, I sent to his house for it, with the money. He was not in London, but his housekeeper furnished my messenger with a copy, but had received orders from her master not to allow more than five per cent. discount. The money (£14) was of course paid, and I thought no more about the transactions. But some five or six weeks after I received a visit from Mr. Turner, and in his rather uncourteous manner he said, 'You owe me fourteen shillings!' 'I was not aware of being indebted to you!' said I. He explained that before he had left town he *had made up his mind* not to make any allowance to the trade on sales. He acknowledged that he was not quite certain of having mentioned this determination of his to his housekeeper, but he still thought I owed him the money." Mr. Colnaghi held out the shillings to him. "No, not this time," said Turner; "but recollect, in future, no discount to the trade." "But," said the dealer, "in that case, how are we to live?" "That's no affair of mine," answered the painter, upon which the two shook hands and never met again.

His regard for money, the writer remarks, was of the true miser kind.

It was the yellow gold he loved, and in clutching at it he threw away possibilities of greater profit again and again. No doubt there are stories which speak of great but isolated deeds of generosity in his career, such as the well-known but unsubstantial tale which declares he once lent twenty thousand pounds, unsolicited, and without security. But the story, if true, only helps to confirm the notion that Turner's miserliness was a form of madness, rather than a reasoned determination to get money, and as much of it as he could. His regard for it was akin to that of those eccentric collectors who die and leave their homes choked with rubbish that a Paris chiffonnier would scarcely stoop to pick up. Pye tells us that, rather than part with cash, he paid the woman who stitched the numbers of the *Liber* together with a few of the prints themselves, and these, of course, she sold at a price which, though it paid her, depreciated the value of the regular publication.

The tradesmanship of the father, in short, combined with the

unreason of the mother to set up a barrier of mutual distrust between Turner and his fellowmen which was never broken down, and to which, the writer thinks, must be in great part ascribed the defects as an artist which have prevented his fame from being fully accepted outside his own country.

• A time more propitious than that in which Turner was born for the first appearance of a genius who should make landscape-painting his vehicle could hardly have been chosen. Artificial landscape had culminated and exhausted itself in Claude, and, after a short after-glow in the English work of Richard Wilson, had sunk to its death. The foundations for a new vitality had to be laid, and the conditions that should render this possible had long been preparing in England.

For years a body of modest, half-conscious artists had been employed, not on landscapes as art, but on topographical drawings, which were hung in country houses and reproduced in county histories. And these men had devised a vehicle exactly suited to what they had to say. They worked with a lead-pencil or a pen, and two or three simple colours—Prussian blue, Indian ink and gamboge—which they spread with water in broad, simple tints. The works thus produced were called washed drawings. Their commencement with pencil or pen required a corresponding attention to detail in the artist, while the mode of their completion exercised and tested his power to give coherence to his work. In most cases they included both landscape proper and architecture. The first was good practice in breadth, the second in precision. And as they were mostly commissions from those with whom art merits held a subordinate place, they required continual and painful reference to fact.

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The demand for illustrative pictures of the face of England was great a century ago, and it had to be supplied without help from science. Antiquaries and county historians swarmed. Their folios and quartos were published by subscription, and the subscribers liked to find engravings of their country houses, dedicated to themselves, when they turned over the pages. So great, in fact, does activity in this branch of art seem to have been, that a certain, though modest, income was at the command of every man with any pretension to talent, who cared to devote himself to it. He would begin, as Turner did, with putting backgrounds to architects, perspectives, and if he had genius, he might in the end produce monumental works without going beyond the limits of a "washed drawing."

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Turner was by no means precocious, and the characteristics of his early work are suggestive of patience rather than of genius. As an artist "he may be said to have blossomed" in 1800, when he was five-and-twenty.

•  
Up to that time he had been making acquaintance with his tools, and training his hand to their use. He had been a pupil of Sir Joshua's for a time, and had acquired enough facility in the use of oil to paint his own portrait, and he had been steadily drawing English landscapes and English architecture,

and doing it with a care in which much restraint of hand and fancy is traceable. Suddenly, in 1800, he seems to have lifted his eyes from his paper and fixed them finally on the shifting beauty of the world. Up to this time his thought has been given to the balance and truth of his results, but from henceforth he seems to live in the Nature at which he gazes. In the process of digestion and selection he is now, and for the rest of his life, governed by a notion diametrically opposed to that of all great painters before him. He selects, rejects, and simplifies, as every painter must, but he does it on a principle that was new to Art. He does it, not to enhance the unity of his picture, but to increase its comprehensiveness. His method is, not to remember the material limits of his instrument, and so to bring Nature within its easy reach, but so to stretch and expand the powers of paint as to give hints, at least, of beauties which had never been put on canvas or paper before. When he sets up his easel before Kilchurn Castle, for instance, he sets his mind to work, not to select from the scene before him those characteristics which tend towards a single impression, but rather to introduce foreign elements; to take features from a distance, to bring in forms which had caught his fancy the day before, or the day before that. In short, his "Kilchurn" is not an impression from the scene, in which some one effect is forced to its highest power by selection and simplification, but a short epitome of the Highlands, into which genius has put as much of its encyclopædic knowledge as the space would hold.

Turner's achievements were, to put it briefly, the gift to civilisation of a new world to conquer. He opened the gates and explored what was beyond, but he left the conquest to be completed by others in a future which may never come. To his pictures he brought a minute knowledge of nature, and a delicate sensibility to her subtlest moods which had never before found expression in art; but he furnished also an instance of the danger that waits upon genius, and showed how easy it is to forget the first law for the artist: that, as he is dependent on material, he should be patient with its incapacities. His defects, so far as they can be traced at all, "may be ascribed to the solitariness and want of trust in humanity that came to him with the narrowness of his father. In all that he took from nature alone he is great. It is when he comes to clothe his knowledge in the old elaborate human language of Art, that he fails. His most famous, and in some respects his best, pictures remind one that *qui trop embrasse, mal étreint*.

It is characteristic of his art that in scarcely an instance does he concentrate his subject in the middle of his canvas. His aim is to comprise, and in following it he continually loses sight of those modest virtues which are necessary to the perennial fame of a work of art. Technically, of course, he was a much better worker in water-colour than in oil. His sympathies were really given to the lighter medium, which he may almost be said to have created. Whatever he is about, he never seems to forget its future, or its true capacities. From the collection now at Burlington House a certain number of drawings

could be chosen which would put him on a higher pinnacle, as an artist pure and simple, than any of his pictures, with perhaps two exceptions. But they would not, I think, be those on which many have fastened for special praise. Such drawings as Mr. Ruskin's "Splügen," Mr. Brocklebank's "Constance," Mr. Hawksworth's "Chain Bridge over the Tees," come nearer than any other man has come to painting what is, in truth, unpaintable. But, after all, even from the imitative standpoint, they suggest their shortcomings more strongly than their sufficiency, while they have little of the profound peace and coherence of art. As pictures, they seem to me to be left far behind, not only by "Rivaulx Abbey," but by such a modest thing as "The Lonely Dell in Wharfedale." The space assigned to me here will not allow of the full discussion of all the points thus raised, and I must be content to conclude this paper with stating shortly why I think the fame of Turner has seen its best days in this country, and is never likely to be fully acquiesced in abroad. In the first place, he had little intrinsic sympathy with a work of art *per se*. This is shown not only by his carelessness as to method, and his readiness to put his brush to tasks it could not fully master, but by such practical matters as allowing his pictures to hang for years in the damp, and even by such an apparently trivial thing as his readiness to crumple up a drawing in his pocket. The indifference as to method into which this led him may be seen in many of the finest of his pictures in Trafalgar Square, where oil is often mixed with water-colour, and, at least in one instance, an accessory is cut out with scissors from a piece of coloured paper and stuck on to the surface of the canvas. Secondly, his imagination had little of that imperious desire to organize which is the distinctive mark of the creator. Mr. Ruskin himself allows that some Turners, the "Bay of Baie" among them, contain material for six pictures, and it may be added that scarcely one among them is the expression of one thought, the monument of a single moment. Turner has been called the Shakespeare of landscape, but in his *œuvre* there is no Othello. In all he did there are passages of exquisite beauty and truth; not more, perhaps, than any other who has won such fame is his, was he blind to the expressive power of form.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.—Failing any special monograph descriptive of the typical English gentleman, it may be worth while to indicate a few of the characteristics which distinguish him from other Englishmen.

For a definition of the gentleman the writer proposes the following: *A gentleman is one to whom discourtesy is a sin and falsehood a crime.*

In order to show how nearly this comes to the truth, he proceeds to consider what the definition should *not* be.

In the first place, it must not be drawn according to circumstances of birth. English gentlemen do not form a caste. There is nothing either *de jure*, or *de facto*, to prevent one of inferior birth from becoming a gentleman, or one of the highest birth from ceasing to be so. Any true definition of a gentleman must be wide enough to include *some* kings and *some* labourers.

Nor must the definition be in any way based upon wealth. Wealth can do most things. It can easily get a man a seat in Parliament; somewhat less easily a peerage; it may even get him the *entrée* into the highest society; but it cannot procure him the name of being really a gentleman from those who eat his dinners, ride his horses and sail in his yacht. Nor will those hangers-on refuse the title to a man whom they feel to deserve it, though he be clad in rusty black and hurry out of a third-class carriage to find a seat on the top of an omnibus.

Again, the definition must not be on the mere lines of outward manners. For, though good manners are an important addition, a well-nigh indispensable garment, to the true gentleman, they do not form part of his actual nature and substance. What are called good manners contain an element which is permanent and precious, but also a transitory and capricious element, which is a matter of fashion, not of feeling. The broad distinction between one who is, and one who is not, a gentleman does not rest on these temporary and changeable bases.

We are, therefore, forced to the conviction that the brevet of a gentleman rests on character.

Granting this, we shall not have much difficulty in fixing on the special qualities which go to form their character, whether we adopt the view suggested by the friend already referred to, that—

Truth in the soul to friend or foe,  
To all above and all below,—

to which he adds, however, "Some delicacy of feeling for others," or whether we prefer the definition I had myself struck out independently, that "Discourtesy in a sin, and falsehood a crime," we arrive at very much the same result. Nay, may we not combine the two by saying that a gentleman is one who, whether in great things or small, whether in things inward or things outward, tries to act up to the old precept, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

This definition will be found to apply to and explain many of the traits of character which will be generally acknowledged as belonging to the English gentleman.

Take first his conduct to inferiors. Two men, for instance, are walking up a railway-platform to enter a carriage. Externally there may not be much to distinguish them; but listen to the tone in which each addresses the porter who follows with his wraps and baggage. We feel at once, "This man is a gentleman; the other is a snob," and we may be sure the porter is equally quick to note the difference. It is not necessarily that the snob's words and tone are rude and insulting; very likely, on the contrary, they are jolly and familiar, but they are not of a character either fitting or correct. A gentleman will never forget the respect which is due to every man, as a man, so long as he is doing his duty and behaving in an orderly manner; neither will he ever forget the

respect which is due to himself. True courtesy is neither churlish nor patronizing.

And as the snob and gentleman differ with regard to inferiors, so will they with regard to superiors in station. It is true that here neither is likely to err on the side of rudeness ; unless, indeed, the snob should happen to be a Radical of the more offensive type. It is far more likely, however, that he will distinguish himself by a cringing manner, profuse use of titles, and lavish offers of unneeded services ; while the gentleman will not forget that his interlocutor, even if a Prince of the Blood, is, like himself, an English gentleman, and has no wish, whatever to be treated as if he were anything more. All the homage that etiquette prescribes he will give willingly and unofficially ; but he will give it only as one freeman who renders his just dues to another.

As to the higher virtue, namely truth, a witness certainly not prejudiced in favour of the aristocracy—the late John Stewart Mill—observed that the chief superiority of the English over other races lay in the fact that the upper classes do not lie, and the lower, though habitual liars, have the grace to be ashamed of lying. Perhaps, this view is a little too favourable. For, when it comes to a large consideration—say a matter of £50 for a poor man, or £5,000 for a rich one—and still more if it is a question of getting out of a scrape, avoiding a disgrace, it is to be feared that a large number of men otherwise gentlemen are not proof against the temptation. But this does not prevent the standard from existing, or being accepted as characteristic of the order ; and, as a matter of fact, the standard of truthfulness, in word and deed, is much higher among English gentlemen than among any other set of men, past or present.

We have said “in word and deed,” for it is not only sheer brutal lying that a gentleman avoids and hates ; it is falsehood of all kinds and shades, hinted as well as spoken, acted as well as hinted. all flattery and cajolery directed towards others, all ostentation, puffing and glorification of oneself. To this is very largely to be ascribed the reserve and coldness with which he is credited, and which do undoubtedly form one of his defects. The effusive compliments, the loud demonstrations of regard which come naturally, for instance, to a Frenchman, are to the Englishman distasteful and objectionable ; to use his own language, “he cannot give into this humbug.” He likes his friends and will do much to serve them ; but he seldom or never tells them so, nor do they expect it. Two brothers—brothers in heart and mind as much as in blood—will separate for the work of manhood, and, after years of absence and wandering, will meet with no greater outward show of affection than may be gathered from such laconic sentences as “Well, Dick,” “How are you, Tom ?” This repression of all sentiment (to use a word peculiarly odious to a gentleman) may no doubt be carried too far ; yet, if we are to err, it is well that it should be on the side of truth rather than of falsehood. As regards himself, his reticence about his own exploits is only equalled by that of a first-rate Swiss guide—a man who, by the bye, would perhaps be closer to the ideal gentleman than can be found anywhere out of England. Take, as a typical instance of this temper, that naval captain, whose well-known laconic despatch to his admiral ran as follows : “Sir, I have

the honour to report that since the 18th instant I have burnt, captured, or sunk all the French ships off this coast. Number as per margin. I am, Sir," etc. It is impossible to doubt that man's nationality, or that he was a gentleman. The same tendency is well seen in the portrait of "young Rapid" as sketched in Whyte Melville's "Riding Recollections"—a book itself worthy to be put in evidence on the subject, since its author, while dwelling so long on the sporting exploits of others, never once touches on his own. "Did you get away with them on Thursday?" asks a friend. "Yes, I was one of the lucky ones." • The real fact being that by a piece of desperate riding young Rapid secured the lead in the first few fields, and held it to the end of the run. The same applies to all other pursuits and pastimes—a gentleman does not value skill and courage in these less than the rest of the world, nor is he less ready to give them their due meed of praise when exhibited by others; but he shrinks from calling attention to them when they are his own.

The last characteristic on which the writer touches, is a man's conduct towards women.

I do not mean to claim for him any particular cleanness of life, though in a fitting place such a claim might, perhaps, be substantiated. But this I may say without fear: that of that form of love, most falsely so called, which, whether exercised towards maid or wife, has been the favourite and special pursuit and glory of men of honour in all ages—of this he knows, and cares to know, nothing whatever. It is alien to his thoughts, his habits, even his inclinations. It is the one species of "sport" which he is well content to leave to its most assiduous cultivators, the *beaux garçons* of Paris.

The remainder of the article deals with the species of the genus thus characterised, of which the writer recognises four main divisions: the squire, the parson, the professional man, and the man of business.

In conclusion, the writer says:—

It is time to bring to a close these rough and random reflections. How slight they are, how unworthy of their theme, none can be more conscious than the writer. May they only stimulate some better historian to describe the type, while it remains a living one. How long this will be, who can say? For it is sufficiently evident that, in that new Democracy, with which Mr. Labouchere and others threaten us, the English gentleman will be allowed no place, and would not claim it if he could. From what used to be thought the highest arena, that of politics, he is clearly passing away. The House of Commons used to be called the first assembly of gentlemen in Europe. But their number in the present House of Commons has been estimated at eighty. In the next will there be more or fewer? Probably the latter; for, if there is one point characteristic of the gentleman of the younger generation, it is his deep-seated contempt for politics and politicians. He is hardly likely to bestir himself much even to defend his order; for, much as he loves fighting, it must be fighting which is fair. Still less is he likely to let himself be improved off the face of the earth. He is quite capable of taking care of himself, and will simply betake himself to fresh pursuits and fresh scenes. May he convey with him those traditions of courtesy and truth, of chivalry and justice, which cannot (like his property) become the spoil of Democracy, and which would be more than useless to it if they could.

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PRINCIPAL TULLOCH is a sympathetic and interesting account of the quiet, but illustrious, career of the late worthy Principal of St. Andrews.

Principal Tulloch was an eminently successful man from the first. As the writer remarks, there is not much scope for ambition or worldly advancement in the position of a clergyman of the Scotch Church.

Those homely endowments which her enemies would so fain take from her are small. If they maintain a simple level of comfort in the many corners of the land where no voluntary system can be sufficient to maintain, without extraneous aid, the services of an educated clergy, yet the prizes open to ecclesiastical ambition in Scotland are almost non-existent. There is no dignified and wealthy leisure within the minister's possibilities, to make up for poor pay and a laborious life on the lower levels. The best the Church can do for her successful sons is no better, in point of pecuniary recompense, than many a simple rectory on the other side of the Tweed, carrying no distinction at all. It is wonderful to think upon how little the modest honours of the Church and Universities of Scotland are upheld. The appointment held by Dr. Tulloch is one of those where the dignity is greatest and the emoluments smallest. He has held it for a long, almost unexampled, period; for it is a very rare thing for such preferment to be won at an early age. His whole life, indeed, may be said to have been spent in that position—in the plain living and high thinking which colleges better endowed have made a problematical rule.

Under such circumstances, Principal Tulloch, the more especially that he married at two and twenty, and soon had a large family, could not expect to grow rich in worldly goods. One especially fine point about him, moreover, was that he did not snatch at work



that brings in money. He could have filled the magazines, like many another, with hasty writing. But this was not his way. He would never bargain, either, about his work, but placed a fine confidence in his publishers, and, holding the antique faith that literature demanded labour and leisure and quiet thought, was careful always to produce his best. Yet, with the aid of a happy thrift, he always contrived to reconcile both comfort and hospitality with meagre resources.

On the recommendation of Sir David Brewster, backed by the interest of Baron Bunsen, whose "Hippolytius" he had favorably reviewed, he was nominated to the Principalship of St. Andrews, the University where he had first studied, at the unusually early age of thirty-one, and soon after he was awarded the Burnett prize for his essay on "Theism."

*Apropos* of this work, the writer says :—

The title given to this volume—Principal Tulloch's first important contribution to literature—is characteristic, and shows with what steadfast unity he carried out his first conception of the special Christian work he had to do. "The Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-Wise and Beneficent Creator" is the title of this book. The position which he thus took up from the beginning was that of one to whom all truth is reasonable, to whom the warm consent of the soul is always necessary. Not, indeed, that he attempted or desired those processes of proof by which every spiritual act must be made comprehensible to the mind which can conceive of nothing higher than material evidence. This was never his point of view. But he liked to trace a nobler Reason, to obtain a profounder response, to show how in all times God has silently demonstrated Himself to His children by that internal conviction which is greater than evidence, and that the analogy of all that is reasonable and human is on the side of faith. He adopted this as the subject of his researches and his thoughts, in their earliest phase, and he kept it unbroken to the end.

The works on which his permanent reputation as a writer chiefly rests are "The Leaders of the Reformation" and "English Puritanism and its Leaders"—collections of historical essays, summing up the history of a period in biographies of its leading spirits.

Of his preaching, the writer says :—

As his sermons became more generally known, his fame was soon established as one of the greatest of Scotch contemporary preachers. This gift is one which in Scotland never passes without appreciation; and the fervent strain of the Principal's eloquence had so much of the passion of sincerity in it that it conquered the general heart, as without this gift neither argument nor eloquence can. His extraordinarily sympathetic and sensitive nature thrilled to the contact of an assembly of hearers, whatever they might be. I have heard him say that he generally took more than one sermon into the pulpit

with him, and according as his mind was affected by the multitude about him chose what he should preach—a method perhaps as nearly in consonance with the command, “Take no heed what you shall say,” as the exigencies of modern conventionality will allow. Nor was this all the effect which his audience and his subject produced upon him; for often there would come a time when the tide of feeling no longer brooked the control of premeditation, and then the book would be suddenly closed, the preacher lean over the edge of the pulpit, his hands stretched out and his features instinct with emotion, while he poured forth an appeal which came from the bottom of his heart. Sometimes this strenuous utterance of his profoundest feelings would be full of eloquence; sometimes the Principal's most admiring friends would have preferred that he should have kept to the “paper,” the written sermon with its more closely thought-out argument. But in either case, the impulse, the impassioned reality, were most impressive. And the people whom he addressed perhaps of all others the audience most susceptible to the influence of the pulpit, answered with the ready warmth and confidence which add to every preacher's power.

In 1863 Principal Tulloch was first assailed by the nervous ailment that, from time to time, darkened the remainder of his life—an ailment, it is to be feared, no less common under the artificial conditions of modern life than it is mysterious.

To show with what simplicity and blamelessness, with what peace and happiness, this abundant life had been filled, I may say that one of the complaints to which he gave almost childlike utterance, when illness first overshadowed him, was that his first feeling when he woke in the morning was not one of pleasure but of pain. He had lived some forty years in the world, and yet he was pathetically surprised that his first waking thought should not be bright!

The illness of which this was a symptom was not one of the honest maladies of the body that explain themselves, and that medical treatment has a simple course with. It showed itself in the cloud of a great depression and despondency, against which this happy man could not hold up his head. By what subtle action of mind on body, or body on mind—those indefinable partners in the unity of human being—it comes about that this mysterious form of malady attacks so many in our day, is a question too profound to be discussed by the ignorant. For want of a better explanation it is generally attributed to over-work, or over-strain of the intellectual faculties, or nervous exhaustion—I know not what. It rose upon Principal Tulloch like a cloud out of a clear sky, no one knowing how or wherefore. Perhaps further medical investigations may disclose by what miserable accidental jar the fine machinery of being can be put out of trim, and so much suffering come without any sufficient or apparent cause. On such a subject the uninstructed can have nothing to say, except to record that this cloud did somehow develop out of skies as serene as ever smiled over mortal man, in the midst of a life so cheerful, simple, and unspotted, that it seemed to afford no standing-place for harm of any kind. The present writer had seen much of the Principal in the previous summer, in the ease of country life and Highland travel; and the recollection of all the pleasant nonsense which springs up in such intercourse—the mild jests, the easy laughter, so much of it circling about himself, and his own humorous ways—comes back with an innocence of

saddened mirth which, even in the moment of grief, has nothing inappropriate in it. But the next year brought a change, and he whose laugh had been in itself the cause of laughter, whose perception of the ludicrous had been so ready, whose swift wrath against all pretences had dropped so easily into a humorous sympathy even with the ridiculous, now turned to the world a saddened countenance, with that look of expostulation and remonstrance in his eyes, which was at all times one of their characteristic expressions, but which now acquired a pathos and air of trouble which went to the heart.

By some extraordinary freak of fancy, his disturbed mind had fixed upon—surely the most innocent sin that ever troubled an invalid conscience—a certain erroneous quotation which he had once made in a speech, I think, before the Presbytery. Whether he had put the sense wrong, or whether it was merely a false quantity, I do not recollect, nor what the phrase was. Most people will remember some slip of the kind which, when suddenly recalled to memory years after, will send the blush of shame coursing to their finger-ends. This effect, momentary in most cases, took entire possession of the Principal's fancy for a time, and with such profound feeling did he speak of it, that I well remember the struggle of sympathy for his evident suffering contending with an almost comic sense of the triviality of the occasion, until at last the anxious listener, entirely carried away by the real trouble in those appealing eyes, broke forth into the advice, as fantastic as the cause of it, that he should call together again the same audience, and make his confession of error to them : the error of a false quantity !

This cloud, though not always in the same form, hung over him for nearly a year—though in the midst of all the suffering, gleams of humour would come in, and many a little tragi-comic incident relieved the gloom to the anxious watchers who surrounded him, and even by moments to himself.

Travel, in the end, dispersed this melancholy, and in 1864 Principal Tulloch returned home full of vigour of mind and body, to take an ever increasing part in the business of the church. After the death of Dr. Norman Macleod there was, perhaps, no man in Scotland who occupied so large a place in the general eye. In 1862 he had become one of the Queen's chaplains, and it was rarely that he was not called to Balmoral during the Royal residence there.

His sermons, his conversation, and the easy and genuine nature which in all circumstances was always itself, were especially welcome in a sphere where it is so difficult to retain that freedom and freshness ; and Her Majesty, than whom no one is more ready to appreciate those qualities, soon came to regard him as a trusted friend.

In 1872 his "*Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy*" was published. This, in the writer's opinion, was the great work of his life. A short time after its publication, he was appointed a member of the Scotch Education Board, established to organise Scotch schools according to the provisions of the new Education Act. This kept him in constant motion and occupation, and afforded him a great deal of pleasant work ; but the strain was probably too

great for him, and in 1874 he was again compelled to give up work for a time, and made a voyage to America for his health in Mr. Duncan's yacht. The change renewed his strength, and for the next five or six years, he pursued his course with energy and success.

It was about this time that he accepted the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*; but it was not an office for which he was adapted, and he failed to revive the waning popularity of the publication.

In 1878 the Church of Scotland elected him Moderator of the General Assembly, the highest honor it could bestow on him.

Shortly afterwards another severe attack of the old illness prostrated him.

Once more the heavy cloud, which had come and rolled away, and come again on various previous occasions, engulfed the natural brightness of a life which seemed to have less occasion than that of most men for those overwhelming shadows of mortal trouble. All had gone well with the many children who had grown to manhood and womanhood around him. His eldest son had gained for himself a position of which his father had occasion to be proud. His daughters were scattered, but in happy homes of their own. As time went on, the beautiful old house at St. Mary's had become the centre of a prosperous tribe,—young mothers who “brought their babe and made their boast,” new connections, all harmonious, satisfactory, full of tender pride and admiration for the head of the house, while still there were children left at home to keep up the traditions of the cheerful family. Whatever external difficulties there might have been were smoothed and lightened. His wife's health indeed, which had been much shaken, kept an ever-present anxiety in the foreground of the Principal's life; but even that was lulled by habit, and by the growing hope that this most precious existence was not itself in danger. But notwithstanding all those good things that surrounded his path, and of which he took the fullest enjoyment—notwithstanding his vigorous constitution, his lessening cares, and his commanding and now fully established position—once more the cloud of mysterious illness closed over him. So far as I am aware, not even the most skilled of physicians can say what it was. His fine intelligence remained unaffected, yet was rendered unproductive, practically useless, by a miserable introspection, a sense of overwhelming gloom and wretchedness for which there was no cause, and apparently no remedy, until it had worked itself out—of all mysterious visitations surely the most painful and the most extraordinary.

This illness, I believe, was the most serious of several periodical attacks which had prostrated him. It lasted nearly a year, but at last happily passed away, after the careful treatment carried out by Dr. Ramsay, at Torquay, in the soft air and quiet of that favoured spot.

The threatened disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, last summer, aroused Principal Tulloch to an attitude not usually adopted by him. He took the chief part in the debate of the Assembly, and, in a speech of great vigour and impassioned eloquence, urged the need of organised and determined resistance.

He had been in former times emphatically one of those who preferred to let the storm go by, to maintain an attitude of dignified calm in face of attack, and to refrain from disturbing the peace which is congenial to Christian progress with polemics. Another change, too, which had been for some years working in his mind, came now to open development. He had during his whole life taken the Liberal side in politics; and though he had lost confidence in the leaders of that party as far back as 1878, when he contributed to the pages of this Magazine an article on "The Liberal Party and the Church of Scotland," which made no small commotion at the moment, he had still tried to believe, even against hope, in the pledge that the interests of the Church were not to be affected on less than the most urgent argument—the proved desire of Scotland that it should be so. But when it became apparent at the last election that Mr. Gladstone no longer thought this pledge binding, and that the clamour of hot partisans on the other side was forcing upon popular candidates a pledge in the contrary sense, the Principal, with many who agreed with him, felt that the time of peace was over, and that it was essential to speak out, even at the cost of many cherished traditions, and to show that no tie of party could be so strong as that which bound him to his Church. To withdraw his name as one of the vice-presidents of the Liberal Association was no doubt a step which cost him much. He was thus publicly severing himself from a party which he had supported all his life, and to which at least all the tendencies of his earlier years were more allied than to any other. Such a breach of consistency, if no more, is to a sensitive mind a very painful necessity. He did not hesitate, however, to make this practical protest against the course which events seemed about to take—a step which quickly followed the trumpet-blast which he had blown in the Assembly.

Before the session he had been ailing, and in the beginning of the winter, his symptoms became so serious that he was sent first to Harrogate and then to Torquay in the hope that the warmer temperature of the South might restore him. His strength, however, gradually waned, and he died on the 13th February, surrounded by all the elder members of his family, including his wife.

The article closes with two simple and touching letters from Her Majesty the Queen, written, after his death, to his son and his widow :

THE QUEEN to Rev. W. W. TULLOCH.

"OSBORNE, Feb. 13, 1886.

"I am stunned by this dreadful news; your dear excellent, distinguished father also taken away from us, and from dear Scotland, whose Church he so nobly defended. I have again lost a dear and honoured friend, and my heart sinks within me when I think I shall not again on earth look on that noble presence, that kindly face, and listen to those words of wisdom and Christian large-heartedness which used to do me so much good. But I should not speak of myself when you, his children, and your dear mother, and our beloved Scotland, lose so much. Still I may be, I hope, forgiven if I do appear egotistical, for I have lost so many, and when I feel so ALONE.

"Your dear father was so kind, so wise, and it was such a pleasure to see him at dear Balmoral! *No more! Never again!* These dreadful words I so often have had to repeat make my heart turn sick. God's will be done! Your dear father is at rest, and his bright spirit free!

"We must not grieve for him. When I saw you at Balmoral you seemed anxious about him, and I heard the other day he could not write. Pray convey the expression of my deepest sympathy to your dear mother, whose health, I know, is not strong, and to all your family. I mourn with you.

"Princess Beatrice is deeply grieved, and wishes me to express her true sympathy with you all. I shall be most anxious for details of this terrible event—  
Ever yours truly and sorrowingly.

"VICTORIA R. & I.

The Rev. W. TULLOCH."

The QUEEN to Mrs. TULLOCH.

"WINDSOR CASTLE, Feb. 17, 1886.

"DEAR MRS TULLOCH,—You must allow one who respected, admired, and loved your dear distinguished husband to write to you, though personally unacquainted with you and to *try* to say what I feel.

"My heart bleeds for you—the dear worthy companion of that noble excellent man, so highly gifted, and large-hearted, and so brave! whose life is crushed by the greatest loss which can befall a woman.

"To me the loss of such a friend, whom I so greatly respected and trusted, is *very great*; and I cannot bear to think I shall not again see him, and admire that handsome kindly face and noble presence, and listen to his wise words, which breathe such a lofty Christian spirit. I am most anxious to visit you, and trust that you will allow me to do so quite quietly and privately, as one who knew your dear husband so well, and has gone through much sorrow, and knows what you feel and what you suffer.

"Pray express my true sympathy to all your children, who have lost such a father.

"My thoughts will be especially with you to-morrow, \* and I pray that God may be with you to help and sustain you.—Believe me always yours most sincerely,

"VICTORIA R. & I."

AERIAL NAVIGATION.—The writer of this article, after noticing the late encouraging experiments of Messieurs Renard and Krebs, describes the cylindrical balloon proposed by General W. N. Hutchinson, in which he appears to think the problem of aerial navigation is destined to find its solution. In this balloon, the necessary stiffness is imparted—

by the upper half of the net tightly embracing it being laced to a bar encircling the balloon in its mid zone—the said bar being attached to triangular bamboo brackets, held firmly in position by the aid of three wire ropes connecting the apexes of the several brackets, and finally fastened to the bow and stern extremities of the aforesaid bar.

\* The day of the funeral.

The writer proceeds :

Every suspension rope guided by anti-friction rings, is fastened to it. The horizontality of the long cylinder is preserved by the novel plan of having two cars, the lower of which, for the passengers and cargo, is suspended from near the extremities of the balloon, the ropes so meeting and crossing through anti-friction holes at the extremities of a horizontal bar before being attached to the car, that no shifting of a load in it can interfere with the horizontal balance of the balloon. This passenger-car hangs in the centre of buoyancy directly below the propelling car, at the distance considered most desirable, as the passengers, by acting upon a drum or windlass of varying diameter to suit the length of each rope, can make their car rise or sink. The propelling car cannot be placed too close to the balloon, as it is in such a position that the propellers and side planes, really horizontal rudders (shortly to be described), and the vertical rudders will have most influence. Those near the bow, as well as the stern, operate on the same side of the car in similar but opposite angles from the vertical plane of its mid-longitudinal section, all being simultaneously acted on by a continuous tiller-rope (crossing in the middle) arranged immediately under the car. To prevent the possibility of the gas ever rushing to either end of the balloon, it is divided into loose gas-tight compartments, in all of which the gas is so acted on automatically by a long compressor lying between the base sides of the triangular brackets and the balloon, that plaiting or wrinkling of the skin (the great enemy to endurance) is effectually prevented so long as it is not less than half filled with gas. The compressor—a light rectangular frame crossed by netting—is kept constantly in contact with the balloon by means of spiral springs, which, by a newly devised arrangement, have a nearly uniform action however much extended. Their action is temporarily arrested should the aeronauts ever find it advisable to diminish the bulk of their balloon, which they are to have the power of doing by means of a band at its extremities. Such change of bulk, however,—so difficult with a gas so incompressible as hydrogen—would but rarely be required, as pairs of horizontally hung rudders (planes), on both sides of the propelling car, by their simultaneous similar inclination upwards or downwards while the balloon progresses, cause the whole affair to rise or sink, always preserving its horizontal position. By this means, should the breeze be too strongly adverse, the balloon would seek, without loss of gas or ballast, in a higher or lower altitude for a less unfavourable current. It could not blow too strongly if in the right direction, for the largest balloon would be a mere speck in the vast volume of possibly a progressive revolving storm of from 500 to 1,000 miles diameter, and be so little disturbed by its influence, were the propellers at rest, that the smoke of the aeronaut's cigar would curl as gracefully upwards as if he were enjoying its fragrance in a calm on land. According to that excellent authority, Mr Redfield, it is seldom that a cyclone at sea extends higher than a mile above it, generally less; occasionally even it is so shallow that in ships driven along at a fearful rate the sailors have seen a blue sky overhead, with light clouds sailing tranquilly in a contrary direction. Thus at any moment it would be easy to rise above it. Instead, therefore, of continuing to glide smoothly along in the wild tempest floating in equilibrium with perfectly horizontal side planes, the aeronauts, on finding that the part of the revolving storm in which they were progressing

no longer favoured their course, would incline the side planes upwards, and quickly ascend through the short space separating them from a different current.

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Passengers and cargo could easily be landed, even when it blew hard. The side planes would be inclined nearly vertically, and the propeller revolving all the while at a suitable rate, these two opposing forces would bring the balloon nearly to a stand-still, and keep it almost motionless in the air. Did the wind blow in the fitful gusts only found near the earth, the aid of the grapnel might be required, and the passenger-car could be temporarily separated from the balloon. Finally, a wedge-shaped shield attached to the front of the long mid-zone bar (its apex vertical in flight, inclined upwards when at anchor) prevents any caving in, however great may be the velocity at which the balloon is meeting the current. The aeronauts in the propelling car, by pulling a rope, can always alter the inclination of the shield, and make it an assistant to the horizontal rudders.

A balloon, 30 feet wide and 360 feet long, would, it is calculated, have a buoyancy of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  tons with hydrogen gas, while the weight, all complete, without fuel, would be only 2 tons, with an engine of 53 horse-power to drive the balloon at twenty miles an hour. The cost, it is stated, would be, at the least, £10,000.

It will surprise most persons to learn how very small is the risk of ballooning even under existing conditions. In July 1882 it was stated on good authority that Messrs. Green and Coxwell had each made between 1,400 and 1,500 ascents without any mishap, and in England, with nearly 6,000 ascents, there had been altogether only six deaths.

**MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE: SOME SPORTING REMINISCENCE.**—These entertaining sporting reminiscences of Mr. Lawrence Oliphant's extend over regions so widely separated as the Caucasus, Ceylon, the Nepal Terai and the Malayan Peninsula.

The following two remarkable experiences are related in the course of the paper.

I once made rather an interesting shooting excursion to a rarely visited island, called Karative, on the western coast of Ceylon. It was evidently once a mere sand-bank, and though it is fifteen miles in length, it narrows in places to a width of fifteen or twenty yards, the sea in rough weather making a clean breach over it. In parts it is more than a mile wide, and is covered with a low thick jungle, with patches of open. It is inhabited only by a few fishermen. It is well stocked with deer, buffalo, and wild black cattle. These latter are doubtless the descendants of cattle that were originally tame, but it must have been very long ago, for their fine delicate limbs and active motions, and uniformly black colour, present marked characteristics of difference from tame cattle; while their great shyness renders them an extremely difficult animal to shoot. I only managed to bag one, which I stalked after rather an original fashion. The herd were grazing in the open, so far from any jungle that it seemed impossible to get near them. It was a perfectly still day; the sea was like glass, as it generally was on the lee side of the island; and they were not above fifty



yards from its edge. So I determined to stalk them from the sea. It was a nice sandy bottom, which did not deepen too abruptly, and when I had waded in about fifty yards I found myself up to the armpits. I had to wade for nearly a quarter of a mile, always keeping nothing but my head and shoulders visible, before I found myself opposite the herd, tormented the while by the fear that some sporting shark might consider me as good game as I thought the black cattle. Then crawling carefully shorewards, I got an easy shot at about eighty yards, and knocked over a fine young bull. We also stalked successfully, in the course of two days' shooting here, a couple of wild buffalo. The natives made a very novel suggestion: they were great fishers of porpoises, which they captured for the sake of the oil, and possessed in consequence a quantity of strong propoise-nets. These they proposed to stretch across a narrow isthmus, from sea to sea, and staking them firmly, to drive the deer into them. As, when thus stretched and staked, they would be about eight feet high, there would be no chance of escape for the deer. At each end of the net men were stationed, who concealed themselves, as we did ourselves, while the drive was in progress, so as to prevent the deer, when they saw their danger, making a rush for the sea. It was a moment of great excitement as we heard the cracking of the jungle in advance of the beaters betoken the presence of game; then out rushed half-a-dozen noble animals. We sprang to our feet as they crossed the narrow patch of open at full speed, and turning neither to the right nor left, dashed head-long into the net. In a moment all was confusion; there was a heap of deer entangling themselves more and more in their frantic struggles to break loose and escape, while the men ran up with ropes to bind them and make them captive; this was no easy matter, as their sharp hoofs and antlers inflict nasty wounds; however, it was at last successfully accomplished. I shall never forget the appearance which that struggling mass of men and deer presented, but I cannot now call to mind how many we captured—the stag with the finest antlers, I know, escaped.

The most singular shot I ever made was under rather peculiar conditions. It was a blazing hot day—I should think the thermometer must have been over a hundred in the tent—and I was lying panting on my bed, in a state of entire nudity, vainly trying to get a wink of sleep, in anticipation of the night-watch in store for me, when my servant stealthily crept into the tent with the intelligence that there was a flock of pea-fowl just outside. He held the flap of the tent back, and there they were strutting about within a hundred yards of it. As I looked they seemed to be taking alarm, and, afraid of losing them, I seized my rifle and rushed out with nothing else on. It was useless to attempt to stalk them—the plain upon which they were was a hard surface of baked cracked clay, with scarcely a shrub upon it. The only plan was to get as near them as possible—not an easy matter, for they took to running too, and pea-fowl can run faster than one has any idea of. At all events they seemed to me to do so, as with bare head and body exposed to the scorching rays of the mid-day sun I hurried on in pursuit, cutting my bare feet terribly on the sharp angles of the cracked clay. At last they took to wing, and I brought down to my surprise a splendid bird—at least he was splendid to look at, but proved rather tough to eat, for he was an old cock. I thought of clothing myself with his feathers so as to be able to return to the camp with some decency, but it might have looked vainglorious, considering the wonderful shot I had made. Indeed I

took some credit for it at the time, for it is not everybody who has knocked over a peacock on the wing at a hundred yards with a rifle, especially with nothing on ; but I am free to admit, after this lapse of time, that it was a pure fluke. I was so out of breath and blinded by perspiration at the moment, that I fired without being able to take any kind of aim.

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• In the following passage the writer relates some curious gastro-nomic experiments.

In Ceylon, as a rule, the game is so abundant that one is never reduced to experimenting on strange diet. I once dined off young monkey, which is something like rabbit, but immeasurably superior to it. Travelling in the wilds of America, I lived for some time on bear-meat, which is excellent ; and once the entire rations for the day for four of us consisted of a jay, a magpie, and a woodpecker. During the last days of the siege of Paris I tried the dainties which were then in vogue ; but they were so far disguised by the exercise of culinary skill, that they all tasted very good. It requires a little practice to recognise at once the difference between dog, cat, and rat, if they are all prepared with equal care and delicacy. One of my sporting friends in Ceylon, camping out with his pack, and depending solely upon their exertions, succeeded, thanks to the talent and ingenuity of his cook, in giving some British tourists who paid him a visit a most varied *menu*. There was *ris de veau*, *filet de bœuf*, *côtelettes en papillotes*, *poulet sauté*, and I don't know what else besides. It was some time before his guests discovered that, under these high-sounding names, they were eating various preparations of elk. If it is the tailor who makes the man it is the cook who makes the beast. In China and Japan diet is proverbially attended with the greatest uncertainty, and I never dined with a native of either of these countries without suffering for it the next day. On one occasion I was given a soup in which was floating what appeared to be pieces of vermicelli chopped in lengths of about an inch. On inquiring what these little string-like substances were, I was informed they were rock-leeches !

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## THE MONTH.

## EUROPE.

REMARKABLE, and in many respects unprecedented, as were the incidents which testified to the interest felt by the public in the Parliamentary proceedings of Thursday last,—the throng within and without the house, the tens of thousands of applications for the limited accommodation afforded by the galleries, the extraordinary efforts made by members to secure good places,—they furnish but an inadequate measure either of the importance of the occasion or of the anxiety with which the issue is awaited by the country.

It is not too much to say that, whether it be accepted or rejected, the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Irish scheme marks the commencement of a new era in the national history. The resignations of Messrs. Trevelyan and Chamberlain on the 28th ultimo proclaimed the long-threatened disruption of the great Liberal Party to be an accomplished fact. The meeting to be held in Her Majesty's theatre to-night, when Lord Hartington and the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Peter Rylands and Mr. Plunket, will appear on the same political platform, is an assurance not merely of the immediate co-operation, but, in all human probability, of the ultimate coalition of the Whigs and the Conservatives. That Parties should ever be reformed on their old lines is, in view of the obvious conditions of the coming contest, in the highest degree unlikely. Whatever be the fate that awaits Mr. Gladstone's proposals in the House of Commons, the struggle must needs be both fierce and protracted. Should they be accepted, it is inevitable that the House of Lords should reject the Bill, and the battle will have to be fought over again after an appeal to the country. Should they be rejected, Mr. Gladstone may, or may not, appeal to the country. In the one case, the end of the struggle will be still further deferred. In the other, an alternative scheme must be found and carried, and no alternative scheme can be carried except through the loyal and hearty co-operation of all opponents of the disintegration of the Empire. There is but small prospect, again, of any scheme which will meet

the approval of Lord Hartington and the Marquis of Salisbury being accepted by the Nationalist population of Ireland ; and to carry out the stringent measures of coercion that the preservation of order will demand, the same co-operation must be continued.

Of Mr. Gladstone's scheme, the country has, as yet, only one part before it,—that which refers to the future Government of Ireland. Against that part of it the intellect and experience of the nation have pronounced in the most emphatic manner, both in and out of Parliament. The most cursory perusal of the three days debate on the first reading of the Bill is sufficient to show that all the weight, not only of authority, but of argument, is on the side of the opposition. No attempt has been made by the supporters of the Bill to defend it on its merits, or to meet the arguments advanced against it by such men as Lord Hartington and Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain.

The specious arguments of Mr. Gladstone, torn to tatters by each of those speakers in turn, were merely reiterated by him at the end of the debate. Mr. Morley's speech, as in a great measure that of Mr. Gladstone himself, was a mere appeal to the fears of his hearers—a plea for an ignoble compromise with lawlessness, sedition and outrage, which the authors of the scheme lack the nerve to put down. Sir William Harcourt's advocacy was mainly confined to recrimination and persiflage wholly unworthy of the occasion.

But, though the weight of intellect and influence against the Bill is overwhelming, it is far from certain that the balance of votes, even in the present House of Commons, is against it ; and a similar doubt applies in a still greater degree to the constituencies. Of the educated classes an enormous majority are against the Bill ; but the Caucus is for it ; there is every reason to fear that the working man is for it, and the vote of the agricultural labourer is, to say the least, very doubtful.

Of the Bill itself anything like detailed criticism is out of the question in the space at my disposal. Suffice it to say that, while it provides for a surrender of Imperial authority extensive enough to be infinitely mischievous both to England and to Ireland, it is far from conceding independence enough to satisfy the real aspirations, not long since openly avowed, though for the moment astutely dissembled, of the Nationalists. It consequently holds out no promise of finality to the eyes of any one who regards it in the light of history and common sense. But this, though bad enough, is far from being all. The machinery which the Bill proposes to set up for the future govern-

ment of Ireland is of a kind that could not possibly work in practice. The complication of checks and counter-checks with which it is encumbered would bring it to a deadlock before it had been in operation six months.

The main features of the scheme, as expounded by its author, are the establishment of a separate legislature for Ireland, consisting of two orders, each vested with a power of veto against the decisions of the other to last for three years; the first order to consist of the present 28 Representative Peers and 75 others, elected for a period of ten years by persons with a £25 a year property qualification, and themselves possessing a property qualification of £200 a year; the second order to consist of the present 103 members with 101 others, similarly elected for five years; the complete exclusion of Ireland from representation in the Imperial Parliament; the limitation of Ireland's contribution to the Imperial revenues to one-fifteenth of the whole.

The new Irish legislature would have complete control, not only over local legislation, but over the executive, subject to the prerogatives of the Crown, and except that it would be incompetent to pass any measure affecting the Crown, or its devolution, or relating to national defence, and that it would have no concern with foreign or colonial relations, and would be prohibited from establishing or endowing any religious body. It would further possess the general power of imposing taxes, with the exception of customs and excise duties, but the balance of such duties after payment of Irish obligations would be at its disposal.

As to the Executive, it would consist, as at present, of a Viceroy, who might, however, be a Roman Catholic, assisted by a Privy Council, but it would be subject, to an undefined extent, to any changes that might be introduced by the new legislature. The Judges would be accorded the option of retiring on pensions. The Constabulary would remain for the present under the same terms of service and the same authority, but its cost beyond the sum of a million a year would be defrayed by England, and eventually it would be placed under the control of the Irish legislature.

In his speech, asking for leave to introduce the Bill, Mr. Gladstone insisted on the cessation of the Irish representation in Parliament and the preservation of the fiscal unity of the Empire as vital principles and essential parts of the foundation of the Bill; but in his reply, at the close of the debate, he disavowed this and declared the question of the exclusion of the Irish members to be

open to consideration ; and in the authorised version of the opening speech the word " vital " is altered into " initiatory," and " essential " into " principal."

In the debate on the first reading, which was agreed to without a division, the principal speakers against the Bill were Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Plunket, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir J. Lubbock, Lord Hartington, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Goschen and Sir M. Hicks-Beach.

The only members of influence who attempted to defend it were Mr. Parnell, Mr. Morley, and Sir William Harcourt.

In view of the strength of the opposition to the Bill, there is every probability that in the interval between this and the second reading now fixed for the 10th proximo, its principal provisions will undergo more or less modification, but it is generally considered that any modifications possible consistently with the retention of its essential principles, will lose the Government as many votes as they will gain ; and the same opinion is entertained regarding the Land Purchase Bill to be introduced on Friday next, and in which any attempt to win back the support of dissentient Radicals by limiting the indemnity to the landlords will detach more than an equivalent amount of reluctant Liberal support.

The resignations of Messrs. Chamberlain and Trevelyan have been followed by those of Mr. Heneage, Lord Kenmare, Lord Cork and Mr. Bickersteth. The place of Mr. Chamberlain at the Local Government Board has been taken by Mr. Stansfeld ; that of Mr. Trevelyan, as Scotch Secretary, by Lord Dalhousie ; that of Mr. Heneage, by Sir U. K. Shuttleworth, and the Indian Under Secretaryship, thus vacated, by Mr. Stafford Howard. Mr. Jesse Collings, who has been unseated for Ipswich, has also resigned and been replaced by Mr. Borlase.

Among the demonstrations of public feeling regarding the scheme, none has been more significant than the great meeting in the Guildhall on the 2nd instant. The meeting which comprised the leading city men of all Parties, condemned the policy of the Government by acclamation, and the only speaker who showed any sign of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone was promptly put down with a volley of groans and hisses.

Though the new Parliament has so far displayed a keen appetite for work of a kind, all further progress in legislative business may be considered in suspense till the present crisis is terminated.

The House of Lords, on the 11th ultimo, agreed to a motion for the appointment of a Committee to join that of the Commons on

Indian affairs ; but owing to a serious difference of opinion which has arisen between the Government and the Conservative leaders regarding the constitution of the Committee, further steps in the matter have been indefinitely postponed, and in the present critical state of affairs there is every probability of the projected enquiry falling through. The matter came under consideration at a meeting of the Conservatives held at the Carlton Club last month, when it was unanimously agreed to support an amendment to be moved 'by Lord Randolph Churchill in favour of reducing the number of the Committee and limiting the term for its deliberations. Lord Randolph Churchill has since withdrawn his name from the list of members willing to serve, and, it is understood, will decline to act unless his amendment is accepted. The chances are, therefore, even that it will fall to the lot of a Conservative Government to appoint the Committee, whenever it may be constituted,—a somewhat distant future, if the view of the prospects of legislation enunciated by Mr. Gladstone yesterday, is correct.

A considerable number of Bills, including the Sunday Closing Bill, Mr. Leatham's Bill for prohibiting the traffic in advowsons and next presentations, and the Bill for the enfranchisement of the Police, have been read a second time by the Commons, but it is doubtful, under existing circumstances, whether further progress will be made with any of these measures. Dr. Cameron's Resolution in favour of the disestablishment of the Scotch Church was negatived on the 30th ultimo after a debate in which Mr. Gladstone pronounced against legislation on the subject on the ground that it was the opinion of the Scotch people that ought to determine the existence of the Church. How that opinion is to be ascertained, or how, when ascertained, it is to take effect without the question being submitted to the votes of English and Irish, as well as Scotch representatives, Mr. Gladstone did not explain ; though, perhaps, he foresees that Home Rule for Ireland must logically be followed by Home Rule for Scotland.

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On the following evening Dr. Foster's Allotments and Small Holdings Bill was talked out, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, while approving of the principle of the Bill, contending that it ought to be in the hands of the Government and form part of their Local Government Bill. •

On the 15th ultimo the House negatived a motion of Lord Charles Beresford, for an enquiry into the state of the Navy ; and, on the 18th idem, in committee of supply on the Navy Estimates, Mr.

Hibbert made an explanatory statement regarding the policy of the Government.

They had carried out in good faith the promises made to Parliament and the country in 1884 and 1885, while firmly determined to curtail all expenditure that could properly be curtailed without injury to the service. The total estimate of 12,993,000*l.* was, no doubt, too small for many of his Naval friends, while it was too large for some of his economical friends. Condemning the system of slow construction as extravagant and wasteful, Mr. Hibbert contended that the ships should be built within three instead of five years, and, stating that the liability on ships in construction was over thirteen million pounds, he argued that the work in progress ought to be completed before new undertakings were entered upon. To the development of the torpedo flotilla great attention had been paid. Several sea-going torpedo boats were rapidly approaching completion. Five hundred and forty-one torpedoes were ready, and by the end of the year we should be only short by three or four hundred of the total number required. Referring to the administration of the late Board of Admiralty, the right hon. gentleman said the country was greatly indebted to the late First Lord and the late Secretary for the courageous manner in which they had initiated reforms of a most useful character. There was still, however, room for reform and economy, and it would be the duty of the Government to see that the country got money's worth for the money expended.

On the 22nd ultimo the Government, by a small majority and with the aid of their Irish allies, succeeded in securing the rejection of a Resolution by Mr. Vincent in favour of increasing the capitulation grant to the Volunteers—a measure admitted on all hands to be necessary, Mr. Gladstone protesting with a warmth hardly called for, against expenditure of the kind being forced on the Government at the instance of a private member.

The same evening the House agreed to a vote of £18,330,200 for the army, being an increase of £482,500 on last year's estimates. Mr. Campbell Bannerman, in moving the vote, announced the intention of the Government to reduce the number of British troops in Egypt from 17,350 to 8,000 during the year. The number of recruits during the year had, he stated, been 39,970, which exceeded that in any previous year, while there had also been an increase of 10,000 in the number of Volunteer efficient.

On the 30th ultimo a motion in favour of steps being taken by the Government towards the establishment of an international penny postage was negatived, the Government opposing it on financial grounds; but it is understood that the Government have under consideration the question of a reduction in the Indian and Colonial postage, the present rates of which, as compared with those obtain-



ing in some cases for greater distances, under the international Convention, undoubtedly constitute a very serious grievance.

The situation in Eastern Europe, after passing through a phase of renewed tension, has, during the last few days, undergone a distinct improvement.

Owing to the determined stand made by Prince Alexander against the amendment introduced into the Turco-Bulgarian Convention by Russia, limiting his appointment to the Governorship of Eastern Roumelia to five years, the meeting of the Ambassadorial Conference, which was to have taken place at Constantinople about the middle of last month, was delayed for three weeks. A proposal advanced by Italy to the effect that the Governorship should be vested in the Prince of Bulgaria for the time being, and the Prince still proving inflexible, it seemed likely for a time that the attempt to arrive at a common understanding would fall through. On the one hand, Russia showed no disposition to yield, while the Porte, on the other, assumed an attitude of impatience. In the end the Powers unanimously determined to proceed with the Conference and register their decision without reference to the Prince, with the result that a Protocol was promptly signed, accepting the amended convention. It was probably perfectly well known that, though in the face of public opinion, it was impossible for Prince Alexander to accept by anticipation so unpopular an arrangement, he would nevertheless have the good sense to bow to accomplished facts.

Though the German Powers would not have been sorry to see Russia checkmated, it was hardly to be expected that, under existing political circumstance, with Mr. Gladstone at Downing Street, and France out of temper, they would oppose a very strong front to her. At all events, the Protocol had no sooner been officially communicated to the Prince, than he announced his determination to abide by its terms with certain reservations which are not expected to stand in the way of an ultimate settlement.

Immediately after signing the Protocol, the Ambassadors hastened to address identical notes to Greece, urging her to put an end to the abnormal situation created by her armaments, which have been still further increased during the last few weeks. The Greek Government had, in the meantime, summoned the Chambers, and laid before them a series of Bills for sanction to a large loan and an increase to the forces. After a debate lasting seven days the Chamber of Deputies have passed a vote of confidence in M. Delyannis by a large majority, and the same evening a great popu-

lar demonstration was made before the residence of the Premier, who declared his readiness to obey the national will.

It seems inconceivable that Greece should rush single-handed into a contest with Turkey, in defiance of the protests of United Europe, but there are as yet no signs of any abatement of the war fever which seems to have attacked the mass of the people.

An impression has got abroad that the relations between Germany and France are less friendly than they were some time ago, and though nothing has transpired to account for the belief, the speech made by Prince Bismarck *apropos* of the opposition of the Reichstag to his Spirit Monopoly Bill would seem to show that it is not entirely without foundation.

"The German Empire," the Chancellor is reported to have said, "may be exposed to dangers not resulting from home affairs. A century ago nobody believed that the German Empire, which had existed for a thousand years, was so near its end, and who can guarantee to-day that we may not have to succumb to the red flags? We do not know what may happen in France. We hope that peace will not be endangered for a long time, but even at the risk of losing my fame as a diplomatist and statesman I must confess that in the Spring of 1870 I did not foresee or fear the war which came a few months later. If such movements are to come, I want Germany to stand in the fulness of her power. We have had peace for fifteen years, but the nation is not yet fully prepared. There is still a *tempus utile*. Therefore I hasten on these reforms so that the Empire may really stand fast if war comes to test our firmness. Above all, I wish to see the allied Monarchs satisfied with the Empire.

The device of dangling a spectre before his hearers, in order to reconcile them to his plans, is, however, a favourite one with Prince Bismarck, and, coming from him, such obscure hints probably mean very little. The Spirit Monopoly Bill, it may be added, was rejected by the Reichstag by a large majority. A Bill to prolong the Anti-Socialist laws met with more consideration, and was voted in a modified form, the Chancellor yielding so far to the demands of Liberal opinion as to reduce the term of five years, originally proposed, to two.

Of all the recent utterances of Prince Bismarck none, perhaps, is of greater importance than his speech of the 12th instant in the Upper Chamber of the Prussian Diet, on the subject of the May Laws Amendment Bill, in which, after declaring his opinion that these enactments had now pretty well outlived their original purpose, he announced his belief that the Government could not hesitate to grant their complete revision.

The speech embodied a high eulogium of the present Pope, whom Prince Bismarck described as a wise, moderate, and pacific gentleman, more friendly to Germany than the majority in the Reichstag.

"The Pope is free," he added, "and represents the free Catholic Church, while the Centre represents the Catholic Church in the service of Parliamentarism and electoral intrigues; and therefore I preferred turning to the Curia and to the Pope, who is completely independent of all the allies who form with the Centre a majority in the Reichstag, in order to find defence. I am determined to pursue this path in the further phases of the question, as from the wisdom and pacific nature of Leo XIII, I expect more results for the domestic peace of Germany than from debates in the Reichstag, and as furthermore, I will not approach the Centre party, as at present constituted, without previously proving to the Catholics of Prussia that I am in agreement with the Pope, the highest authority of their creed."

The conviction which has had so much to do of late with shaping Prince Bismarck's policy, of the necessity of availing himself of every influence that makes for order, finds ample justification in the course of events, not only in France, but in such steady-going countries as England and Belgium.

The terrible riots by which the latter country has been convulsed during the month are an alarming sign of the times.

That at Decazeville and elsewhere in France; in the heart of the British Metropolis; at Charleroi and numerous other places in Belgium, and at St. Louis, in America, disputes between labour and capital on questions which, under ordinary circumstances, settle themselves, should have almost simultaneously resulted in senseless and indiscriminate destruction of property on a large scale, and, in three out of the four cases, in serious loss of life, argues the operation of common causes, which are only in part economic, if not of actual combination.

It is noteworthy that the first serious disturbances in Belgium occurred in connexion with the celebration of the anniversary of the Paris Commune.

The events at St. Louis, where the railway employes on strike, not only succeeded in bringing traffic to a comparative standstill for some days, but fired on the police and were allowed to destroy a large amount of railway property, furnishes a curious commentary on the reflections that were rife after the late riots in London; that had such a disturbance occurred in the United States, it would have been promptly put down with unflinching severity.

The trial of Messrs. Hyndman and Burns and two others, on the charge of uttering seditious and inflammatory language in Trafalgar Square on the occasion of the Socialist demonstration of the 8th February, has resulted, as everyone expected it would, in the acquittal of the defendants. The prosecution having failed to prove the specific phrases by which the rioters were supposed to have been instigated, it became a matter of extreme difficulty under the existing law of proving a general intention, to incite to disorder. If the prosecution was ever intended as anything more than a warning to the defendants, the summing up of the Attorney-General on behalf of the Crown showed that all hope of obtaining a conviction had been abandoned in the course of the proceedings. Indeed, the Attorney-General's language was almost apologetic. "He did not say that the defendants incited to the particular acts of violence, but, on the contrary, they endeavoured to restrain the people from these acts. He did not suggest that the defendants had not been actuated by humane motives towards their fellowmen, but he did object to their arrogating to themselves the position of the only persons who felt for the poor. Nothing could be further from his desire than to press the case unduly against the defendants; but, if the jury thought the law had been violated, he asked them to say so fearlessly."

To complete the farce, it was only necessary that the jury, in returning a verdict of not guilty, should also acquit the Government of having acted with impropriety in constituting the prosecution. This they did very prettily. It is doubtful, however, whether the public will be so ready to acquit the Government of foolishness or worse in their choice of the form of prosecution and in their manner of conducting the case.

The University Boat-Race, which was rowed on the 3rd instant, deserves to be long memorable in the annals of British sport. Better rowing, a more exciting struggle, or a more brilliant example of fortitude and pluck, has seldom, if ever, been witnessed on the river.

The occasion was favoured by a fine and comparatively smooth day, intercalated between two wet and rough ones. The practice of the crews had created a general expectation that the race would be a close one, but the betting before the start was slightly in favour of Cambridge, and their loss of the toss may be said to have equalised the probable chances of the two boats.

Except for the first few hundred yards, the race was almost throughout a stern chase for Cambridge, though one in which they were never more than a couple of lengths behind their opponents.

Yet the struggle was not without its vicissitudes. Twice, if not three times, during the rowing matters appeared to have reached a crisis, the fortune of the day, on each occasion, being supposed by the onlookers to have declared itself irrevocably against Cambridge, who appeared to be rowing a losing race, with every point against them. As often, by what seemed a desperate effort, they succeeded 'in recovering enough of their lost ground to revive the expiring hopes of their backers, only to fall back again into their previous position when their opponents, in their turn, put on the spurt.

Off the White Hart Hotel the race again looked a certainty for Oxford who were two lengths ahead, all the efforts of Cambridge to reduce their lead having thus apparently proved fruitless. After passing that place, however, the light blues spurted for the fourth time, and by the time the Ship was reached were level with their opponents. Now it appeared that Cambridge had been rowing within their strength, for in the remaining four hundred yards they increased their strokes to the rate of forty-two per minute slightly faster than at the start, literally cutting their opponents down in spite of the most gallant efforts and winning by two-thirds of a length.

The impression that the winning boat had plenty of power in reserve is borne out by the condition of the two crews at the finish, the Oxford men being all more or less distressed, and some of them completely spent, while most of the Cambridge men looked fit to row the race over again.

The interest taken by the public in the trial of the Socialists was small compared with that excited by the Bartlett and Dyson case. I will not attempt to forecast the result of the trial, but very general sympathy is felt for Mrs. Bartlett, partly, no doubt, owing to the fact that, whatever may have been her own errors, her husband was plainly little better than a dangerous fool. It was very commonly expected that the jury would have refused to find a true bill, the evidence that Mr. Bartlett's death resulted from chloroform being far from conclusive. As for Mr. Dyson, the prosecution against whom has been withdrawn, the figure he cuts in the case is felt on all hands to be contemptible.

The Queen, who seems to have found a new interest in life since the marriage of the Princess Beatrice, took the principal part in the laying of the foundation stone of the new Examination Hall, in the Savoy founded by the College of Physicians, and it is officially announced that she will open the Indian and Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington on the 4th proximo.

Among the events of the month has been the visit to London of Franz Liszt, the great pianist and composer, after an interval of more than forty years. The Abbe seems to have lost none of his surpassing skill as a performer and displays an energy in attending concerts and receptions which would be admirable in a man of half his age. That one of the friends of George Sand's youth should be delighting London audiences with his powers as a musician at this date seems almost like a resurrection of the past.

Though no very distinct improvement has as yet shown itself in trade, there seems to be some slight diminution of the recent distress. The recovery from the prevailing depression can hardly be much longer deferred, but it seems probable that it will be very gradual. The simultaneous discovery of gold in large quantities in Western Australia and Patagonia will probably help on the revival and should be good news for India and other countries with large stocks of silver.

The obituary of the month includes the names of the Countess of Chambord; of Mr. W. E. Forster, the well known Liberal statesman and member for Bradford, who died after a long illness, at his residence in Eccleston Square, on the 5th instant; and of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who shot himself with a revolver, while driving in a cab, in Regent Street, yesterday, under circumstances regarding which nothing is yet publicly known.

14th April 1886.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

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#### INDIA.

The full complement of the Thibet Mission is now made up, and in addition to Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Paul and Dr. Cunningham, the following names have been unofficially published. Colonel Tanner, Mr. Warry, Dr. Clarke, Captain Elves, Babu Sarut Chunder Das and Captain Gwatkin. Colonel Tanner has earned his place as surveyor to the Mission by his successful work in that line along the Northern Frontier of Bengal. Mr. Warry, of the Chinese Consular Service, goes as interpreter; Babu Sarut Chunder Das "has been there before," or in the neighbourhood at any rate, and the example of the plucky and successful explorations of this Bengali Babu should stimulate some of his otiose fellow-countrymen to emulate such thorough and useful work.

It is to be regretted that the Mission could not have started a month ago; for though the journey under ordinary circumstances between Darjeeling and Lhasa would not occupy more than three

weeks, so large a body as the Mission *plus* escort and followers will be more likely to take nearly double that time; and in June the heavy rains begin to render the mountain streams impassable, and thus close all communication between Thibet and India.

Of the advantages to accrue from the Mission in the way of extended trade between the two countries, it is not easy to make any trustworthy forecast. Thibet, like Burmah and every other unexplored country, figures in some reports as a veritable *El Dorado*; the spoils of Pactolus was as nothing compared with the golden sands rolled down by the unknown streams in the neighbourhood of Lhasa. But as a fact there are not known to be either mines or manufactories of any kind in Thibet; and any increase of commerce will probably be on the old unromantic lines; we shall send some piece goods, some indigo, some brass and copper and some salt, and shall receive more wool than the small traders now bring on their pack mules, more yak's tails, and perhaps more hides. If the Thibetans can be educated up to Darjeeling tea, a large business may possibly be opened out with Central Asian consumers.

Quite a meteoric shower of *causes celebres* is occupying the attention of the Calcutta Bar. The goodwill of the largest horse-dealing company in the province, which it cost seven lacs to establish a few years ago, has just been disposed of under the Insolvency Act for Rs. 45,000; a divorce case, which promises to be of some local interest, is soon to come on for trial; and the *Statesman* Newspaper Proprietors, Editor and Printer, are being prosecuted criminally and civilly for a libel of portentous dimensions.

Nor is Madras behind the Metropolis in supplying criminal cases which make good newspaper reading. The "Crole-Garstin" case, as the Native Press dubs it, is now before the Madras High Court, and many interesting revelations of spiritual darkness in high places are looked for. It is said that the Viceroy and the Secretary of State have been requested by Mr. Grant Duff to intervene.

The New Municipal Bill for Calcutta and Suburbs amalgamated was introduced in the Bengal Council in a speech of studied moderation by the Chairman of the Corporation. The chief changes include the removal of the police charge of  $2\frac{3}{4}$  lacs from the Municipal to the Provincial revenues, thus leaving that amount to be spent on sanitation; and the reconstitution of the Town Council on a more practical basis, so as to consist of fifteen paid members instead of the thirty who now render or refrain from rendering their services gratuitously. The latter change assimilates

the Calcutta Town Council to that of Bombay, where the system is found to work excellently. The sketch of the Bill is professedly tentative, and there will be time during the next six months to discuss any number of amendments.

The sensational and exaggerated reports of the *Times* War Correspondent in Burmah, accusing Colonel Hooper of barbarity to condemned prisoners, have been shown on enquiry at the Court Martial to have been to a great extent the manufacturing of disappointed spite. It may have been an uncanny proceeding to photograph men on the point of being executed, but no delay was caused and no "barbarity" committed.

The retired Monarch, Theebaw, has been landed safe at Rutnaghiri with his queens and princesses. It is amusing to read in the Native Press that Theebaw's courtesy in giving Soopaye Lat the best seat in the carriage should be reckoned as a complete set off against any slight barbarities he may have committed on the women and children he butchered at Mandalay; and that as he drank no champagne on board the steamer, he could never have been a debauched tyrant. Surely the editor must have forgotten that "the prince of darkness is a gentleman."

The visit of the Parsee Cricket Eleven to England deserves a passing word of approval. The captain of the team has modestly described the expedition as a kind of pilgrimage to the headquarters of the king of games. Let us hope the good sportsmen will return with that improvement in style which their pluck and enterprise will have earned, and will be acknowledged as the first Indian *Hadjis* of the bat and ball.

Yet another "League"—this time the "Bengal National League," and every Bengalee who refuses to join it is dubbed a "traitor." This is rather hard on the Mussalman community who "perceive clearly that no tangible benefit will accrue to them from joining the League," and accordingly stand aloof, and supply neither Vice-President nor Joint Secretary. However, some one gets these titles and is no doubt happier for them, and no harm done.

Another name has been added to the list of "unfortunate nobleman," who "languish" under the tyranny and injustice of the British Government. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, when by a course of determined extravagance he had got to the end of his credit in England, determined to see what he could raise on the family name in the Punjab, and calculated that a threat to return to the religion and the land of his forefathers would draw the British Government, which had steadily refused to give him any



of the Montague family towards her and Newton after Halifax's death; and by many collateral circumstances.

More important, though occupying less space, is De Morgan's discussion here of several points connected with Newton's scientific career. He takes a fair view of Newton's character, neither attributing to him, as some have done, the whole discredit for the acrimonious dispute with Flamstead, nor acquitting him, as has still more unwisely been attempted, of all blame there or elsewhere. Newton was unquestionably a man of jealous and suspicious temperament, capable of occasional meannesses as all such men must be, but controlling his own nature for the most part with such care as to deserve more credit than would have been due to him had he inherited an easier nature. His zeal for science was not great enough to urge him to laborious research after he had made his name great, and had gained, besides fame, a lucrative post. His career affords, in fact the strongest proof of the folly of those who imagine that science can be effectively advanced by endowment; for from the time when his lines were made easy by a lucrative appointment, by no means taxing his time or energy in such degree as greatly to diminish his opportunities for original research, Sir Isaac Newton did nothing for science. *We owe to endowment, in Newton's case, the loss of all that that wonderful mind could have done during the best part of a lifetime.*—*Knowledge.*

#### M. Emil Bach's Liszt Concert.

The popularity of Franz Liszt was attested last week, when the visitors who sought admission to the Liszt Concert given by M. Emil Bach at St. James's Hall began to arrive before 3 p.m., and had before 6.30 p.m. formed a crowd so evidently beyond the seating capacity of the unreserved seats that the doors were opened, and hundreds of disappointed applicants were unable to find admission, all the numbered seats having been sold. In fact, the money-taker's box was closed two hours before 8 p.m., when the concert commenced. Respecting the concert itself there will be no need to give minute details. M. Emil Bach played with great and genuine success the pianoforte Concerto in E of Liszt; vocal selections from Liszt's works were sung by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel and Miss Lina Lehmann, and orchestral works by Liszt were admirably played by a fine orchestra, skilfully directed by Mr. Randegger. The chief attraction was of course Liszt himself, who was greeted with hearty and prolonged cheers when he ascended the platform at the end of Part I, but who did not gratify the audience with a pianoforte solo.

MR. SWINBURNE'S long-promised book of prose miscellanies is in the press, and will appear in May. It will be an important addition to the prose literature of our time, consisting of all his literary contributions to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (except the articles on Chapman and Marlowe), his

monograph on Mary Stuart, his account of Lamb's manuscript notes on Wither, and his criticisms on Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare's sonnets, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Congreve, Prior, Wordsworth, Byron, Landor, Keats, Tennyson, Musset, Emily Brontë, Charles Reade, and others.

THE Shelley Society's "Concordance to the Poetry of Shelley" may now be considered as fairly started. Mrs. Buxton Forman's "Instructions to Workers" have been printed and circulated, and the first batch of work has been distributed. Mr. F. S. Ellis has courageously undertaken to supervise and arrange the whole work. The portion already completed by Mrs. Buxton Forman is in Mr. Ellis's hands; and ten volunteers have come forward to assist. Mr. W. E. A. Axon begins with "The Mask of Anarchy," Mr. F. Graham Aylward with "Julian and Maddalo," Mr. W. W. Aylward with "The Witch of Atlas," Mr. Alfred Fountain with "Hellas," Miss M. S. Grove with "Adonais," Mr. J. Petherick with "The Cenci," Mrs. Scofield with "Epipsychidion," Mr. G. H. Skipwith with the "Fragments of an Unfinished Drama," Mr. G. Thorn-Drury with "Laon and Cythna," and Mr. Foster Watson with "Prometheus Unbound." There is plenty of work for other volunteers, who should communicate with Mr. Ellis at the Red House, Chelston, Totiquay. With reasonable luck it is possible that the work may be completed in two or three years.

THE *American Bookmaker*, speaking of the sensational headings in which the newspaper of the United States indulge, says:—

"The reporter brings in an article which he has headed 'Deceived by a Confidence Woman.' This expresses the idea well enough, and would catch the eye. In the olden time the heading would have been, 'Police Court. A Countryman Robbed.' The city editor looks at the copy.....and knows at once that it is too long. He strikes out the word 'Confidence.' It is now too short, as it contains only sixteen letters. He changes it to 'Deceived and Tricked.' This has eighteen letters, but is still too short, and the editor sees that the title must be entirely abandoned and a new one constructed. After much meditation he evolves 'Bitten by a Female Shark,' and is pleased with it. It exactly fills the line, excites curiosity, and is sufficiently near to what the article contains to justify its use.....A few days ago a paragraph which appeared in five morning dailies about the exportation of apples to England, red ones having the preference, was headed substantially alike. The importation was not alluded to by the editors, but they said: 'Rosy-Cheeked Apples liked by Englishmen'; 'Red Apples Best Liked'; 'Rosy-Cheeked Apples given the Preference,' and so on. The novelty in the paragraph is what the head contains, but not its information.....So great is the importance attached to heads of this kind that the *Chicago Times* keep a man for no other purpose than to enrich them and make them astonishing."

# The Indian Review.

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No. 33.—JUNE, 1886

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## SOME FORGOTTEN FACTS IN IRISH HISTORY.

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WHEN so much is being written and spoken on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland it is curious that nobody appears to have raised the question "Had Ireland ever an independent Parliament?"

The answer is simply: She never had. This fact, now apparently forgotten, was brought to the recollection of the House of Commons upwards of fifty years ago, by the late Sir Robert Peel, who had already expressed his opinion that it would be "an act of madness" to attempt to sever the Union. On the 25th of February 1834, that great statesman, in addressing the House, said: "Ireland never had an independent Parliament and never can have one consistently with the Sovereignty of the British Crown, and the connection with the island of Great Britain." People who do not take the trouble to read or inquire for themselves are generally very difficult to deal with when they have accepted the views or assertions of others. And so it has come to pass that a number of well meaning individuals believe that Ireland through her Parnellite representatives, in asking for an independent Parliament, is only putting in a claim to have restored to her a privilege which she possessed before. But this is not so. Ireland never possessed such a constitutional right. In an exhaustive work published by the well known compiler of

statistics, Mr. R. M. Martin, in 1843, he explains this clearly. Assemblies under the designation of Parliaments were, it is true, convened at different periods for the better government of Ireland, and to protect the people from the injustice and oppression of feudal chiefs who plundered their vassals under various pretences, but the chief legislation was carried on in England. These assemblies were convened sometimes in Dublin, sometimes in the provinces, and sometimes in London. For example, in the 13th year of the reign of King Edward 1st, the Statutes of Westminster and of Merchants were sent by the King's command to his Chief Justice in Ireland, to be there proclaimed and observed. By the 49th and 50th record of Edward III., a Parliament, composed of learned and distinguished peers, prelates and commoners residing in Ireland, was summoned to attend in England "to treat" (so the writ ran) "with the King about the affairs of Ireland, and others of the King's arduous and urgent concerns,"—*de aliis negotiis arduis et urgentibus non consentibus*. "Here," says Mr. Martin, "we see that, although the Crown had previously assembled Parliaments in Ireland, yet it had the power to assemble them in London as well as in Dublin—a power afterwards exercised by Cromwell, who desired to consolidate England and Ireland the more firmly by having one code of laws, one system of commerce, one parliamentary assembly; and therefore during the Protectorship, forty representatives were summoned from Ireland to attend the United Parliament in London, none being permitted to assemble in Dublin."

But another circumstance showed more clearly the nature of the so-called Irish House of Commons. Up to the period of its incorporation with the British Parliament in 1800, the Crown was under no necessity of applying annually to the Irish Parliament for supplies, the revenues of Ireland being hereditarily vested in the Crown for the support of Government. It was not until after the Union that Irishmen had any representatives on the principle of controlling national taxation and expenditure. "The Parliaments of the Edwards and the Henrys were mere conventions of the English settlers, irregular in their constitution, in their place and time of meeting, without any of the attributes of legislative or even of deliberative assemblies." This was stated by Mr. Butt himself, whose desire for Home Rule was as sincere if not so pronounced as that of Mr. Parnell.

There was one Irish Parliament which the "Patriots" of to-day would hardly like to see re-established. It assembled at Trim in 1465 and passed a resolution by which it was ordained that "the Irishmen dwelling in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Oriel and

Kildare shall go apparelled like Englishmen, and wear their beards after the English manner, swear allegiance and take English surnames."

The rolls of the House of Commons which date from 1310 and those of the House of Lords from 1634, shew nothing of Ireland ever having had a really independent Parliament. The Irish legislature was never considered independent of Great Britain, and English Acts of Parliament in which Ireland was named were always held to be binding. Campbell, the historian of 1789, says that the Irish Parliament was little better than the Registry of Royal Edicts. From 1666 to 1692, that is for twenty-six years, there was no regular meeting of the Irish Parliament at all, so little was it considered a constituent assembly. Four Sessions were held in the reign of William III, and from 1703 to 1783 it was only convened biennially. Until 1767 the deputation of the Lord Lieutenant was but biennial, and his residence for only one winter, the country being governed by three Lords Justices, one of which was the Lord Primate or Lord Chancellor, with whom were conjoined two nobles chosen by the Crown.

In 1753 violent disputes arose between the Irish legislature and the Crown as the Irish Members of Parliament were squandering some surplus revenue in the most shameful manner for their own private advantage. The contest, respecting the appropriation of this surplus revenue, which it was contended belonged to the King, to be disposed of for the benefit of the nation (the revenues being hereditarily invested in the Sovereign) shook the kingdom and terminated only by the Irish Commons conceding to the Crown the contested claim. But Irish agitators were soon at work to disturb the temporary peace which this concession brought about. When England was at war with France and America a demand came from the Irish Parliament for troops to defend the country from invasion. England having no troops to spare—a fact which the agitators well knew—consented to the enrolment of 50,000 armed Volunteers. These were no sooner organised than a threat was made of separation from England. Thereupon His Majesty in 1782 sent through the Viceroy a "message" to the Irish Parliament with a *carte blanche* for the general redress of Irish grievances. The Commons of Ireland then declared that "none but the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, had power to make laws for Ireland, and an Act was passed by which the Irish Lords and Commons gave themselves the power to originate and pass Bills without the previous consent of the English Privy Council,

and to assemble a Parliament annually. But even in this Act it was declared that "no Parliament shall be held without license under the great seal of Great Britain," and the assent of the Sovereign under the great seal of England (not of Ireland) was still required to any Acts passed by both Houses of the Irish Parliament. The great seal of England was responsible to the English House of Commons only. There was no Irish Cabinet. The English Cabinet, therefore, virtually controlled all Acts passed by the Irish legislature.

But there are Irish "patriots" who insist that at this time Ireland gained a "Constitution of Independence," and the year 1782 is spoken of by them as a glorious epoch when the Green Isle was freed from the incubus of English legislative control and was made peaceful, contented and happy. The state of things at this period, as described by Mr. Martin and other unbiassed historians, did not, however, represent so flattering a picture. According to these, the country was torn by factions and intestine feuds; the whole island was kept in the most wretched turmoil night and day by furious communities under the designations of Patriots, Agitators, Right-boys, White-boys, Peep-of-day boys, Tarring and Feathering Committees, Defenders, Assassins, Houghers of men and Houghers of cattle, Associators, Emancipators, Delegates, and last, but not least, United Irishmen. "An individual who was obnoxious for his principles was marked for punishment by the 'Standing Feathering Committee,' seized, covered with tar while naked and then plentifully sprinkled with feathers large and small. The 'Houghers' Society' was formed in consequence of a dispute between the citizens of Dublin and some soldiers at Island Bridge. The pride of the former was hurt, although they almost massacred the soldiers whose further punishment they demanded. The troops were drawn out, the offenders selected from the ranks and punished. This, however, did not appease the citizens' wrath and the Houghers' Society was called into action; every straggling soldier met by night or day had his hamstrings cut across; and Lord Carhampton was obliged to introduce a Bill into the Irish Parliament 'to prevent the citizens *houghing* the soldiers.'" During the following ten years matters did not improve. "Armed Associations controlled every Act of the Legislature. *Non-importation of British produce* was resolved on; the houses and persons of shopkeepers who were suspected of not obeying the "Non-importation Act" were furiously assailed, the patriots in highly obnoxious instances proceeding to tar and feather the popular delinquent. No loyal

gentleman could venture to remain in his country house unless protected by a military guard; the magistrates of the kingdom were daily threatened; jurors perjured themselves rather than be murdered; assassins were acquitted; crown witnesses slain and the rebel wore his green or yellow badge in triumph." As a proper consummation to this happy state of affairs, the Irish House of Commons itself was set fire to in 1793, while the members were sitting, and they had barely time to escape destruction from the falling-in of the burning roof. The Irish House of Lords was threatened. "In fine," says one historian, "assassinations became terribly frequent, every principle of humanity and morality was sapped by the insidious speeches, proclamations and publications of pretended patriots or dangerous enthusiasts, plans of general insurrection were drawn up, military organisation was effected, negotiations for foreign assistants in men and money arranged, the designed separation of Ireland from England and the establishment of a republic under the protection of France and America were unhesitatingly acknowledged. No concession, no kindness (on the part of England) could procure tranquillity." Mr. Fox, when introducing his motion on the state of Ireland, in 1797, thus described the situation:—

"From the period of 1782 there have been growing sources of dissatisfaction and discontent in that country, and at this moment Ireland is in a condition at which no man can look without the greatest alarm, and as to political liberty, the Irish enjoy as small a portion of it as those who live under monarchies in which the principles of freedom have never been introduced."

The culmination of this condition of disorder was the rebellion of 1798, the *fifty-third* Irish rebellion against England. It was put down after a terrible expenditure of blood and treasure, and on the 1st of August 1800 the Act which decreed the union of both legislatures received the Royal assent, the first Article in the Bill declaring that—

**"GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND SHALL BE UNITED FOR EVER  
FROM 1ST JANUARY 1801."**

"Thus ended," says Martin, "what has been termed the Irish Parliament, and which, the moment it arrogated to itself the powers of an independent legislature, imbibed the elements of dissolution or separation from England, for there being no connecting link between the legislatures of the two islands but the precarious prerogative of the Crown, there was unavoidably a constant endeavour of the Executive to maintain an authority over the

legislature, *prevention* in Ireland being of necessity more desirable than opposition by *veto*. The Government had long been dependent on an oligarchy who maintained an ascendancy at their own price in Irish affairs. The Union broke the strength of the Aristocracy, it effected that which it proposed by untying the hands of Government, it loosened its dependence upon a party and restored to the state the privilege of good government."

But this Act of Union which the Irish agitators of to-day declare was forced hastily upon an unwilling people and brought about by Protestant intrigues, and unblushing bribery was no new idea. The Irish House of Lords had petitioned for such an union during the reign of Queen Anne, and in 1782 (the supposed year of Irish Parliamentary independence) the matter was proposed and debated in the Irish House of Commons. It was soon discovered that this so-called "independence" was a sham. At first it was hailed as a final adjustment upon all constitutional points, and a solemn thanksgiving was offered up that no differences could henceforth arise between Ireland and England. But in 1785, Mr. Foster, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, speaking in the Irish Commons said: "Things cannot remain as they are; commercial jealousy is roused, and it will increase with two independent legislatures. Without an united interest in commerce in a commercial empire, political union will receive many shocks, and the separation of interest must threaten separation of connection which every honest Irishman must shudder to look at as a possible event." Five years afterwards Grattan declared from his place in the same Assembly that the legislature of Ireland neither possessed the substance nor the shadow of independence. "What," he asked, "has our renewed constitution as yet produced? A Place Bill? No. A Pension Bill? No. Any great or good measure? No. But a City Police Bill—a Press Bill—a Riot Act—great increase of pensions, fourteen new places for members of Parliament, and a most notorious and corrupt sale of peerages. Where will all this end?" It was felt by all sensible men who had the real interest of their country at heart that it could only end satisfactorily by a full and complete union between Ireland and Great Britain.

That the Union of 1800 was carried chiefly through Protestant intrigue is also as contrary to historical fact as the assertion that she was then in the enjoyment of an "independent Parliament." The "Orangemen" were the principal opponents of the Union as they dreaded the concession of Roman Catholic emancipation. And here, by way of parenthesis, another curious fact in Irish history

may be noted. In 1797 a bill for Roman Catholic emancipation was brought forward, but out of 300 voices only 19 supported it!

The *Irish Repealer*, a newspaper about whose feelings towards England there never was any doubt, declared that "the generality of Orangemen were individually adverse to the Union: they foresaw in the absorption of their country's power the final extinction of that very monopoly by which they subsisted.

The Union was supported by the representatives of the cities and counties of Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Donegal, Galway, Kerry, Clare, Mayo, Longford, Leitrim, Carlow, Roscommon, Wexford, Queen's County, Down, Kilkenny, Monaghan, Clonmel, and Cashel, besides other places where the Roman Catholics were in the majority.

Addresses were presented from the Roman Catholics of Waterford, Wexford, Cork, Leitrim, Longford, Tipperary, Cabir and Kilkenny in favor of the Union. A quotation from one of these addresses is a key to the tone of them all. The Roman Catholics of Wexford said: "As we look forward with an anxious interest to the most effectual means of establishing the internal peace and prosperity of this hitherto distracted country, upon a comprehensive and permanent basis, we consider it a duty we owe to ourselves and to our posterity thus openly to declare that we conceive these desirable objects can only be attained by the happy completion of the great and useful measure of a legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. We are firmly persuaded that the proposed incorporation of both legislatures must give additional energy to the resources and vigour of the empire, by consolidating and identifying the common interests of the whole people; and that, by the liberal efficiency of its operation, diffusing from the centre to the extremities of the empire, all those blessings which naturally flow from the genuine principles of the British Constitution it will afford to every description of His Majesty's subjects in Ireland perfect security in the full enjoyment of civil, political, and religious freedom."

It is true that there were certain men whose honesty of purpose could not be doubted, who were hostile to the Union on conscientious grounds. Both Grattan and Foster were patriots in the nobler meaning of the word, yet they opposed the measure from very opposite reasons. The former said: "It is no union; it is not an identification of the people, for it excludes the Catholics." Mr. Foster based his opposition on the grounds that it conceded too much to the Catholics! And when he became a member of the Imperial Parliament he made a speech in opposition to a motion on Catholic



Emancipation that, read in the light of to-day, seems almost prophetic. He said : "Should some score of Catholics by the vote of that night find their way into the Imperial Parliament, and afterwards feel their inferiority in an Assembly of 658 members, they would rapidly augment their strength by new political recruits, and *endeavour by a repeal of the Union to re-establish an Irish Parliament.*"

It is a trite saying that history repeats itself. The above words were spoken 80 years ago. The presence and aims of Mr. Parnell and his followers is their fulfilment to-day !

The assertion that enormous sums were spent by the English Government in pensioning those Irishmen who supported the Union was met by a Return which was placed on the table of the House of Commons on the 28th of June 1843, shewing the names of all persons to whom pensions were granted as compensation for any office held in Ireland, at or previous to the Act of Union with the amount granted in each case. This official return showed that the pensions were granted solely to those whose offices were abolished at the Union—a measure only fair and proper even if it was somewhat liberally carried out.

Mr. Cobden once said, or is reported to have said, that "history is no better than an old almanac," yet it is sometimes instructive to go back into the past, especially when facts are ignored or misrepresented as is so often now the case in discussing questions connected with Ireland. Even statesmen might do worse than to sometimes take a glance backward. As this article is being written the English House of Commons of 1886 is discussing a question of Home Rule as laid before them by the First Minister of the Crown. How many "Honorable Members" think of or care to call to memory the fact that on the 25th of February 1834 five hundred and twenty-three members of the United House of Commons of Great Britain and Ireland declared their determination "*to preserve for ever the Union inviolate,*" responding with "loud and prolonged cheering" to the assertion which then fell from the lips of Lord Althorp that "Civil War was to be preferred to a Repeal of the Union ?"

England is standing to-day in the shadows of the past and she cannot afford to be blind to their warnings.

History is repeating itself.

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## SOME RECENT RESEARCHES IN HYPNOTISM.

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**T**HE results of recent enquiries into the phenomena of hypnotism and other obscure mental states foreshadow not only a revolution in modern psychology but a new reading of an important chapter of past history.

The scepticism which insists on subjecting to specially severe tests statements at variance with common experience is a necessary safeguard of truth; and science would cover herself with instant shame the moment she consented to busy herself with evidence that could not be verified.

Many of our readers must remember the anecdote of Sir Edmund Hornby and the reporter, cited in support of the theory of telepathy in an article on "Visible Apparitions" which was published about two years ago in the *Nineteenth Century*. Sir Edmund Hornby, who was a Judge in Hong Kong, so ran the story, was in the habit of allowing reporters to come to his house in the evening for written copies of his judgments. On the night referred to, he had left his judgment with his butler, with instructions to give it to the reporter when he called, and then gone to bed. Some time afterwards he was aroused from his sleep by a tap at the door; and, on its being repeated, he called out: "Come in." Thereupon the reporter entered the room and asked for the judgment that had been promised him. Sir Edmund Hornby expostulated with the intruder, and ordered him out of the room, telling him that the judgment was with the butler, from whom he could get it. But the man would not go, and re-iterated his unreasonable request with much importunity. Afraid of awakening his wife, Sir Edmund at last dictated the substance of his judgment to the reporter, who appeared to take it down in shorthand, and then left after apologising for his intrusion. Immediately afterwards Lady Hornby awoke and her husband told her what had occurred.

This happened at half-past one o'clock in the morning. The next day, the first thing Sir Edmund Hornby heard on going to his Court was that the reporter, who had not left his house the night

before, had been found dead in his room, of heart disease, and circumstances showed that he must have breathed his last about the time when he was supposed to have visited Sir Edmund Hornby in his room.

If, instead of being published shortly after the alleged occurrence and during the lifetime of people personally acquainted with the facts, this statement had first seen the light, say a hundred years afterwards; and if, at the same time, there had been unimpeachable evidence that Sir Edmund Hornby had deliberately placed it on record, as a true narrative, while in the full possession of his faculties, his character and ability, coupled with the fact of his special training, would have gained for it implicit credence, and it would have been handed down to remote posterity as a piece of testimony to which, whatever its precise significance, full weight must be given in considering the nature of phenomena of the kind concerned.

But what really happened? The story attracted the attention of a local editor who was well acquainted with both Sir Edmund Hornby and the deceased reporter, and he wrote as follows to the *Nineteenth Century* :—

"1. Sir Edmund says Lady Hornby was with him at the time, and subsequently awoke. I reply that no such person was in existence. Sir Edmund's second wife had died two years previously, and he did not marry again till three months *after* the event he relates.

"2. Sir Edmund mentions an inquest on the body. I reply, on the authority of the coroner that no inquest was ever held.

"3. Sir Edmund's story turns upon the judgment of a certain case which was to be delivered next day, the 20th January 1875. There is no record of any such judgment in the *Supreme Court and Consular Gazette*, of which I am now editor.

"4. Sir Edmund says that the reporter died at one in the morning. This is wholly inaccurate; he died between eight and nine A.M., after a good night's rest."

With the letter from which the above is an extract, the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* published a reply from Sir Edmund Hornby, in which, as Dr. Maudsley remarks, in his recent work on "Natural Causes and Supernatural Seemings," he practically admits the whole case against him.

It would be difficult to produce a more forcible warning against the danger of accepting the testimony of any witnesses, however respectable and presumably competent, unless he can be cross-examined, or contradicted, in favour of alleged occurrences that are

at variance with common experience, or in any matter of serious importance, scientific or otherwise.

But it is one thing to refuse to admit such testimony as true, and quite another thing to reject it as false.

For the latter course Science obviously affords no warrant ; yet it is unquestionable that a general tendency to its adoption as regards the testimony of past times to facts which have formed the subject of supernatural interpretations, has been one of the results of the spread of scientific knowledge. Not only does modern belief reject witchcraft, possession, and, in all but certain specially favoured instances, inspiration and miraculous interposition, as theories of the causation of certain facts, on the ground that they are inconsistent with what it holds to be established regarding the constitution of the universe, but, along with the theories, it rejects also the great bulk of the alleged facts that were supposed to be explained by them.

Because our forefathers are found to have been the victims of fallacies of reasoning which we have outgrown, we refuse them the credit of ordinary powers of observation.

That there is some justification for this attitude may, indeed, be admitted ; for the tendency of men to see, hear, feel and the like according to their beliefs, is indisputable. Still we may go too far in this direction ; and it may reasonably be suspected that we have gone too far when, on examining the records of the past, we find that, in order to sustain our position, we must choose between branding our forefathers as universal liars and supposing them to have been universally victims to the most extravagant hallucinations about the simplest objective facts.

Recent investigations into the phenomena of hypnotism have thrown a flood of somewhat horrid light on the hidden power which, under certain conditions, one mind may exert over another, not only in obsessing the will but in producing illusions of the most fantastic character ; on the persistent vitality that may belong to latent ideas, even when wholly intrusive in their origin, and on the influence of suggestion over the involuntary functions of organic life.

The article on "Human Personality" lately contributed by Mr. Myers to the *Fortnightly Review*, and summarised in our pages for December last, will have enabled our readers to form some idea of the character of these results ; and it is hardly possible, we think, for any thoughtful person to contemplate them without seeing that they suggest a natural explanation of much which, after being

regarded as supernatural by former ages, has by our own been summarily rejected as incredible.

The possibility of hypnotic suggestion having been in the past, or becoming in the future, an important factor in human affairs depends, in the first place, on the question whether susceptibility to the hypnotic trance is common or exceptional. In the article just referred to, Mr. Myers gave a negative answer to the question whether the power which the hypnotiser exercises over his subject was likely in practice to become a source of danger to society, and his principal reason for this view of the matter was that it is only an individual here and there who is susceptible.

The point has, however, been made the subject of special investigation by Professor Beaunis, of the Faculty of Medicine at Nancy, and the results obtained show Mr. Myers to have been mistaken.

Professor Beaunis, in his latest work on hypnotism, gives a statistical table prepared for him by Dr. Liebault, from which it appears that, out of 753 subjects experimented on during the twelve months from August, 1884, to July, 1885, only 60 proved wholly insusceptible, while as many as 243 were highly susceptible and 141 of these were brought into a state of somnambulic trance. It is noteworthy that, while the proportion of the whole number that reached this stage was 15·9 per cent., the proportion of children who proved susceptible to the same extent was no less than 55·3 per cent.

Mr. Myers' article was devoted mainly to the effects of hypnotic suggestion on the mind and senses of the subjects. The facts described were sufficiently startling, showing, as they did, that the person hypnotised becomes a mere automaton in the hands of the hypnotiser, not merely during the continuance of the hypnotic sleep, but in respect of suggestions made during the sleep and prescribed to take effect at some future date for an indefinite period after its termination. Not only, it was shown, can the hypnotiser compel the subject to perform, either during the sleep, or at any subsequent period that may be fixed, any act which he may tell him to perform, or to perceive any non-existent object, or believe any imaginary fact that he may suggest, but he can equally inhibit him from doing that which he would otherwise do, or from perceiving what is present to his senses, or from believing what in his ordinary state he would believe.

But the results of the investigations that have been made into the influence of hypnotic suggestion on the organic functions are, if possible, still more marvellous.

Passing over the marked effects which the hypnotiser is able to produce on the frequency of the heart's pulsations, on the length of re-action, time and the like, the importance of which might not strike the general reader, we come to a series of phenomena which every one will be able to appreciate.

Nothing, for instance, is easier than for the hypnotiser, by mere suggestion made during the hypnotic sleep, to produce local rube-faction and congestion of the patient's skin after awaking. To take one example of many. Professor Beaunis told Mdlle. A. E.—— during the hypnotic sleep, that, after she awoke, a red spot would make its appearance on a certain part of her arm, which he indicated by touching it gently with his finger. About ten minutes after she awoke a slight redness appeared at the point indicated, which gradually increased, and, after continuing for a quarter of an hour, as gradually disappeared.

The time during which the redness persists depends, it should be added, entirely on the suggestion, and may be extended to twenty-four, or forty-eight hours, or longer, if desired, and congestion, attended with swelling, can be induced if the suggestion is suitably worded and sufficiently forcible.

But this is not all. In the case of specially susceptible subjects, the local inflammation may be pushed to the point of vesication, with all its usual incidents. With one subject Professor Bourru, of the Naval Medical School at Rochfort, and Dr. Mabile, another eminent physician of the same place, on separate occasions, have obtained yet more remarkable results. The experimenters traced the patient's name with a blunt instrument on both his fore-arms, and then told him that, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he would fall asleep and his arms would bleed along the lines which they had just traced. At the appointed hour the man fell asleep; and after a brief interval, the characters stood out in relief, in bright red, and small globules of blood oozed through the skin at numerous points. At the end of three months the characters were still visible, though they became gradually paler. On the man's right arm, it should be observed, nothing appeared, the fact being that he was paralysed on that side.

"These phenomena," remarks Professor Beaunis, "explain a multitude of facts, hitherto regarded as incomprehensible, and especially the phenomena presented by the stigmatics of the Middle Ages and of modern times. In these cases there was neither miracle, as has been often supposed, nor fraud; they were simply cases of wretched hystericals who, by ecstasy and contemplation, had arrived

at the state in which suggestions operate, and who suggested to themselves, or suffered to be suggested to them, the wounds, the bloody sweats and all the phenomena of the Crucifixion of Christ.

But the facts have a still wider application. Can any one doubt that in this power of one will to control another, and in this influence of mind over body, we have an adequate explanation of the phenomena of faith-healing, whether through the actual verbal suggestion of human operators, or through the suggestion raised by the subject's own belief in the efficacy, or significance, of particular acts or events.

Extraordinary as are the phenomena of hypnotism, there is no manner of reason to suppose that the ideas implanted by the hypnotiser in the mind of his subject differ in kind from ideas generated in any other way, still less that they are invested with any occult quality not explicable by psycho-physiological laws.

There is, indeed, much about the state of hypnotism that we cannot at present understand. We cannot altogether understand, for instance, the relation which continues to subsist between the hypnotiser and the subject, after the latter is completely isolated from the rest of the world. But there is no evidence that the relation is maintained otherwise than through the ordinary senses, or that it is in any way specific in its character. The generally accepted explanation is that the subject remains in relation with the hypnotiser because he is thinking of him when he falls into the hypnotic sleep. On this head Bertrand has remarked : "What is observed as regards this relation differs in no way from what happens every day in ordinary sleep. A mother who sleeps by the cradle of her child, does not cease to watch over it even in her sleep ; but she watches for it alone, and, while she hears its least cry, is insensible to much louder sounds."

We cannot understand, again, the precision with which the suggestions of the hypnotiser spring into activity and work themselves out at the appointed moment, though it may be after an interval of months, and notwithstanding that during the whole of the time the subject is utterly unconscious of their existence, and that, even become operative, he is unaware that they originated outside his own mind. Must we suppose, with Professor Beaunis, the existence of an unconscious faculty of measuring time, or rather an organic aptitude for the purpose, similar to that which animals are known in some degree to possess ?

Still more incomprehensible are certain results verified by Doctors Binet and Janet, which seem to show that the illusory images

excited by suggestion obey the ordinary laws of optics, precisely as if they were endowed with objective reality. The hypnotised subject, says Janet, having been caused by suggestion to see a picture on a blank sheet of cardboard, the cardboard was then taken and mixed with a number of other precisely similar pieces. Nevertheless, the subject was always able to pick out instantaneously the sheet which he supposed to have the picture on it. Not only so, but if without his being aware of it, the sheet was presented to him upside down, he saw the picture upside down.

What, again, is to be said of the fact that, a convex lens having been introduced between the subject and the cardboard, and the cardboard removed to double the focal distance from the lens, the subject at once saw the picture inverted, though he was ignorant of the laws of optics? As to the prepotency of the suggestions, there can be little doubt that it depends, not upon anything specific in the ideas, not upon any quality they have acquired from the mind of the hypnotiser, beyond that impressed upon them by the words or signs that embody them, but entirely on the conditions under which they have been introduced into, and subsist in, the mind of the subject himself. The condition under which they are introduced into the mind of the subject is one of extraordinary receptivity on his part towards the hypnotiser; and the impression made is correspondingly intense. But the irresistible power exercised by the suggested idea is, no doubt, still more largely due to another cause, *viz.*, the fact that it is completely isolated in the mind of the subject. Flashing suddenly into his consciousness with meteoric vividness, and having neither any root in his waking experience, nor any connection with the other facts of his mental life, it is necessarily unamenable to the restraint of his other ideas, for where there is no relation there can be no control.

Even here the result is analogous to what happens every day. For, in order to endow an idea, even of our own conscious begetting, with dangerous force, we have only to abstract it diligently from its mental surroundings and give up our attention to its undivided empire.

That the production of the hypnotic state has nothing to do with any specific psychical or physiological influence of one individual over another, is evident from the fact that, with sufficient steadfastness of purpose, a person may hypnotise himself, and that then, unless during the process he has concentrated his thoughts on any one in particular, he is capable of entering into relation with any person who may be present, and of receiving suggestions from him. Nor is it essential to self-hypnotisation that the subject should



deliberately propose to himself to produce such a result. It is enough if, with whatever object, he maintains for a sufficient period the mental attitude necessary to its production. Thus it may, to all intents and purposes, be produced accidentally, and, in its less profound stages, is, in all probability, frequently so produced.

The essential condition would seem to be that by continued concentration of the attention, a limited portion of the brain should be maintained in a state of activity, while the activity of the rest of it is reduced below the minimum necessary to consciousness.

What is the state of ecstasy, responsible in all ages for so many supernatural visions, so much divine illumination, but a state of self-induced hypnotism, accompanied by self-suggestions dependent on the beliefs and yearnings of the subject ?

"The mode of operation," says Dr. Maudsley, in the work already referred to, "is in this wise : by intense and prolonged concentration of thought into one channel, the concentration being aided by fixing the gaze intently for some time on a particular spot—whether it be an external object such as a Crucifix, or a particular part of the body, such as the pit of the stomach—the suitably disposed mind is thrown eventually into an ecstasy in which sense and reason are suspended, conscious individuality lost in a transport which is felt as a absorption into the divine being, and ineffable truths revealed to the merged and enraptured soul, not by slow steps of discursive reason, but by immediate and instant intuition."

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## THE PINE OF THE LANDES.

• (Theophile Gautier.) •

One sees in passing through the barren Landes  
True French Sahara—white sand far and wide—  
Rise by some stagnant pool 'mid the bare sands,  
No tree but the poor pine with wounded side.

To steal the precious tears that he distils  
Of resinous balm, man the destroyer stark,  
Who lives but at the cost of those he kills,  
Opens a deep wide furrow in his bark.

But still, regretting not his dropping blood,  
The pine tree stands and sheds his thickening balm,  
And holds himself erect beside the road,  
As a staunch soldier at his post dies calm.

The poet so, in the world's desert round,  
While whole his treasures seldom will unfold,  
But if he bear at heart some wound profound,  
He sheds his verses—Tears divine of gold.

M. R. WELD.

13th May 1886.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE LAND SCHEME OF THE EURASIAN AND ANGLO-INDIAN ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN INDIA. By D. S. White, President of the Association. *Madras: Eurasian and Anglo-Indian Association Press, 1886.*—This little pamphlet of some forty-two pages sets forth fully the Land Scheme which has been in operation for some years in Madras. The object of the Association is to open up new sources of employment for the Eurasian community, and in this work it has the sympathies of all classes and creeds. The condition of the Eurasian community is a very unhappy one, and every effort to aid its members in coping with the difficulties in the midst of which they find themselves is deserving of support. In answer to the question why are Eurasians in their present position? Mr. White replies :—

Because they would not use their energies to procure the means of living. They entered the Uncovenanted Service, or fell in with the system of Out-door Relief and have reaped what they sowed. The Land Scheme is intended to bring them to their senses, to show them that there are a thousand ways of living in decency and comfort if they will only exert themselves mentally and bodily ; and it is idle to suppose that any body of people, not Eurasians, can do as they did, and not come to grief as they have done. The slowness with which the Land Scheme has progressed, or the difficulty of inducing Eurasians and domiciled Europeans to strike out, is the best proof of the condition to which they had been reduced. They had ceased to believe in themselves. The Association has, to some extent, lifted them out of their despair, and the heaven is bound to work. To use another mode of expression, the Association is knocking their false gentility out of them and imbuing them with the feelings of true manhood and womanhood. The circumstances which at present surround European Officials are most unfortunate, and it is madness not to recognize and provide against them. The deluge is coming and there is nothing but marriage and giving in marriage. Each impoverishes himself as much as possible and then thinks of nothing but running away, never giving a thought to the fact that he is impoverishing the country. As Responsibilities, however, in the shape of children and poor relations, will not vanish, and as Coffee especially has become a disappointment, every nerve is strained to attach the Responsibilities to the Uncovenanted Service, where they can be nothing more than excrescences. The state of things depicted cannot last. Leaving out the great political forces

that are at work against it, self-interest alone is sufficient to doom the Responsibilities to grievous misfortune.

So far the success of Mr. White's Land Scheme is due to the fact that the few settlers on the land are men in receipt of small pensions. With a class of settlers of this kind it may not be difficult to make a Land Scheme successful, but with the bulk of the community, with no means but what they can earn from day to day, farming unless as farm labours seems out of the question. It is true that philanthropy might provide funds to stock small farms, but the skill to work them has to be acquired, and it seems evident that at all events for the present the scheme is likely to benefit those only who possess a little capital and a little capacity for farm work. This is what Mr. White says :—

Two experiments were made with paupers, not as mere laborers, and both had to be abandoned, proving the correctness of the plan. There was another departure, and that was to give larger plots than 20 acres to persons of fairly large means, leaving them to work with choice of labor. This experiment has turned out well, showing that individuals, by the moderate expenditure of capital, say, Rs. 1,000 or 2,000, will lose nothing and gain a good deal by going to the land and personally supervising their operations.

This Land Scheme does not solve the problem of the Eurasian community. The problem must be worked at in a variety of ways, and from numerous standpoints, and one of the most promising is to get hold of the children, place them in totally new surroundings, and train them to handicrafts.

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# THE CREAM Of the Quarterly Review.

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## THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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MAY, 1886.

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MATTHEW PARIS.—This is less an account of Matthew Paris, or his work, than of the inner life of the great monasteries in the 12th and 13th centuries.

Among the earlier issues of the great "Roll's Series," which have revolutionised English history, was the "Historia Anglicana" of Bartholomew Cotton, edited by Dr. Luard. While conducting the laborious researches necessitated by this work, Dr. Luard found that Cotton had borrowed largely from Matthew Paris, and as he became familiar with the text of the latter work, he discovered that it abounded with the grossest inaccuracies. Originally the text had been published under the authority of Archbishop Parker in 1571; and, though other editions had appeared, the work remained exactly in the state in which Parker had left it—

That is to say, that by far the most important work on English history during the 13th century—not to mention European affairs,—and by far the most

minute and trustworthy picture of English life and manners during the reign of Henry III.—a record, too, drawn up by a contemporary writer of rare genius and literary skill—was defaced by blunders, audacious tampering with the text and gross inaccuracies, to such an extent that no conscientious student could allow himself to quote the printed work without first referring to one of the very MSS. which the Archbishop professed to have used.

As a preliminary to a recension of the text, however, it became evident that the inner life of the monasteries, great and small, and especially the paramount influence exercised by the Abbey of St. Albans on the intellectual life of the country, must be investigated. It was left to Mr. Riley to attack the wonderful series of documents to which he gave the title of "*Chronica Monasterii Sancti Albani*," which not only furnish us with a priceless apparatus for the solution of a hundred perplexing historical problems, but afford an unexpected insight into the life of the greatest monastery of England during its best times. While Mr. Riley was thus occupied, Dr. Luard was engaged in collecting the Annals of the lesser monasteries, which were published in five volumes.

In the meantime, Sir Frederick Madden made the startling announcement that he had come upon a copy of what was called the "*Historia Minor*," of Matthew Paris, written by the author himself, and annotated, corrected, and illustrated with drawings by his own hand.

By-and-bye, another great specialist, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, came forward, and in the introduction to the third volume of his *Catalogue*, assailed the Madden hypothesis with what was generally considered crushing effect.

The controversy is, perhaps, not yet decisively settled, but it is referred to here mainly on account of the desire it awakened for a critical edition of the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris.

In 1872 the first volume appeared in the "Roll's Series," and the seventh and last was issued in 1884, together with the Editor's last preface, glossary, and emendations, and an index, extending over nearly 600 pages.

In order to a correct understanding of the position of Matthew Paris, it is necessary to know something of the profession to which he belonged. He was an English monk of the higher grade. English monasteries in Henry III.'s time counted by thousands; but there were monasteries and monasteries.

Some the homes of the scholar, the devout and the high-minded, the seats of learning and the resting-places of the studious and the aged, who hated war and tumult, and only longed for repose. Some that were mere hiding-holes

for the lazy and the incompetent, the failures among the younger sons of the gentry, who had not the power of pushing their way in the world, or whose career had been a disappointment. Such men, where all else failed, could get themselves admitted into some smaller religious house by the interest of the patron; sometimes bringing in a trifling addition to the common property, sometimes simply "pitchforked" into a vacancy, it is difficult to say how. Then they became "brethren" of the monastery, and sharers in most of the good things that it could offer; they were almost exactly in the same position as Fellows of Colleges were twenty years ago, holding their preferment for life, with this difference, that a Fellowship at the smallest College in Oxford or Cambridge always implied *some* qualification for the post. A College Fellow, at the worst, must have had some claims to learning or culture; whereas in the smaller and more remote monasteries a man might be scandalously ignorant, and yet gain admittance as a brother of the house.

The monastery of St. Albans, founded by Offa, the Saxon King, took precedence of every other in the kingdom, and to become one of its monks was to become a personage of no small consideration.

The income it derived from its rents probably did not exceed £10,000 a year of our money, a sum which would hardly have defrayed the mere keeping up of the splendid buildings. But its revenue from other sources, offerings at the shrines of Ss. Alban and Amphibalus, proceeds of the offertory, *louceurs*, and the like, was, no doubt, much greater.

And what return did the Abbot and his seventy monks make to the nation? How was it that no one in those days accused them of being indolent drones?

One of the reasons why the monasteries had retained their hold upon the affection of the people, and were regarded with reverence and pride and confidence, lay in this, that they had moved with the times, and that the monasticism of the 13th was very different indeed from the monasticism of the 9th century. The primitive asceticism had almost vanished; it had not, however, died, leaving nothing in its place. No one now expected to find the religious houses filled with religious people, every one holy, devout, and fervent; the personal sanctity of the inmates was one thing, the sanctity of their churches and shrines was quite another. In the old days the monks were separate from the world, living to save their own souls at best; examples to such as trembled at the wrath of God, and longed for the life to come. As time went on they mixed more boldly with the sinful world, and gradually they became more and more the illuminators of the darkness round them. Now they were regarded as in great measure the salt of the earth, and if that salt should lose its savour, where was such virtue elsewhere to be found? Personally, the men might be worldly—vicious, as a rule, they certainly were not—they were, *mutatis mutandis*, what in our time would be called cultured gentlemen, courteous, highly educated and refined, as compared with the great mass of their contemporaries; a privileged class who were not abusing their privileges; a class from whence all the

art and letters and accomplishments of the time emanated, allied in blood as much with the low as the high, the aristocracy of intellect, and the pioneers of scientific and material progress. The model farming of the 13th century would be regarded as barbaric by our modern theorists; but such as it was, it was only to be met with on the demesne lands of the larger monasteries, and was a prodigious advance upon the *petite culture* of the open fields. The Priory at Norwich made an income out of its garden in the days of Edward III., and probably much earlier; the pisciculture of the religious houses remains a mystery as yet unsolved; the skill exhibited in the management of the water-power of many a district round even the smaller houses, still awakes wonder in those who think it worth their while to study it. At St. Alban's as at Glastonbury, St. Edmund's Abbey, and elsewhere, the culture of the vine was made profitable for generations. The monasteries were the first to give personal freedom to the villeins, and the first to commute for money payments the vexatious *services* which worried the best men and maddened the worst. The landlords in the 13th century were real *lords* of the *land*. They were, as a class, very poor, in spite of the privileges they enjoyed and the power that they possessed of making themselves disagreeable; and though the constitution of a *manor* was a limited monarchy, and the *limits* were very many, yet the lord could exercise a great deal of petty tyranny in his little kingdom if he were so disposed. In the manors which were in the possession of the religious houses the lord was necessarily non-resident, and the tenants were left to manage their own affairs with very little interference. The tenants of the monasteries were in a far more favoured condition than the tenants of some small lord, needy and greedy, who extorted his dues literally to the last farthing, and who knew exactly what the best beast was, on the land that owed him a heriot; and, when the tenant was *in extremis*, kept a sharp look-out that a fat bullock or a promising young horse should not be driven off before the owner died.

So the monasteries, at the time we are now concerned with, were regarded at once with pride and affection by the great bulk of the people; they were places of refuge where, in a turbulent time, men and women who had been stricken, bereaved or wronged, might find a quiet refuge and hide their heads and be forgotten and fall asleep, with the prayers of other sufferers to console and support them in their passage through the valley of the shadow of death.

But, besides being primarily and emphatically a religious foundation, the Abbey in the 13th century had grown into something else, a corporation of scholars and students who were the leaders of art and culture. It had its museum of antique gems and other archæological treasures, the catalogue of which provokes wonder and bitterness when we remember that it has perished for ever. It had its library, its scriptorium, and, by-and-bye, its printing press, whence Lady Juliana Berner's famous volume was issued to the world.

But what most immediately concerns the subject of this article is its scriptorium, founded by Abbot Paul, a kinsman of Archbishop Lanfranc.



The scriptorium of a great monastery was at once the printing-press and the publishing office. It was the place where books were written, and whence they issued to the world. With the traditional exclusiveness of the older monasteries there was less desire, no doubt, to diffuse and disperse than to accumulate books, but the composing and the multiplication of books was always going on. The scriptorium was a great writing school too, and the rules of the art of writing which were laid down there were so rigidly and severely adhered to, that to this day it is not difficult to decide at a glance whether a book was written in St. Alban's or St. Edmund's Abbey. Sometimes as many as twenty writers were employed at once, and besides these there were occasionally supernumeraries, who were professional scribes, and who were paid for their services; but nothing short of perfect penmanship, such trained skill, for instance, as would now be required of an engraver, would qualify a copyist to take part in the finished work, which the copying of important books required.

From the time of the conquest learning and a love of books had become a tradition of the house, Abbot after Abbot continued to add to its collection of MSS., but, while other Abbeys had their great writers, St. Alban's, as yet, could not boast of its historian.

So, about a century after the foundation of the *scriptorium*, Abbot Simon established the new office of Historiographer.

Before the 13th century had well begun the institution had borne fruit in a historical compendium of great value, compiled by careful students, with a command of books such as was then rare, but of very unequal merit, which became the basis of Roger of Wendover's chronicle.

Roger of Wendover did good work, and a laboriously epitomized, supplemented, and improved, but he was a mere literary monk after all; a student, a bookworm, simple, conscientious, and truthful; a trustworthy reporter, "a picker-up of learning's crumbs," a monkish historiographer, in short; but by no means a historian of large views and of original mind.

He died in 1236, and Matthew Paris succeeded him.

Matthew was probably born about the year 1200, and in January 1217 he became a *novice* at St. Alban's. There under the eye of Roger of Wendover, he grew up, rendering him yearly more and more substantial assistance in the scriptorium.

But the young man was not only a bookworm and a copyist, he soon got to be looked upon as a prodigy. He was a universal genius; he could do whatever he set his hand to, and better than any one else. He could draw, and paint, and illuminate, and work in metals. Some said he could even construct maps; he was versed in everything, and noticed everything from "the cedar that is in Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall"; he was an expert in heraldry; he could tell you about whales, and camels, and buffaloes, and elephants—he could even draw an elephant—illustrate his history, in fact, with the elephant's portrait, the first elephant, he says, that had ever been seen in our northern climes. It was centuries before men had dreamt of what the science of geology would one day reveal.

Then, too, he had vast capacity for work, and was a courtly person, and he had the gift of tongues, and had been a great traveller; he had early been sent by the convent to study at the University of Paris, and wherever he went, he was the man to make friends. When the Benedictines in Norway had convinced themselves that there was sore need of a reform of their rule and discipline, they applied to Pope Innocent IV. to send them a Visitor furnished with the necessary authority for carrying out so delicate and difficult a mission, and they made choice of Matthew Paris as the fittest possible person for such a work. Reluctantly Brother Matthew was compelled to undertake the task: he started on his northern voyage in 1248, and was absent about a year. In Norway he soon grew into high favour with King Hacon, who peradventure would have kept him at his side if he could. This seems to have been the most important episode in his otherwise uneventful life. But the advantages and opportunities which were at the command of any ambitious and studious young monk at St. Alban's were in themselves extraordinary. We have said that building was always going on. It was going on on a very large scale indeed in Abbot William's time. That means that there were the plans and sections and working drawings to be copied for the architect, and measurements and calculations by the thousand to be made—a *school of architecture*, in short: and besides that, what Roger de Wendover was in the scriptorium, that Walter of Colchester, *pictor et sculptor incomparabilis*, was in the painting room. Walter was a sculptor; indeed he wrought at his marvellous pulpit which the Abbot set up in the middle of the church: and he carved the story of St. Alban upon the great beam over the high altar, and did many another thing of which we have only too brief descriptions. Then, too, there was Richard, the monk who decorated the grand new guests' hall *delicose*, as we are told, and who painted pictures and carried out other works of embellishment at a pace which none could have kept up, but that he had his father to help him with his brush, and another artist, John of Wallingford, to carry out his great designs, and many more skilled limners whose names have gone down into silence.

William de Trumpington, who was Abbot at this time, was succeeded by John of Hertford, who was not slow to appreciate Matthew's merit, and, when, in the following year, Roger of Wendover died, selected him as his successor. Matthew accordingly became historiographer, and a very indefatigable historiographer he was.

*Mutatis mutandis*, a sort of 13th-century editor of the "Times," his business was to gather from all points of the compass, if not the latest news, yet the best and most trustworthy reports upon whatever was worth recording. He had his correspondents all over Europe, and that he sifted the evidence as it came to him we know.

Wherever there was any great event that deserved a place in the Abbey Chronicle, some splendid pageant to describe, some battle, or treaty, or pestilence, or flood, or famine, straightway tidings came to the vigilant historiographer; and there was a comparison of the evidence brought in, and some testing of witnesses, and finally the narrative was drawn up and incorporated into Matthew's history. Again and again it happened that a great personage who, while himself *making* history, was anxious that his own part in a transaction

should be represented favourably, would try and get the right side of the famous chronicler, and would furnish him with private information. Even the King himself thought it no scorn to communicate facts and documents to Brother Matthew. Once when Henry saw him in a crowd on a memorable occasion, he picked him out, and bade him take his seat by his side, and see to it that he made a true and faithful report of what was going on ; and it is evident that the royal favour which he enjoyed through life must have extended to furnishing him with many a story and many a detail which none but the King could have supplied. The minute account of the attempt to assassinate Henry in 1238 ; the curious State paper giving a narrative of the dispute between the King and his nobles in 1242 ; the strange scene at the tomb of William Marshall in 1245, and scores of other incidents in the career of Bishop Grossteste and Richard of Cornwall, were evidently "inspired" and can only have come from eye-witnesses of the events recorded. Nevertheless Matthew, though he was willing enough to receive information, and to utilise facts and documents, was by no means the man to reproduce them exactly in the form in which they came to him. More than once he ventured to remonstrate with the King, and very much oftener than once he expressed his opinion of him in no measured terms. Some of the severest censures he had marked for omission, and some expressions he modified considerably, for we have the good fortune to possess his chronicle both in an earlier and in a later form ; but even though the fuller and more outspoken record had perished, we should still have had enough proof to make it clear that we have in Matthew Paris an instance of a born historian, one who never consented to be a mere advocate, taking a side and seeing only half the truth of anything ; but a man gifted with the judicial faculty, that precious gift without which a man may be anything you please—a rhetorician, a special pleader, a picturesque writer, a laborious collector of facts ; but an historian, never.

The anecdotes and out-of-the-way pieces of information in the "*Chronica Majora*" are countless. At every page the history is enlivened with these cross lights, and upon all the quaint personality of the writer is vividly impressed. It is always something he was seen, or heard from some living man who saw it.

"There was my friend John of Basingstoke, had studied at Paris, and a wonder of learning he was, but he told me himself that his best teacher by far was the young lady Constantina, daughter of an archbishop she. Archbishop of Athens, too—archbishops may marry out there ! Before she was twenty she knew all that men may know ; she was worth two universities of Paris any day : she foretold the coming of plagues and storms, and eclipses—and—more wonderful still—the coming of earthquakes too : and John of Basingstoke was her scholar, and whatever he knew that was deep and rare, he learnt it of the lady Constantina, the archbishop's daughter."

Besides the miscellaneous paragraphs, there are periodical reports of the weather, and the harvests ; details of criminal proceedings ; births, deaths and marriages ; notes on the state of the markets ;

hints and reflections on the desirability of certain reforms in Church and State.

In short, the Chronicle is a national work, of which England has great reason to be proud.

**YEOMEN FARMERS IN NORWAY.**—The writer of this paper shows clearly by official statistics recently published that the picture drawn by Mr. Samuel Laing, fifty years ago, of the prosperity of people of Norway under a system of land tenure which secured to every Norwegian an inherent right to a portion of the soil, and recognised no rights of primogeniture or privileges of class, has been completely falsified by the subsequent course of events.

The yeomen farmers of Norway—framers of their own laws and absolute masters of their own destinies—are not only at present suffering from the commercial and agricultural depression that obtains in other countries of Europe, in which the social state is more or less differently constituted, but also find themselves, in face of that depression, with exceptionally heavy burdens on their backs in the form of pecuniary indebtedness at a rate of interest which mere agriculture, under the most favourable circumstances, cannot possibly afford to pay.

This heavy indebtedness has not, as a rule, been incurred for productive purposes, such as drainage, improved methods of agriculture, the increase of stock, &c.; and although the use of simple agricultural machinery is somewhat on the increase in Norway, yet agriculture remains very much in the same primitive condition in which it was found by Mr. Laing.\*

Not only so, but Poor Relief is the largest item of communal expenditure, the proportion of the rural population in receipt of such relief being 7 per cent., against 3 per cent. in England and Wales, and 2·6 per cent. in Scotland.

Another symptom of the growing pauperisation is the strong tide of emigration, chiefly from the rural districts, and paralleled in Ireland alone of European countries.

Another proof of the prevalent material *malaise* is political agitation.

We are told this by the Prefect of South Trondhjem, one of the most important provinces of a country where, in the days of Mr. Laing, there was a dead-level of contentment, where the widest form of home-rule has been in operation since the early part of the present century, and where the Crown Administration has all that time been more pure, blameless and efficient than in any other country on the Continent of Europe. His significant words are :

“As everywhere else in Norway, particularly in rural districts, politicians (*i.e. agitators*) are here taking more and more hold over the minds of the people.

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\* Dr. Broch shows that in 1875, which was an average year for crops, the production of cereals and potatoes (reduced to the value of barley) was 3125 hectol. per 1,000 inhabitants in Norway; whereas the average crops in France yielded 7,400 hectol. per 1,000 of the population.

Political unrest increases, and immature and extreme opinions are being advanced more than is desirable. The quiet, temperate, but progressive development to which Norway had previously been accustomed, and with which the great bulk of the nation had been well content, is in danger of being replaced by a progress in fits and starts, accompanied by leaps in the dark."

In several provinces increasing subdivision of the land is precipitating the general deterioration, and habits of thrift and providence have been weakened.

**OLIVER CROMWELL : HIS CHARACTER ILLUSTRATED BY HIMSELF.**—This paper is an elaborate attempt to prove, by circumstantial evidence, that the famous 'rising of Royalists combined with Anabaptists' of March 1655, was, in reality, no insurrection at all, but sprang from a far-reaching design which Cromwell himself practised on friends, neutrals and enemies alike.

The emissaries who, with much difficulty, persuaded the king against his better judgment, that 30,000 Royalists were ready to join in an organised revolt, with the co-operation of the Levellers and a portion of Cromwell's army; who insisted that, when the Earl of Rochester and his associates started for England, Charles must station himself on the sea coast, that he might 'quickly put himself at the head of the army, which would be ready to receive him,' were creatures or dupes of the Protectors. Arrangements were clandestinely made by Cromwell to assist the Earl of Rochester and his comrades to enter the country; and, though they came in the most open way and selected the most public port in the kingdom for their landing, no serious attempt was made to interfere with them. Though Major Armourer and Mr. O'Neale were at first arrested, they were speedily set free through the intervention of Cromwell.

The Earl of Rochester himself was allowed to go to London and consult 'with great freedom with the King's friends.'

Nor were he and his comrades hindered from traversing England, and passing on into Wiltshire and Yorkshire, that they might head the intended rendezvous of the Royalists on Salisbury Plain and Marston Moor; the very places, it should be remembered, that rumour had designated for a gathering of the Levellers. Cromwell was powerless: he dared not touch the men he had passed into England: the object for which he had admitted them must be fulfilled, even to the end.

Wagstaff and his comrades were purposely left undisturbed while preparing for the attempt at Salisbury, and Major Butler, after being conveniently detained at Bristol, to allow the affair to come off, was directed by Cromwell to keep at a distance from the insurgents, for fear of a mishap. As for the shadowy meeting at Marston Moor, as Cromwell's dupes refused to exhibit themselves, and not a soldier was

near at hand, paragraphs in the news letters, 'some pistols scattered' on the heath, and 'a led horse, with a velvet saddle,' were all the proofs that could be shown that anything had happened there during the night of the 8th March.

• And this is what happened as regards the trial of the prisoners :

Nor could he solemnize the event, as he desired, by the appearance on the scaffold of a single Yorkshireman.

He sent, for that purpose, to York as Judges, Baron Thorpe, Mr. Justice Newdigate, and Mr. Serjeant Hutton ; but they refused to obey his bidding. They declined to try upon a capital charge the men that had been arrested by the Protector's informers, not in arms nor on horseback, nor even on the highway, but in their own houses. The judges were doubtful "whether in point of law," a possible midnight ride could be declared by them "to be treason." It was in vain that Colonel Lilbourne used "diligence" to "pick up such as are right," to serve on the jury. The judges even left York altogether, objecting that due notice, under which they could try that "great affair," had not been given.

Pressure was renewed upon Newdigate and Hutton ; they were despatched back to York, to undertake the trial of the Marston Moor prisoners. Cromwell's law officer, however, found them at Doncaster, on their return to London, and in a very contrary state of mind. They again refused to act ; and they based their refusal on an objection, which affected not those prisoners alone, but all Cromwell's prisoners. They asserted, evidently reckoning on Baron Thorpe's concurrence, that they could not, as judges, put in force the Ordinance, by which Cromwell had adapted the Statute Law of England to meet the crime of high treason against himself, because it was of no validity ! They thus anticipated, in the most unpleasant way, Mr. Coney's refusal to pay taxes imposed, not by an Act of Parliament, but by an "Ordinance." Cromwell was forced to yield ; the Yorkshiremen preserved their lives, but not their liberty or their estates ; and, almost immediately, "Judges Thorpe and Newdigate were put out of their places, for not observing the Protector's pleasure in all his commands."\*

Cromwell's "pleasure" was, however, served by Mr. Serjeant Glyn and Mr. Recorder Steele, and by the jurymen, "such as were right," over whom they presided, in the trial of the Salisbury insurgents. Those poor dupes pleaded what may be termed, Baron Thorpe's plea. They argued that their indictment was not founded on an Act of Parliament, and that "there can be no treason by an Ordinance." They urged that a sentence pronounced by the Serjeant and the Recorder, who were mere "pleaders, servants to the Lord Protector," would be illegal ; and they asserted their right to be tried by Baron Thorpe, "a sworn judge." The prisoners, who could not be convicted of high treason, were condemned to death as horse stealers. They vainly pleaded, that to requisition a horse for a warlike enterprise was not felony, and that "the country knew we did not intend to steal," but acted "as the soldiers did now at London, and elsewhere, who came against us." About fourteen of those poor fellows were put to death, with Grove and Penruddock ; and seventy were sold into West Indian slavery. Accordingly Cromwell was able, as Thurloe exulted, to prove "that the Plot was real," as "the persons

were real," who, in consequence, lost their lives, or were condemned to lifelong misery.

All the other symptoms of intended insurrection were similarly arranged, or audaciously invented.

The depositions on which Cromwell based his description of the minor passages of the Insurrection are all mere informers' tales, none rising above the inanity of the story of a tobacco-pipe-maker's attack on Chester Castle, of which more anon ; and, from Carlyle's point of view, this sample of Thurloe's papers might assuredly be classed among "human stupidities." But Carlyle has overlooked the fact, that to Cromwell these depositions were an important element in his government, and were worked up into his speeches and the "Declaration" of October 1655. Hence the greater the absurdity of those documents, the greater their historical importance, as showing, not only how the Royalists were duped, and how Cromwell duped his subjects, but also that the tricks of his trepanners were so clumsy that, almost without exception, no Cavaliers of any standing were drawn into the Protector's game.

An apt example of the kind of evidence on which Cromwell based his statements, and also a comical illustration of his propensity to cling to fact in the midst of fraud, is afforded by that alleged "rendezvous" of Royalists "to surprise Newcastle." If his spies are to be believed, presumably with that object, on the 8th of March, "about 3 score and 10 horsemen armed with swords and pistols" met by night "at a place called Duddo;" and then vanished, not, however, for fear "of 300 foot coming from Berwick," but because the conspirators were warned "that there was 300 sail of ships come into Newcastle, for fear of whom they durst not fall upon Newcastle at that time." Much in the same way, and during the same night, a party of Royalist gentlemen and their servants, repaired to the inn on Rufford Abbey Green ; and a real cart was driven to the door containing "horse-arms," fifty-six pair of pistols, two buff coats, two suits of arms, &c., and was then driven away, and the party broke up. So far the Protector's words are verified by the very full information that Thurloe collected regarding the Rufford Abbey incident ; but if to the conspirators therein specifically mentioned, a large addition be made for "divers unnamed gentlemen," seen "coming in and going out of the inn-door," the plotters cannot be rated at much above 20, instead of at Cromwell's 500.

As to Cromwell's motive for the fabrication of the insurrection the writer says :

It was not, as might be suggested, a device to thwart by a premature explosion, a dangerous conspiracy during a critical moment in the Protectorate. Cromwell, himself asserts in his "Declaration," that "this Attempt was made, when nothing but a well-formed Power could hope to put Us into disorder ; Scotland and Ireland being perfectly reduced ; Differences with most Neighbour Nations composed ; our Forces, both by Sea and Land, in order and consistency." Nay, he artfully converted the very security of his Government into a proof that "the pretended King" would not have sent over his servants, and that the Royalists would not "have actually reason" at Salisbury, had the insurrection been other than "a general design," based on a vast secret organization. No one in all England possessed more certain knowledge, than did Cromwell, that such was not the case, and that he could not plead in his behalf

the poor excuse, that the Nation as a Nation needed a severe lesson, or that it was to save England from civil war that he had sacrificed the lives of those fourteen victims of his deception, and consigned that band of seventy or eighty Englishmen to the horrors of West Indian slavery.

But if Cromwell could not claim that excuse, what then was his motive? Dark as was the light within him, he was not in such utter darkness as to encompass himself about with written, spoken, and acted lies merely to gratify caprice,\* or that he might indulge in causeless cruelty. His motive was a very simple one. He was forced to obey his servant, the Army. The men whom he had made, and who had made him, demanded a visible share in the power and profit that he enjoyed. Reverting to the autumn of 1654, much had then occurred to disquiet the Army. Cromwell had taken a distinct step towards Kingship, by attempting to persuade Parliament to make the Protectorate hereditary. Parliament had made a distinct movement towards a large reduction in the Army and Navy. If rumour be evidence, there was, during November, "a great division in the army." And it is certain that, at the close of that month, Cromwell and his military men came to terms. At a meeting held in St. James's Palace, the staff of the army agreed "to live and die with Cromwell."† And a train of events, occurring in direct sequence after that meeting, proves that it was at this juncture that Cromwell agreed to parcel out his Protectorship among the leading officers of the Army. Parliament was dissolved 22nd January, 1655, on the pretext that under its shadow, conspiracy and discontent had thriven; and Cromwell gave an alarming account of the "real dangers," of imminent insurrection and anarchy, that threatened England. That speech was the prologue; then came the tragedy itself, the Insurrection of March, 1655; then came its consequence, the appointment of the Major-Generals. And in the end, the reason why they were appointed, was brought to light by a state of affairs, very identical with that which had raised them to power.

Cromwell had renewed the attempt that he had made in the autumn of 1654, and in his quest after Kingship he had come, during February 1657, almost within sight of the throne. Again the army officers interfered; and again Cromwell was forced to meet them face to face; to receive, on this occasion, their protest against his acceptance of the Crown. He made a compromise as he had done before; but in speech, he was not conciliatory. If the Protectorate had been a failure, he told his former comrades, it was their fault. It was they, and not he, who had governed; as for himself, "they had made him their drudge upon all occasions: to dissolve the Long Parliament," and "to call a Parliament or Convention of their naming," which proved so unsuccessful; and then another Parliament, alike in success; and he concluded that catalogue of their untoward interferences with his government, by reminding his hearers that they "thought it was necessary to have Major-Generals;" adding that so they "might have gone on," if they had not insisted on his calling the Parliament of 1656, against his will, which had given them "a foil."†

\* Whitelock, 625. Thurloe, iii. 359, 385.

† 1 Dec. 1654. Pell Corr., Lans. MSS. Brit. Mus., 752, fo. 215, 220.



# THE CREAM

## Of the Monthly Reviews.

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THE NADIR OF LIBERALISM.—It is more than fifteen years since Mr. Matthew Arnold exhorted his young literary and intellectual friends, the 'lights of Liberalism, not to be rushing into the arena of politics themselves, but rather to work inwardly upon the predominant force in our politics—the great middle class—and to cure its spirit. From their Parliamentary mind, he said, there was little hope; it was in getting at their real mind and making it work honestly, that all our hope lay; for from the boundedness and backwardness of their spirit, he urged, came the inadequacy of our politics, and by no Parliamentary action, but by an inward working only, could this spirit and our politics be made better. His exhortations were fruitless, and our situation has not improved during the fifteen years.

Mr. Arnold had then been abroad, and it was the criticism which he heard abroad on England's politics and prospects that he took for his text. He has just been abroad again, and he finds that the estimate of England's action and success under a Liberal

Government has, not unnaturally, sunk lower still. The hesitancy, imbecility and failure of England's action abroad, it is said, have become such as to delight all her enemies and throw all her friends into consternation.

Asked what it was all coming to? Whether the great and noble ship was going to break to pieces, he answered, No; it is not going to break to pieces.

There are sources, I trust, of deliverance and safety which you do not perceive. I agree with you, however, that our foreign policy has been that of people who fumble because they cannot make up their mind, and who cannot make up their mind because they do not know what to be after. I have said so, and I have said why it is and must be so: because this policy reflects the dispositions of middle-class Liberalism, with its likes and dislikes, its effusion and confusion, its hot and cold fits, its want of dignity and of the steadfastness which comes from dignity, its want of ideas and of the steadfastness which comes from ideas. I agree, too, that the House of Commons is a scandal, and Ireland a crying danger. I agree that monster processions and monster meetings in the public streets and parks are the letting out of anarchy, and that our weak dealing with them is deplorable. I myself think all this, and have often, too often, said it. But the mass of our Liberals of the middle and lower classes do not see it at all. Their range of vision and of knowledge is too bounded. They are hardly even conscious that the House of Commons is a scandal or that Ireland is a crying danger. If it suited their favourite minister to tell them that neither the one nor the other allegation is true, they would believe him. As to foreign policy, of course, it does suit him to tell them that the allegation that England has lost weight and influence is not true. And when the minister, or when one of his ardent young officials on their promotion, more dauntless than the minister himself, boldly assures them that England has not at all lost weight and influence abroad, and that our foreign policy has been sagacious, consistent, and successful, they joyfully believe him. Or when one of their minister's colleagues assures them that the late disturbances were of no importance, a mere accident which will never happen again, and that monster processions and monster meetings in the public streets and parks are proper and necessary things, which neither can be prohibited nor ought to be prohibited, they joyfully believe him. And with us in England, although not in the great world outside of England, those who thus think or say that all is well are the majority.

Mr. Arnold proceeds to enquire what ground there is for the prevalent notion of Mr. Gladstone as a great and successful minister, entertained and proclaimed, not only by the rank and file, but by the leaders and the intelligent and educated men, of the liberal party. Surely, he says, there must be some foundation for this chorus of eulogy and confidence. Surely there must have been great success of some kind; surely there must have been victory. Most certainly there has been victory; but has there been success? Success for a statesman is not merely carrying his measures, but

succeeding in what his measures are designed to do ; success such as that achieved in our time, by Cavour and Bismarck. Cavour's design was to make a united Italy, Bismarck's to make a strong Germany ; and they made it. No minor success, no success of vanity, no success of which the issue is still problematical and which requires other successes for its accomplishment, will suffice." But what of the victories of Mr. Gladstone ?

Are they not victories only,\*but successes ? that is, have they really satisfied vital needs and removed vital dangers of the nation ? Sir Robert Peel's abolition of the Corn Laws may be said to have removed a risk of social revolt. But the general development of Free Trade cannot absolutely, as we are all coming to see, be said to have satisfied vital needs and removed vital dangers of the nation ; free trade is not, it is now evident, a machinery making us by its own sole operation prosperous and safe ; it requires, in order to do this, many things to supplement it, many conditions to accompany it. The general development of free trade we cannot, therefore, reckon to Mr. Gladstone as a success of the sort which stamps a statesman as gloriously successful. The case was one not admitting of a success of the kind. On foreign affairs I shall not touch ; his best friends will not allege his successes there. But at home for a success of the kind wanted, a true and splendid success Mr. Gladstone has had three great opportunities. He had them in dealing with the Irish Church, with the Irish land question, with obstruction in Parliament. In each case he won a victory. But did he achieve not only a victory, but that which is the only real and true success for a statesman ? Did he, by his victory, satisfy vital needs and remove vital dangers of his country ? Did he in the case of the Irish Church ? The object there for a statesman was to conciliate the Catholic sentiment of Ireland ; did his measure do this ? The Liberal party affirmed that it did, the Liberal newspapers proclaimed it "a great and genial policy of conciliation," and one of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues told us that the Ministry had "resolved to knit the hearts of the empire into one harmonious concord, and knitted they were accordingly." True, there were voices (mine was one of them) which said differently. "It is fatal to the English nation," I wrote in *Culture and Anarchy*, "to be told by its flatterers, and to believe, that it is abolishing the Irish Church through reason and justice when it is really abolishing it through the Nonconformists' antipathy to establishments ; fatal to expect the fruits of reason and justice from any thing but the spirit of reason and justice." This was unpopular language from an insignificant person, and was not listened to. But who doubts now that the Catholic sentiment of Ireland was, not in the very least conciliated by the measure of 1868, and that the reason why it was not and could not be conciliated by it was that the measure was of the nature above described ?

The Irish Land Act, in like manner, was a victory but not a success. It was carried, it was applauded ; the Liberal party duly extolled it as "a scheme based on Mr. Gladstone's unrivalled experience in the art of government." But did it satisfy vital needs and remove vital dangers ? Evidently not ; the legislation now proposed for Ireland is impregnable proof of it. Did the victory, again, achieved in the reform of procedure, achieved by Mr. Gladstone wielding

a great majority and spending the time of Parliament without any stint, did this victory succeed? Did it satisfy the nation's needs and remove the nation's dangers as regards obstruction in the House of Commons? Why, the Conservatives have had to devise a fresh scheme, and the Liberal Government has had to adopt it from them and is at this moment working in concert with them to mature it!

Well then, "our veteran statesman, with his fifty years of victory behind him," with his "glorious antecedents," with his "unrivalled experience in the art of government," turns out, in the three crucial instances by which we can test him, not to have succeeded as a statesman at all, but on the contrary to have failed.

When, therefore, he asks the country to let him try again, on a bigger scale than ever, we may well feel anxious and ask ourselves what are the causes which have kept him back from a statesman's true success hitherto, and whether they will not also keep him back from it in what he purposes to do now?

The reason, Mr. Arnold says, why Mr. Gladstone has not succeeded hitherto in the real and high work of a statesman is that he is in truth not a statesman, properly so called, at all, but an unrivalled Parliamentary leader and manager.

Mr. Gladstone is the minister of a party and a period of expansion, the minister of the Liberals—the Liberals whose work it should be to bring about the modern development of English society. He has many requisites for that leadership. Everybody will admit that in effectiveness as a public speaker and debater he cannot be surpassed, can hardly be equalled. Philosophers may prefer coolness and brevity to his heat and copiousness; but the many are not philosophers, and his heat and copiousness are just what is needed for popular assemblies. His heat and copiousness, moreover, are joined with powers and accomplishments, with qualities of mind and character, as admirable as they are rare. The absence in him of aristocratical exclusiveness is one of the causes of his popularity. But not only is he free from *moigue*, he has also that rarest and crowning charm in a man who has triumphed as he has, been praised as he has: he is genuinely modest.

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Why then, with all these gifts and graces, does he fail as a statesman? Probably because, having to be the minister of the modern development of English society, he was born in 1809. The minister of a period of concentration, resistance, and war may be spiritually rooted in the past; not so the minister of a work of civil development in a modern age. \* \* \*. A Liberal leader here in England is \* \* \* a man of movement and change, called expressly to the task of bringing about a modern organisation of society. To do this, he should see clearly how the world is going, what our modern tendencies and needs really are, and what is routine and fiction in that which we have inherited from the past. But of how few men of Mr. Gladstone's age can it be said that they see this! Certainly not of Mr. Gladstone. Some of whom it cannot be said may be more interesting figures than those of whom it can; Cardinal Newman is a more interesting figure, Mr. Gladstone himself

is a more interesting figure, than John Stuart Mill. But a Liberal leader of whom it cannot be said that he sees how the world is really going is in a false situation. And Mr. Gladstone's perception and criticism of modern tendencies is fantastic and unsound, as his criticism of Homer is fantastic and unsound, or his criticism of Genesis. But he loves liberty, expansion ; with his wonderful gifts for parliamentary and public life he has naturally an irresistible bent to political leadership ; he will lead the Liberal party. And he will lead it, he will lead this great party of movement and change, by watching their mind, adapting his programme to it, and relying on their support and his own inexhaustible resources of energy, eloquence, and management, to give him the victory.

The task of providing light and leading is thus shifted upon men yet more incompetent for it than Mr. Gladstone.

It is thrown upon the middle class in English society, the class where lay the strength of the Liberal party until the other day, and upon the working class, which conjointly with the middle class makes its strength now. Both are singularly bounded, our working class reproducing, in a way unusual in other countries, the boundedness of the middle. Both have invaluable qualities, closely allied, as generally happens, with their defects. The sense for conduct in our middle class is worth far more than the superior intellectual lucidity to be found in divorce from that sense among middle classes elsewhere ; the English workman, as a great Swiss employer of labour testified to me the other day, is still the best in the world ; the English peasant is patient, faithful, respectful, kindly, as no other. But range of mind, large and clear views, insight—we must not go to our middle and lower class for these. Yet it is on our middle and lower class that the task is really thrown, Mr. Gladstone's gifts and deficiencies being what they are, of determining the programme of Liberal movement for our community, and indeed of determining the programme of our foreign policy also ; while Mr. Gladstone finds the management and talents for insuring victory to the programmes so determined.

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Such, then, is our situation. A captivating Liberal leader, generous and earnest, full of eloquence, ingenuity, and resource, and a consummate parliamentary manager—but without insight, and who as a statesman has hitherto not succeeded, but failed. A Liberal party, of which the strength and substance is furnished by two great classes, with sterling merits and of good intentions, but bounded and backward. A third factor in our situation must not be unnoticed—an element of Jacobinism. It is small, but it is active and visible. It is a sinister apparition. We know its works from having seen them so abundantly in France ; it has the temper of hatred and the dim of destruction. These are two varieties of Jacobin, the hysterical Jacobin and pedantic Jacobin ; we possess both, and both are dangerous.

At such a moment Ireland sends eighty-five Home Rulers to the House of Commons ; and the Irish question must be dealt with seriously at last.

What grand scope is here offered for the talents of the great Parliamentary manager ! The thing is, to have the eighty-five Home Rulers voting solid with the Liberal party. How is it to be effected ? The generous and ardent feelings

of Mr. Gladstone rush to his aid. Ireland has been abominably governed ! True, Ireland desires autonomy more hotly than any other part of these islands desires it ! Very naturally. Why then should we not give to the Irish what they so hotly desire ? Why not indeed ? responds the Liberal party. Only there must be no endowment of religion, no endowment, above all, of Popish superstition ! There shall be none, says Mr. Gladstone. In that case, replies his Liberal following, go on and prosper ! Let the Irish have what the majority of them like. It is the great blessedness for man to do as he likes ; if men very much wish for a thing, we ought to give it them if possible. This is the cardinal principle of Liberalism ; Mr. Fox proclaimed it.

A sagacious woman, who had closely watched a time of civil trouble, knew better. "*Quand les hommes se révoltent, ils sont poussés par des causes qu'ils ignorent ; et, pour l'ordinaire, ce qu'ils demandent n'est pas ce qu'il faut pour les apaiser.*"

The project of giving a separate Parliament to Ireland, remarks Mr. Arnold, has every fault which a project of State can have.

With islands so closely and inextricably connected together by nature as these islands of ours, to go back in the at least formal political connection attained, to make the political tie not closer but much laxer, almost to undo it—what statesmanship ! And when, estranged from us in feeling as Celtic Ireland unhappily is, we had yet in Ulster a bit of Great Britain, we had a friend there, you propose to merge Ulster in Celtic Ireland ! you propose to efface and expunge your friend ! Was there ever such madness heard of ?

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The more intensely the Irish desire a separate Parliament, the more it proves that they ought not to have one. If they cry out for a separate Irish Parliament when Scotland and Wales do not cry out for a Scotch or Welsh Parliament, that is not a reason for giving such a Parliament to Ireland rather than to Scotland or Wales, but just the contrary. The Irish desire it so much because they are so exasperated against us. The exasperation is good neither for us nor for themselves. The thing is to do away with the sense of exasperation by removing its causes, to make them friends. The causes of the exasperation are not in our political tie with them, but in our behaviour and treatment. Amend the behaviour and treatment by all means. But simply to cut the Irish adrift in their present state of feeling, to send them away with the sense of exasperation rankling, with the memory of our behaviour and treatment fresh in their minds, what is it but to leave the sense of exasperation to last for ever, and to give them more full and free scope for indulging it ? No gratitude for a measure which its supporters are already recommending by the ignoblest appeals to our fears will prevent this. To our fears the measure will be imputed ; and to our fears or our foolishness, and to no more worthy or winning motive, will it indeed be due. Every guarantee we take, every limit we impose, will be an occasion for fret and friction. The temptation to the Irish legislature *ampliare jurisdictionem*, to extend and enlarge its range of action, will be irresistible ; the very brilliancy and verve of Irishmen necessitate it. The proper public field for an Irishman of signal ability is the Imperial Parliament. There his faculties will find their right and healthful scope ; he is good for us there, and

we for him. But he will find scope for his faculties in an Irish Parliament only by making it what it was not meant to be, and what it cannot be without danger. It will be a sensation Parliament—a Parliament of shocks and surprises.

To the challenge constantly thrown out to those who condemn Mr. Gladstone's plan to propose an alternative policy of their own, Mr. Arnold replies that such a policy, in its main lines, produces itself.

Let us give to our South, not a single central Congress, but provincial legislatures. Local government is the great need for us just now throughout these islands; the House of Commons is far too large a body, and is weighted with much work which it ought not to have. But in Great Britain we have this difficulty; the counties would give us local legislatures too numerous, and not strong enough; and we have no provinces. The difficulty may be overcome, but a difficulty it is. But in Ireland it does not present itself; Ireland has four provinces. Ireland's strong desire for local government is no good reason for giving Ireland an Irish Parliament; but it is a good reason for seizing as promptly as possible any fit means for organising local government there, and for so organising it even before we organise it in Great Britain; and such means the Irish provinces supply. Munster and Connaught may probably be considered as of one character, and some of western Ulster, as being of the same character, might go naturally with them. But we have at least three divisions in Ireland, each of them with a distinct stamp and character of its own, and affording, each of them, materials for a separate provincial assembly: Ulster proper, or British Ireland; Leinster, or metropolitan Ireland; Munster and Connaught, or Celtic Ireland. Evidently the assembly representing British Ireland would be one thing, the assembly representing Celtic Ireland quite another. Perhaps Leinster, the old seat of the capital and of metropolitan life, would give us an assembly different in character from either. So much the better. Each real and distinct part of Ireland would have its own legislature, and would govern its own local affairs; each part would be independent of the others, neither of them would be swamped by the others. The common centre would be the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. There the foremost Irishmen would represent Ireland, while for the notables of each province the provincial legislatures would afford a field.

The Liberals now seem to have really done what puzzled foreigners imagine England altogether has done—to have reached the Nadir.

They have shown us about the worst that a party of movement can do, when that party is bounded and backward and without insight, and is led by a manager of astounding skill and energy, but himself without insight likewise. The danger of our situation is so grave that it can hardly be exaggerated. People are shocked at even the mention of the contingency of civil war. But the danger of civil war inevitably arises whenever two impossible parties, full of hatred and contempt for each other, with no mediating power of reason to reconcile them, are in presence. So the English civil war arose when, facing and scornfully hating one another, were two impossibilities: the prerogative of the King and

the license of the Cavaliers on the one side, the hideousness and immense *ennui* of the Puritans on the other. The Vendean war arose out of a like collision between two implacable impossibilities: the old *régime* and Jacobinism. Here lies the danger of civil war in Ireland, if the situation cannot find rational treatment; Protestant ascendancy is impossible, but the Ulster men will not let bunglers, in removing it, drag them down to a lower civilisation without a struggle. Nay, the like danger exists for England itself. Change we must; but if a Liberal party with no insight, led by a victorious manager who is no statesman, brings us to failure and chaos, the existing England will not let itself be ruined without a struggle.

The necessity of letting our minds have free and fair play becomes more urgent than ever. Though there may be danger in the blindness of the Conservative party, too, it is the party of stability and permanence; and when the Liberal party moves unwise and dangerous changes, sensible men will naturally have recourse to it. But no solution of the problems of national life is to be reached by resting on Conservative forces absolutely. What has been said of the urgent need of seeing things as they really are, applies to Conservative action, as well as Liberal.

If Conservative action is blind, we are undone. True for the moment our pressing danger is just now from the Liberal party and its leader. If they cannot be stopped and defeated, the thing is over, and we need not trouble ourselves about the Conservative party and its blindness. But supposing them defeated, the Conservative programme requires to be treated just like the Liberal, to be surveyed with a resolutely clear and fair mind.

Now there is always a likelihood that this programme will be just to maintain things as they are, and nothing further. Already there are symptoms of danger in the exhortations, earnestly made and often repeated, to keep faith with the Irish proprietor to whose security England, it is said, has pledged herself; to secure the Irish landowners and to prevent the scandal and peril of Catholic supremacy in Ireland.

As to Catholicism, it has been the great stone of stumbling to us in Ireland, and so it will continue to be while we treat it inequitably. Mr. Gladstone's Bill treats it inequitably. His Bill withholds from the Irish the power to endow or establish Catholicism. That, he well knows, is the one exception which his Liberal followers make to their rule, borrowed from Mr. Fox, that if men very much wish to do a thing we should let them do it. To endow Catholicism they must not be permitted, however much they may wish it. That provision alone would be fatal to any sincere and lasting gratitude in Ireland for Mr. Gladstone's measure. If his measure is defeated it would be fatal to repeat his mistake. Why should not the majority in Ireland be suffered to endow and establish its religion just as much as in England or Scotland? It is precisely one of those cases where the provincial legislatures should have the power to do as they think proper. Mr. Whitbread's "thoughtful Americans" will tell him that in the United States there is this power, although to the notions and practice of America, sprung out of the loins of Nonconformity, religious establishments are unfamiliar. But even in this century, I think, Connecticut had an established



Congregational Church, and it might have an Established Church again to-morrow if it chose. Ulster would most certainly not establish Catholicism. If it chose to establish Presbyterianism it should be free to do so. If the Celtic and Catholic provinces chose to establish Catholicism, they should be free to do so. So long as we have two sets of weights and measures in this matter, one for Great Britain and another for Ireland, there can never be concord.

The land question presents most grave and formidable difficulties, but undoubtedly they are not to be got rid of by holding ourselves pledged to make the present Irish landlords' tenure and rents as secure as those of a landlord in England. We ought not to do it if we could, and in the long run we could not do it if we would. \* \* \* We have always meant and endeavoured to give to the Irish landlord the same security that the English has. But the thing is impossible. Why? Because at bottom the acquiescence of the community makes the security of property. The land-system of England has, in my opinion, grave disadvantages; but it has this acquiescence. It has it partly from the moderation of the people, but more from the general conduct and moderation of the landlords. \* \* \* In Scotland it has it in a less degree, and is therefore less secure; and, whatever the Duke of Argyll may think, deservedly. \* \* \* Ireland has it in the degree to be expected from its history of confiscation, penal laws, absenteeism—that is to say, hardly at all. And we are bound in good faith, we are pledged to obtain, by force if necessary, for the Irish landlord the acquiescence and security which in England come naturally! We are bound to do it for a landed system where the landowners have been a class with whom, in Burke's words, "the melancholy and invidious title of grantees of confiscation was a favourite;" who "would not let Time draw his oblivious veil over the unpleasant means by which their domains were acquired;" who "abandoned all pretext of the general good of the community!" But there has been great improvement, you say: the present landowners give in general little cause for complaint. Absenteeism has continued, but ah! even if the improvement had been ten times greater than it has, Butler's memorable and stern sentence would still be true: "Real reformation is in many cases of no avail at all towards preventing the miseries annexed to folly *exceeding a certain degree*. There is a certain bound to misbehaviour, which being transgressed, there remains no place for repentance in the natural course of things." But a class of altogether new and innocent owners has arisen. Alas! every one who has bought land in Ireland has bought it with a lien of Nemesis upon it. It is of no use deceiving ourselves. To make the landowner in the Celtic and Catholic parts of Ireland secure as the English landowner is impossible for us.

What is possible is to bear our part in his loss; for loss he must incur. He must incur loss for folly and misbehaviour, whether on his own part or on that of his predecessors, *exceeding a certain degree*. But most certainly we ought to share his loss with him. For when complaints were addressed to England, "the double name of the complainants," says Burke, "Irish and Papist (it would be hard to say which singly was the more odious), shut up the hearts of every one against them." "All classes in Great Britain are guilty in this matter; perhaps the middle class, the stronghold of Protestant prejudice, most. And, therefore, though the Irish landlords can, I think, be now no more maintained than were the planters, yet to some extent this country is bound to indemnify them as it did the planters. They must choose between making their own terms

with their own community, or making them with the Imperial Parliament. In the latter case, part of their indemnity should be contributed by Ireland, part, most certainly, by ourselves. Loss they must, however, expect to suffer, the landowners of the Celtic and Catholic provinces at any rate. To this the English Conservatives, whatever natural sympathy and compassion they may entertain for them, must clearly make up their minds.

• Our best hope at present depends on the reasonableness of the Conservative party. For the modern development of our society great changes are required. But we are not yet ripe for them.

What we are ripe for, and what ought to be the work of the next few years, is the development of a complete and rational system of local Government; and in this work all reasonable Conservatives may heartily bear part with all reasonable Liberals.

The reasonableness and co-operation of the Conservatives are needed to attain this system. By reasonableness, by co-operation with reasonable Liberals, they have it in their power to do two good things: they can keep off many dangers in the present, and they will be helping to rear up a Liberalism of more insight for the future.

But is it possible, and is there time? Will not the great Parliamentary manager, with his crude Liberal party of the present, sweep everything before him now? The omens are not good. At Munich a few weeks ago I had the honour to converse with a wise and famous man, as pleasing as he is learned, Dr. Döllinger. He is an old friend of Mr. Gladstone. We talked of Mr. Gladstone, with the interest and admiration which he deserves, but with misgiving. His letter to Lord de Vesci had just then appeared. "Does it not remind you," Dr. Döllinger asked me, "of that unfortunate French ministry on the eve of the Revolution, applying to the nation for criticisms and suggestions?" Certainly the omens are not good. However, that best of all omens, as Homer calls it, ourselves to do our part for our country, is in our own power. The circumstances are such that desponding and melancholy thoughts cannot be banished entirely. After all, we may sometimes be tempted to say mournfully to ourselves, nations do not go on for ever. In the immense procession of ages, what countless communities have arisen and sunk unknown, and even the most famous nation, perhaps, is only for its day. Human nature will have in dark hours its haunting apprehensions of this kind. But till the fall has actually come, no firm English mind will consent to believe of the fall that it is inevitable, and of "the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good-nature, and good-humour of the English people," that their place in the world will know them no more.

**MR. DONNELLY'S SHAKESPEARE CIPHER.**—In this article Mr. Wallace describes, so far as is at present possible, what, should it stand the test of examination, must prove absolutely conclusive evidence of the Baconian authorship of the plays attributed to Shakespeare.

The Folio of 1623, which Grant White has pronounced the only authentic form in which the text has reached us, is well known to

abound in irregularities of a very extraordinary character. In addition to the irregularities previously commented on, Mr. Donnelly notes others which he characterises as irregular paging, arbitrary italicising, meaningless bracketing and senseless hyphenation. It is inconceivable, he thinks, that, in an edition brought out at great cost, these irregularities should be due, as has been supposed, to careless editorial supervision. Taking this view of the matter, and, suspecting, for independent reasons, that Bacon, in an age when cipher was largely used for secret writings, must himself have had recourse to a device for perfecting which he had himself given rules and samples, set himself to discover whether it was possible to connect these irregularities with such a cipher as Bacon himself had several times hinted at in his works, *viz.*, in the form of a writing "infolded" in another writing.

The result, from the specimens given, is very extraordinary. But first it is necessary to say a few words as to the method. After a series of experiments Mr. Donnelly discovered that in many cases some remarkable word in the text was reached by multiplying the number of the page at which the scene begins by the number of Italic words in the first column of the page.

For instance, on page 53 of the Histories (*I. Henry IV.*) there are seven italic words in the first column.  $53 \times 7 = 371$ . The 371st word is "Bacon." On page 67 (same play) the first column contains six words in italics.  $67 \times 6 = 402$ , and the 402nd word is "St. Albans." These are two significant instances out of many given by Mr. Donnelly.

Proceeding further with his researches, Mr. Donnelly found that the paging, the italics, the brackets and the hyphens of the text were connected by a certain numerical relation.

Then he discovered that, by taking the words indicated by these numerical relations and re-arranging them according to certain fixed mathematical rules, a most curious and elaborate narrative came out, which we leave him to describe in his own words :

At first, as you know, I expected no more than to find written into the Plays (perhaps a word on a page) a brief statement that Francis Bacon was their author. But as I went on the Cipher grew under my hands until I found it to be a complete and elaborate narrative, perfect in all its parts, minute in detail ; containing not only a statement of facts, but a description of his own feelings in the midst of the great troubles and dangers which surrounded him. . . . Beginning, as I chanced to do, upon the Plays of the first and second parts of *Henry IV.*, I found myself plunged into the middle of the Cipher story. You know how indignant Elizabeth was at the excitement and interest caused by the performance of the play of *Richard II.* . . .

Upon the subject of this play, the circumstances of the production of which are of such great importance to "Baconians," he has fortunately much to say ; but this is concerned with such a wide subject that it cannot be entered upon here.

The Cipher story, he tells us, after treating of Essex's plots against the Cecils, proceeds to a minute and detailed account of Robert Cecil's jealousy of his cousin Francis Bacon and his detection of the drift and authorship of the Plays, of his confiding his suspicions to the Queen, and of the complications that ensued. On this point Mr. Donnelly has written at length to his friend in this country, quoting in full the graphic description in the Cipher of the exciting events that took place, in which Shakespeare, Burleigh, Bacon himself, and his faithful servant Harry Percy are the chief actors. This lastnamed person occupies a very prominent position throughout the Cipher story; he seems to have been admitted to the greatest intimacy with his master, and to have thoroughly deserved the confidence reposed in him. Shakespeare's character, antecedents, and career are dwelt upon at some length. With the utmost detail is recorded how the Queen ordered him to be arrested, and, if necessary, racked to divulge the name of the real author, and how Bacon managed to save the disclosure. It is, writes Mr. Donnelly, a wonderful story how Bacon sent his faithful friend-servant to find Shakespeare and to get him to fly the country when the Queen gave orders for his arrest. Percy's disguise of himself; how he stooped down and embraced Bacon for the last time, as he was about to start on his mare (note the minute details) from the orchard at St. Albans; how he comforted him and told him that he would save him, Bacon meanwhile standing in the darkness and listening to the dull beats of the hoofs of his horse on the hard ground as he receded. His fondness for Percy's faithful and cheerful spirit, his feeling that only the errand of that one true man stood between him and the greatest disgrace and shame, &c. &c. The internal story will be found to be as thrilling and absorbing and as powerfully rendered as the Plays themselves. . . . The interview between Percy and Shakespeare takes place at Stratford in the presence of Shakespeare's wife and daughter. It is told with the utmost detail. The whole Shakespeare family is described, his young brother Edmund, his daughter Susanna, his wife, his sister. The very supper bill of fare is given, and a very mean one it was—"dried cakes, mouldie and ancient," roast mutton far advanced in decomposition, the odour of which perfumed the room, bitter beer and worse Bordeaux stuff. The smell of the meal took away the dandy Percy's appetite. He told Shakespeare that the Queen's officers were after him, to arrest him as the nominal author of *Richard II.*, which represented the murder and deposition of the King, and which was held to be an incentive to treason. Shakespeare, Percy said, must fly to Holland or Scotland, and there abide until the storm blew over. Thereupon Shakespeare became violently abusive of Bacon—"Master Francis" he calls him—for getting him into such a scrape. "*He is,*" says Percy, "*the foul-mouthedest rascal in England.*" Shakespeare declares that he will confess the truth and clear his own skirts. Thereupon came the first anti-Baconian argument. It is the parent of all later ones. Percy told Shakespeare (not, probably, as a fact, but as a threat, and to drive him from the country, so as to save Bacon's exposure) that "Master Francis" would deny the authorship, and that the world would surely believe him and not Shakespeare. For who, says Percy, "could conceive of one man putting the immortal glory of the Plays on the shoulders of another? Did not Shakespeare bear his blushing honours through all the disreputable houses of London? Did he not profit by the Plays? Was he not transformed in new silk and feathers, and looked upon in the low society in which he shone as the one who wrote the Plays? The Queen would ask, '*Why keptst thou silence so long?*'" and much more to the same purpose. So you see there is nothing new under the sun. Harry Percy anticipated all the anti-Baconian arguments by nearly two hundred and ninety years.

After other passages of a kindred nature Mr. Donnelly sums up as follows:—

If the Cipher were nothing more than the internal history of the Plays and of Bacon's life it would be intensely interesting ; but it is more than that : it is the history of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, with all its plots and conspiracies and their effects on great historical events. As I take it, it is Bacon's appeal to posterity, and his impalement, for all the ages, of those who had so cruelly suppressed and persecuted and humiliated him. A terrible revenge ! the gall and bitterness of a tortured life embalmed in poetry and the merriment of comedies. He was not only a Creator, like Providence, but, like Providence, he left his veins of secret meaning running hidden through the texture of his work. . . .

The above account is far from exhausting Mr. Donnelly's alleged discoveries. He finds, for instance, that there are scores of instances in which the sense and words of the plays are deliberately so twisted as to bring in the Cipher story, the necessities of the cipher in many cases compelling him to make the characters talk nonsense in passages that have ever since been the puzzle of the commentators.

A full exposition is promised to the world at an early date. In the meantime Mr. Donnelly, forestalling the suspicion his allegations are likely to create, says :

Why should I assert that I have found such a Cipher—not a hop-skip-and-jump Cipher, but a mathematically accurate rule—if I have *not* ? I ask no money from any one. If I published a book that was a fraud or a delusion, the few copies which might be sold before the truth was discovered would surely not compensate me for the everlasting shame and ridicule which would fall upon me. Can any one believe that I would concoct a deliberate lie, which only a few months would explode ? And for what ? Not for notoriety ; I have enough of that already. Is it to be believed that I would imperil whatever little honour I may have gained by my exceptionally successful books *Allantis* and *Ragnarok* by a pretended claim to a great discovery ?\*

**WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE, A REPLY.**—Mrs. Fawcett undertakes, in this paper, to show that Mrs. Chapman is wrong on two points of fact in her article on Women's Suffrage in *The Nineteenth Century* for April. The first of these is the assertion that women do not wish for the suffrage ; the second is that the advocates of women's rights strongly insist on the absolute mental equality of the sexes as a main ground for the concession of the franchise to women.

As regards the first assertion, taking the case of educated women, Mrs. Fawcett says there is hardly any distinguished English woman of the latter half of the present century who has made an honorable name in literature, science, education or philanthropy, who has not expressed her sympathy with the women's suffrage movement, and she proceeds to cite a long list of names in support of this contention. As regards the masses of women, she says it

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\* These two most fascinating books are now in their twelfth and sixth editions respectively.

is difficult to get at precise facts, but she never saw a paper specially intended for women that was not favourable to women's suffrage. She also cites instances where resolutions in the same sense have been carried by overwhelming majorities by independent bodies of women. As to the second assertion, her experience is that the leaders of the movement, and its rank and file, entertain various views as to the comparative natural capacity of the sexes; but she denies that the point is of any real importance.

It is certain that, whatever the inherent natural capacity of a woman's mind may be, its development largely depends on education, circumstances, and opportunity. All that the advocates of women's rights have wished or claimed on behalf of women is that, whatever their natural gifts may be, the opportunity of developing those gifts should not be denied to them. The physical strength of the average woman is inferior to that of the average man; but this does not afford any reason for subjecting women to lowering physical conditions: wholesome food, fresh air, daily exercise, and suitable clothing are as necessary for making the best of the physical powers of the weaker as of the stronger sex. Analogous reasoning can be applied to the educational, social, and political conditions of a woman's life. The question is not whether men and women are equal, but whether the conditions by which men and women are surrounded are calculated to bring out and make the best of their natural powers, whatever these may be.

Admitting that, from the natural difference of sex, and conditions of life, women are likely to look upon questions from a somewhat different point of view to men, she contends that this very difference gives to women their strongest possible claim to representation.

The main work of most women's lives is domestic, and is likely to remain so; this gives in their eyes a special value to the domestic virtues of truthfulness, morality, sobriety, economy, and order. Would not the course of legislation be favourably influenced if, through the constitutional channels of representation, more weight were given in public affairs to what promotes these virtues?

The question as to the suffrage, she urges, is really this:

Will the extension of political privileges to some women tend in any degree to awaken in all women a higher sense of civic duty, a juster power of comparison between the value of personal aims and national well-being?

With regard to Mrs. Chapman's strictures on the one-sidedness of the proposed measure, in limiting the suffrage to single women and widows, she excuses it on the ground that public opinion is not yet probably prepared to go any further, and she thinks that wives will gain through the representation of single women.

As to the criticisms of Mrs. Chapman on the way in which the

second reading of the Bill was carried in the House of Commons, she says :

The facts are these. The second reading of the Women's Suffrage Bill was down as the third order of the day for Thursday, the 18th of February. This was the day the House reassembled after the adjournment necessary for the formation of the present Government. Two days before this it was noticed by the friends of women's suffrage that there would be a chance of the bill being reached, and they accordingly spared no pains to make this generally known. The position of the bill, supposing it could be reached, was a very strong one ; for there are 348 members of the present House who are its supporters. A paragraph was sent, in the interests of the bill, to every London morning paper, announcing the possibility of the motion for the second reading being reached, and the probability of a majority in its favour in case it was reached. The *Times* omitted to insert this paragraph, and then accused the supporters of woman's suffrage of carrying the second reading of the bill by means of secrecy and questionable tactics. Secrecy, or at least a suppression of the facts relating to the prospects of the bill, was manifested on the occasion, but not on the part of the friends of women's suffrage.

**THE FACTORS OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION.**—The general proposition for which Mr. Herbert Spencer contends with great ability and force in this contribution to the study of Evolution, is that the primordial factor in the gradual evolution of organic forms from the formless protoplasm was the direct action of the medium, operating by means of the differentiation of the external surface from the internal contents.

The instability of the homogeneous is a universal principle. In all cases the homogeneous tends to pass into the heterogeneous, and the less heterogeneous into the more heterogeneous. In the primordial units of protoplasm, then, the step with which evolution commenced must have been the passage from a state of complete likeness throughout the mass to a state in which there existed some unlikeness. Further, the cause of this step in one of these portions of organic matter, as in any portion of inorganic matter, must have been the different exposure of its parts to incident forces. What incident forces? Those of its medium or environment. Which were the parts thus differently exposed? Necessarily the outside and the inside. Inevitably, then, alike in the organic aggregate and the inorganic aggregate (supposing it to have coherence enough to maintain constant relative positions among its parts), the first fall from homogeneity to heterogeneity must always have been the differentiation of the external surface from the internal contents.

Regarding the causes and character of this differentiation of external from internal parts, he says :

When the respective effects of gravitation, heat, light, &c., are studied, as well as the respective effects, physical and chemical, of the matters forming the media, water and air, it will be found that while more or less operative on all bodies, each modifies organic bodies to an extent immensely greater than the extent to which it modifies inorganic bodies.

Here, not discriminating among the special effects which these various forces and matters in the environment produce on both classes of bodies, let us consider their combined effects, and ask—what is the most general trait of such effects?

Obviously the most general trait is the greater amount of change wrought on the outer surface than on the inner mass. In so far as the matters of which the medium is composed come into play, the unavoidable implication is that they act more on the parts directly exposed to them than on the parts sheltered from them. And in so far as the forces pervading the medium come into play, it is manifest that excluding gravity, which affects outer and inner parts indiscriminately, the outer parts have to bear larger shares of their actions. If it is a question of heat, then the exterior must lose it or gain it faster than the interior; and in a medium which is now warmer and now colder, the two must habitually differ in temperature to some extent—at least where the size is considerable. If it is a question of light, then in all but absolutely transparent masses, the outer parts must undergo more of any change produceable by it than the inner parts—supposing other things equal; by which I mean, supposing the case is not complicated by any such convexities of the outer surface as produce internal concentrations of rays. Hence then, speaking generally, the necessity is that the primary and almost universal effect of the converse between the body and its medium, is to differentiate its outside from its inside. I say almost universal, because where the body is both mechanically and chemically stable, like, for instance, a quartz crystal, the medium may fail to work either inner or outer change.

Of such differentiation he gives a wealth of instances, from which the following may be selected as specially striking :

Who would have imagined that the nervous system is a modified portion of the primitive epidermis? In the absence of proofs furnished by the concurrent testimony of embryologists during the last thirty or forty years, who would have believed that the brain arises from an infolded tract of the outer skin, which, sinking down beneath the surface, becomes embedded in other tissues and eventually surrounded by a bony case? Yet the human nervous system in common with the nervous systems of lower animals is thus originated. In the words of Mr. Balfour, early embryological changes imply that—

‘the functions of the central nervous system, which were originally taken by the whole skin, became gradually concentrated in a special part of the skin which was step by step removed from the surface, and has finally become in the higher types a well-defined organ embedded in the subdermal tissues. . . . The embryological evidence shows that the ganglion-cells of the central part of the nervous system are originally derived from the simple undifferentiated epithelial cells of the surface of the body.’

Less startling perhaps, though still startling enough, is the fact that the eye is evolved out of a portion of the skin; and that while the crystalline lens and its surroundings thus originate, the “percipient portions of the organs of special sense, especially of optic organs, are often formed from the same part of the primitive epidermis” which forms the central nervous system. Similarly is it with the organs for smelling and hearing. These, too, begin as sacs formed by infoldings of the epidermis; and while their parts are developing they are joined from within by nervous structures which were themselves epidermic in origin. How are we



to interpret these strange transformations? Observing, as we pass, how absurd from the point of view of the special-creationist, would appear such a filiation of structures and such a round-about mode of embryonic development, we have here to remark that the process is not one to have been anticipated as a result of natural selection. After numbers of spontaneous variations had occurred, as the hypothesis implies, in useless ways, the variation which primarily initiated a nervous centre might reasonably have been expected to occur in some internal part where it would be fitly located. Its initiation in a dangerous place and subsequent migration to a safe place, would be incomprehensible. Not so if we bear in mind the cardinal truth above set forth, that the structures for holding converse with the medium and its contents, arise in that completely superficial part which is directly affected by the medium and its contents; and if we draw the inference that the external actions themselves initiate the structures. These once commenced, and furthered by natural selection where favourable to life, would form the first term of a series ending in developed sense-organs and a developed nervous system.\*

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\*For a general delineation of the changes by which the development is effected, see Balfour, *loc. cit.* vol. ii. pp 401-4.

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**HEREDITY IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.**—After commenting on the uncertainty which attends heredity in man, as compared with animals, attributable largely to the greater complexity of the human organism, Dr. Maudsley remarks that there is always a principle of variation at work in breeding, contesting the ground with the principle of heredity, and sometimes so potent that resemblances are hidden or overborne entirely.

The union between two persons may be compared in that respect to combinations in chemistry, when the products exhibit widely different properties from those of the combining elements. Now as the human body is the most complex organic substance in the world—the most compounded mass in nature, as Bacon calls it—it affords infinite scope for modifications, neutralisations, and variations of qualities; and the reasons are obvious why we cannot predict results. Countless variations may occur in each case. No two voices, no two faces are exactly alike; it is probable that no two persons cough or blow their noses in exactly the same way, and that a man might be known by his sneeze if minute enough attention were given to its special character. Most of these variations die with the individual, but some of them, meeting with fit surroundings and being fostered thereby, are propagated from one generation to another, and become fixed qualities of the family stock. For the qualities of the stock are deeper and more stable than those of the individual, and the qualities of the species deeper and more stable than those of the family. The law of heredity is most evident in the preservation of the characters of the species, the law of variation in the determination of individual characters.

Albeit manifest differences often hide a dormant, deep-lying sameness, the law of heredity is in latent, though not in patent, action.

Let the unlikeness between two brothers be so great that they look more like strangers than brothers, and the likeness between two strangers so close that they look like brothers, we nevertheless feel instinctively, when we come to speak or deal closely with them, the essential identity which there is beneath differences in the brothers, and the essential difference which there is beneath likeness in the strangers. It is a common observation that a particular quality of the parent shall be absent in the child, but shall show itself in a very exact way in the grandchild ; or, again, that the quality of an uncle, or of a much more distant relative, shall come out in a most striking way in the child whose parents showed no trace of it. This latency or dormancy of ancestral qualities that afterwards wake again to open activity—which is known as Atavism—is proof that the effect of the union of two persons may be to hold special qualities of each other in a sort of neutralization or check, released from which they show themselves again, just as an element in a chemical compound exhibits its own properties again as soon as it is free. Hence it is that everybody may learn more of the deep foundations of his character—of what he is essentially and is capable of becoming—by the study of his relations than he will by the most scrupulously minute self-inspection ; for he may observe in one or another of them the full development of what lies dormant in him, hidden and indiscernible—the actual outcome of the deep-lying potentialities of the family stock. That is the way to get pregnant hints to a true self-knowledge, a knowledge of the aptitudes which may help and of the tendencies that may betray on the occasions of critical strain in life. These hidden qualities, although they sometimes remain dormant through life, may be stirred into open development by various causes, for example, by the shocks of the constitutional changes which take place naturally at particular epochs of life ; by the intimate bodily changes that are induced by the disturbing effects of such abnormal events as fevers or other illnesses ; by the outer stimuli of particular circumstances of life. Thus it is a familiar observation that a person whose likeness to his mother is more apparent at one period of life becomes more like his father at another period, or that a paternal quality which had never been noticed in a daughter at all is plainly evident in her after the climacteric change ; or that the stimulus of a great crisis in a person's life brings out ancestral qualities of which up to that time he was thought destitute.

Observation of diseased states appears to prove that these conclusions are of pathological, as well as physiological, value.

If any one would know whether he is likely to live long or to die soon, let him inquire whether old age runs in his family or not, for the good tissues of long life are apt to be hereditary, and he may commit a great many excesses or other errors without killing himself if he comes of a long-lived stock. In like manner he may get much help towards a knowledge of the diseases to which he is prone, and which excesses or other errors are likely to light up, by inquiring what diseases his forefathers or kinsfolk suffered or died from. Some diseases are notoriously reckoned to be directly hereditary in like kind, for example, epilepsy, phthisis, insanity. When a person has one of them we are not at all surprised

to learn that his father or mother had it ; indeed, we are apt to treat the discovery as a sufficient explanation, and to think that no more need be said. But it is not really an explanation ; it is merely an indication of the direction in which the exact explanation has yet to be sought. If it be a sufficient explanation, how does it happen that all the children of the same unsound father or mother do not suffer in the same way ? How is it that twins, living under the same conditions, have not always, as now and then they have, the same diseases at the same ages ? In calling a disease hereditary it is not really meant that the disease itself is actually inherited by the offspring, who in that case would be born with it ; what is meant is that the latter inherits a certain organic constitution, which being likely to undergo that pathological development in the ordinary circumstances of life, is therefore described as a constitutional predisposition or tendency to the disease. We do not in the least know what is the intimate nature of the predisposition, but we know that it may be greater or less in different persons, and that it is thought to be so great in the cases of the diseases mentioned, and so likely to be transmitted to children, as to be a serious objection, if not an actual bar, to marriage.

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One child may have it and another be free from it. It is a very rare thing for all the children of an insane parent to become insane ; indeed, it seems sometimes as if the child which falls a victim drains off the taint for that generation like a sort of scape-goat sent out into the wilderness, so that the other children escape. Nay, more, it sometimes happens that one child aided by propitious surroundings, collects, concentrates, and developes into some form of genius the erratic forces which carry another child, not so favoured by its circumstances, into the vagaries of insanity. In like manner, it is not by any means certain that all the children of a phthisical parent will have phthisis. And as regards epilepsy, although it certainly runs in families in a very striking way, only one person perhaps in a generation is struck by it. Cancer is popularly believed to be a distinctly hereditary disease, but so uncertain and irregular is its transmission, if it be, that some medical authorities doubt or even deny that it is so. In all these cases, however, it is proper to take due account of the beforementioned fact, that a disease-tendency which is latent or dormant at one period of life or throughout the whole life of the individual may undergo actual development at a particular physiological epoch, or on occasion of a great bodily crisis from some other cause (almost at the same time in twins, sometimes) ; and that a tendency which is latent or dormant in one generation may show itself actively in the next generation. Herein we recognise the pathological parallel of the physiological dormancy of qualities which was previously taken notice of ; disease-tendencies, like parental characters of mind and body, are held in check or actually neutralised.

Of the direct inheritance of morbid qualities, Dr. Maudsley remarks, suicide yields the most decided examples. Another notorious instance of such inheritance is phthisis. But neutralisation of these and other morbid tendencies may be effected by favourable interbreeding ; and the fact is profoundly significant, though we are ignorant of the conditions of success.

Here, then, we perceive the opening of a most interesting and fruitful line of medical inquiry, not yet ever seriously attempted, namely, the production and the elimination of constitutional disease-tendencies and disease-immunities in the offspring by the combinations of different parental disease-tendencies and disease-immunities. And not of disease-tendencies only of the same kind as the parent has. If a child have a disease unlike that which either parent had, it may nevertheless owe it to them; for there is abundant reason to believe that variations may occur in morbid heredity, just as they do physiologically. What are the morbid outcomes of the union of a gouty and a phthisical diathesis? How is it that diabetes runs alternately or coincidentally with insanity in families, as it certainly seems sometimes to do? What is the fit constitutional tendency to neutralise, in interbreeding, a predisposition to cancer? How best mate the person who has constitutional predisposition to madness, so as to neutralise it in the progeny, or, better still, to convert it into a good evolutionary variation? Why and under what conditions is it that the epilepsy of one generation is transformed into the insanity of the next generation? These and many like questions in reference to other morbid constitutional states easily suggest themselves for systematic investigation. When medical science is able to answer them precisely, and to make practical use of its knowledge for the prevention of disease, it will have achieved a work of protective hygiene such as the most enthusiastic sanitarians hardly yet dream of.

The near alliance of genius and madness is an old story.

The son or brother of a person who committed suicide, or was otherwise disordered mentally, may be a genius. It is no exaggeration to say that there is hardly ever a man of genius who has not insanity or nervous disorder of some form in his family. In order to go mad or to be a genius the person must be original—that is to say, must have a constitutional dissatisfaction with things as they are, and an urgent impulse to get off the beaten tracks of thought and feeling in which ninety-nine persons out of a hundred go contentedly all their lives.

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When any one has a tincture of originality in him, inspiring and urging him to think, feel, and do differently from all the rest of the world, he must be one of two things—either a genius who is in advance of the world, ahead of it in thought, feeling, and action, or a mad man who is alien from it; in both cases he represents an organic variation, which in the one case is physiological or evolutionary; in the other pathological and degenerative. He will be a genius when, along with his urgent individuality, he has a strong brain that fits him to maintain the balance between himself and the world, either by conforming aptly to circumstances, or by compelling the circumstances to conform to him; he will be a mad man when, along with his urgent individuality, he has a weak brain which fails to keep the balance. It is not very surprising, then, that when one brother makes a great name in the world another brother is perhaps shut up in an asylum, that some men of special genius are at times a little mad, or displaying a Paul-like enthusiasm and energy, seem so to the Festus of the day. However that be, the indisputable and instructive fact is that of two persons of the same morbid stock and of the same generation, the one shall exhibit a physiological variation which marks a new step of evolution,

while the other shall exhibit a morbid variation, which is really a step in degeneracy. Seeing, then, that in this case a valuable developmental variation is bred of an unsound stock by suitable union, what conjectures, legitimate or illegitimate, may we not form? Might not an equal constitutional gain of a different kind be perhaps obtained by the suitable union and happy direction of the excursive forces of other morbid constitutional dispositions?

*Apropos* of the common failure of great qualities, mental or physical, to pass by heredity, Dr. Prosper Lucas laboured to prove that there is a law by virtue of which variations, whether of mind or body, that pass to a certain extent beyond the mean are not inherited, the organic tendency being to revert to the mean.

Here, then, may be noted another law or tendency the like of which is observed in disease, namely, the tendency to revert to the normal type. When the body is disordered in disease its natural tendency is to right itself; its most stable and comfortable state is a state of health, and to that equilibrium it gravitates naturally, when it is not hindered by meddling medicine. So also is it through generations. It would not be possible to breed and rear a race of idiots or lunatics, however painstaking and persistent the attempts. Impotence and sterility would put a stop to the unnatural business. Nor would it probably be possible to breed a race of men to all of whom cancer should be as natural an inheritance as original sin. Either cancer would bring the race of men to an end, or the race of men would get rid of the cancer. Health is the normal and stable, disease the incidental and passing condition; and so it comes to pass that through generations, as in individual life, the organic bias is to make up shortcomings, to rectify deviations, to bring disorder back to order. Is not the law of heredity at bottom an expression of this tendency, since its operation is most evident in the preservation of the more stable characters of the species?

**LIBERTY AND LIBERALISM.** It is very commonly assumed that Liberalism—the political idea of the French Revolution—is the modern version of Liberty, that it is old Liberty writ large. Mr. Lilly undertakes to show that the two things differ widely in their principle, working, and practical results; that Liberalism is not a development, nor an exaggeration of Liberty, but its very opposite, its blight and its bane, its depravation and its death.

After defining civil Liberty as individual freedom, regulated by law, and setting forth Aristotle's view of this truth, he says:

The real political progress of Europe from those days until now consists in the gradual vindication of the personal, social, and public prerogatives which make up individual freedom. We may call it the evolution of the individual in the social organism, or federation of organisms, of which he is the cell: where each exists for all and all for each, and the life of each is multiplied by the common life of all. What the august jurisprudence of Rome achieved for the liberty of person and property is an oft-told tale, which I need not repeat. But I may, in passing, point out how closely the two liberties are connected. At the dawn of human history, neither personal freedom nor single ownership can be said to have existed. The social unit was not the individual but the family,

whose head possessed despotic power over the members. Common, not single, possession prevailed. For long ages, the unemancipated son differed nothing from a slave. Personal liberty and private property rose together; they developed together; and—let us lay that truth to heart—they now stand or fall together. The special contribution of the Roman jurists to human freedom is their working out, with cool, calm logic, of the law of private right. Unquestionably, the great fosterer of liberty in the modern world has been the Christian religion. For it, more than anything else, has developed a feeling of the infinite worth of human personality. And it is from personality that the rights of man, as man, spring. I do not undervalue the other factors which have been co-operant to this end. Chief among them is the Stoic philosophy, which, taking as its starting-point the consciousness of the individual, dealt, in a way untroubled by any previous system of thought, with his moral nature, his attribute of self-determination, developing the idea of ethical obligation, and seeking to estimate truly the meaning and worth of human life. Again, the tradition of virile independence which the Teutonic tribes brought from the forests of Germany certainly did much to teach Europe the dignity of man. Still, certain it is, as a matter of historical fact, that in Christianity, and in Christianity alone, was found a force able to destroy the domination of the State over the immaterial part of our nature. It enfranchised religion from secular chains, and laid the only true foundation for that liberty of conscience before human law, which is the most precious of all liberties, and the tutor of the rest.

#### To sum up :

We may say that liberty, considered as a fact in the world's history, and the most considerable of facts, is, if we contemplate it in itself, in its nature, freedom from constraint in the action of our faculties: that considered in its end, it is the exercise of personality; that its indispensable condition is a certain stage of intellectual and spiritual development—call it, if you like, civilisation, so long as you mean by the word something more than material progress—in which a man shall be capable of tending consciously towards the realisation of personality and that the law of its tendency is moral.

By Liberalism Mr. Lilly means the dominant political idea of the French Revolution; the political dogma current under the name throughout Continental Europe, as applied by the politicians now in power in France, as embodied in the *Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen*, and as originally promulgated in the writings of Rousseau, and especially in his *Contrat Social*. Its central conception is the doctrine of the "sovereignty of peoples."

The great political problem according to Rousseauian Liberalism, is, "to find a form of association which defends and protects with all the public force, the person and property of each partner, and by which, each, while uniting himself to all, still obeys only himself." And this problem is supposed to be solved by the assignment to each adult male of an equal morsel of sovereignty, or—for that is what it comes to—of an equal infinitesimal share in the election of one of the depositaries of sovereignty. The essence of Liberalism is, that only in equality, absolute and universal, is to be found liberty, which is therefore

the outcome of a simple mechanism. Pass a sufficient number of what Mr. Bright, in his honest, ignorant, rant, called "Reform Bills without tricks," so that every adult male may count for one, and nobody for more than one, and by this distribution of political power, whatever the moral, social, or intellectual state of its recipients, you realise the Liberalistic conception of freedom. "He digests, therefore he lives," said the admirers of Vaucanson's duck. "He votes, therefore he is free," say the sages of Liberalism, as they watch "the man and the citizen" performing at the ballot-box.

The new conception of civil society which Liberalism presents to us is, in short, a multitude of sovereign human units, who are free, because they occasionally vote in elections, and who exercise their sovereignty through their mandatories. In the will of this numerical majority we are bidden to find the unique source of all rights.

The laws made by the legislature, the policy pursued by diplomats, the judgments delivered by the tribunals, all must be dictated by this supreme power, from which, alone, they derive their validity. Next let us see "what kind of beast" (in Montaigne's phrase) this numerical majority is. Its attributes will be the attributes of its constituent units: the same virtues, the same vices, the same capacities, the same incapacities. Surely that is clear. There are those who maintain that as soon as "citizens" assemble in public meeting, or around ballot-boxes, they, or the majority of them, are endowed with a mystic light and virtue, are inaccessible to passion, temptation, error. With these fanatics—honest or dishonest—I do not argue. I leave to them their liberty of absurdity, only begging that in return they will respect my liberty of common-sense. What, then, is the ordinary man and citizen as he really exists, even in the most civilised countries? What is he, at the best, but a child in understanding, while too frequently, in Aristotle's well-weighed words, he is "not appreciably superior to the lower animals." Put before him the simplest train of argument, invite him to exactness, ask him to define, beg him to consider differences, and you will strike him dumb, unless, perchance, by way of answer, he damns your eyes. He views things disconnectedly, unable to make use of that "large discourse, looking before and after," which would interpret their connection. The very notion of causation is strange to him. Condemned by a law which shall never be broken—for it issues from the nature of things—to a life of manual toil, "his phenomenal existence, his extensionless present, his momentary satisfaction—this alone has any reality for him, and his energies are concentrated on its maintenance." Such are, and such of necessity must ever be, the great bulk of the numerical majority in every country. And, to this class, Liberalism entrusts absolute power. "What does your nephew know?" asks the Minister in Scribe's comedy. "Nothing at all." "Ah, very well, then, we will give him a place in the Education Department." But what is this to making the "Yes or No of general ignorance" the supreme oracle on all matters of public policy and of private right! The political theory of Liberalism is nothing but a new and far more noxious version of the doctrines of Divine Right and Passive Obedience—commonly supposed to have been long since discredited by the common-sense of mankind—the majority being substituted for a single autocrat. The dogma that in the will of one man, or of many men, is the source and norm of



right, of law, of justice, is absolutism ; and absolutism, which is merely materialism in the public order, is fatal to all that the wise have ever venerated as liberty. Civil and religious freedom dies before its uncreating word.

It is upon the toiling masses, however, little as they suspect it, that the hand of Liberalism is heaviest. Christianity taught the dignity of labour, while it emancipated the labourer. Liberalism unteaches that doctrine and persuades him that he is a disinherited sovereign, wrongfully condemned to a dull prosaic life of toil.

This is the work of Liberalism for the artisan ; to turn his free labour into slave labour. Uninformed by the great truth of the solidarity of classes, its effect upon the social organism is merely dissolvent. And, under its law of hate, all that gives grace and charm to life surely vanishes.

Take, again, another element of individual freedom, the right to dispose of one's own property.

The Liberalism dominant in France has shown plainly enough how hostile it is to this right. The publicists of that school regard property as a mere privilege, which the State may, at its pleasure, hold to ransom. Hence the monstrously heavy succession duties, which periodically ruin it and prevent its accumulation. Hence the tyrannical restriction of testamentary power, whereby France has been covered with " a multitude of small perpetual entails," while, at the same time, a deadly wound has been inflicted upon the spirit of the family, that sacred institution which, next to religion and in common with religion, is the source of all virtue, of all prosperity, of all true patriotism.

What more monstrous invasion of the prerogatives of the father, again, is conceivable than the arrogation by the State of a monopoly of primary education, in contemptuous disregard of a man's inviolable right and sacred duty to bring up his children according to the dictates of his conscience ?

What heavier blow could be given to individuality—that essential element of liberty—than to cast all the youth of a country into one common mould ? It must be owned that Liberalism here follows out consistently its main principle. Destroy all other inequalities, and intellectual inequality remains. Eradicate it wholly you cannot. But the best way to minimise it is by a uniform system of State education, like the French.

But the full of harvest of Liberalism is yet to be gathered in. The real question of the day is social, not political ; what there is to devour and who shall devour it ; and this question will certainly be helped to a solution by the doctrine of the supreme right of the numerical majority, who are, and always must be, relatively poor.

You tell Lazarus, in his rags, that he is equal in rights to Dives. " Equal in rights ? " says the beggar ; " where, then, are my purple and fine linen ? What have I done that I should lack even the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table, as he fares sumptuously every day ? It is unjust. There ought to be no poor. The wealth of the rich is a robbery of the poor. The vote must change all that. For, after all, *we* are the majority ; *we* are the sovereign

people." And the demagogue, whose very function it is to trade upon the envious and malignant passions of mankind, is at hand to promise him, in exchange for his vote, the infinite amelioration of the conditions of human life, by legislation. If any fact is certain beyond all possibility of doubt it is this : that to invest the indigent classes—the numerical majority—with absolute control over the possessors of property, is to condemn a country to rapid demoralisation. Free Association, in the largest sense of the word, is an essential part of liberty. To infringe it is a sacrilege against humanity. Liberalism, holding out the State as a sort of earthly Providence, issues necessarily in that Communism which shuts up human society within the barbarous moulds of an artificial mechanism, which destroys individuality, and depersonalizes man. True was the instinct which led Rousseau to curse civilisation, for it is incompatible with his doctrines. He is the great anarchy who is leading the world back to a state of nature, not such as he dreamed of, but such as we really find at the dawn of history, and the true account of which is—barbarism. If we may say, as we truly may, that Liberty is reason evolving itself as the commonwealth, so may we say, no less truly, that Liberalism is unreason evolving itself as slavery.

Can any nation be considered perfectly sane which believes that it is possible to determine what is right and wrong, just and unjust, by counting heads ? or which shuts its eyes to the patent fact that inequality is the universal law of nature ; as in the physical world, which is an immense hierarchy of phenomena, so in the intellectual order, the moral order, the social order ? or which tries to break with its past and to make a new departure in history ? or which insists that the electoral franchise is a natural right of man, an idea the "moral mischief" of which, when it has once "taken root in the general mind," has been so forcibly pointed out by Mr. Mill, and which is, at the least, as absurd intellectually, as it is morally mischievous ? Liberalism, with its inane pretensions to simplicity, its delight in *a priori* principles, is surely one of the most delirious delusions recorded in the annals of human error. It does not in the least recognise that the history of our race is, to the eye purged by science, the record of the efforts of real superiorities to assert themselves and to vindicate their divine prerogative. It has not even the most rudimentary conception of the great law of evolution. That all is a perpetual becoming ; that the relative, not the absolute, rules in politics, as throughout the whole of the phenomenal order ; that national life cannot be petrified in abstract formulas—all this is hidden from the eyes of its doctrinaires, who unhesitatingly apply the geometrical method to the public order, and deal with the State as though it were a triangle. The social organism tends to complexity, not to simplicity. An ever-increasing differentiation, an ever-growing distinction of functions, is the law of advancing civilisation. To that polity of the future, which may be dimly foreshadowed as the outcome of the world's political progress, the arbitrary classifications now current are inapplicable. Consider the various social elements scientifically, and aristocracy and democracy are misleading words. Certain, however, it is, that not a dead uniform level, but unity in the difference which is the necessary outcome of the growth of individuality, is the condition of that "commonwealth of men," indicated by science as the ideal to which society is advancing. Nothing, indeed, is more unquestionable than the antinomy

between the inevitable tendencies of Liberalism and the assured results of science. Nor can it be doubtful that, in the long run, and probably after incalculable loss to generations yet unborn, Liberalism will be annihilated by science ; for, in the event, fiction must succumb to fact, falsehood to truth, unreason to reason.

The doctrine of self-government by a people, not numerically, but dynamically, is the sum of political wisdom.

That each man has, of natural right, an equal share in the government of the country where he happens to be born, is a palpable absurdity. That all men not labouring under some sufficient legal disqualification should, when a certain stage of civilisation has been reached, exercise some influence commensurate with their importance in the social organism, no scientific thinker will deny. That all men have the rights of men, is self-evident. As self-evident is it, that all men have not the same rights. That justice is the foundation of the public order, is an essential and primary verity. That the will of the majority is the source of justice, is a stupid, an insane blasphemy.

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## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

MAY, 1886.

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THE ECONOMIC CRISIS AND ITS CAUSES.—There is nothing very novel in this exposition of the Economic Crisis and its Causes. M. Laveleye adopts, in the main, the same view as that taken by the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, whose article we lately summarised, that the immediate cause of the present stagnation of trade and its resultant suffering is the excessive fall in prices, and that this fall in prices is due entirely to the contraction of the currency consequent on the growing scarcity of gold.

As a bimetallist, he charges England with a large degree of responsibility for the evil, in maintaining a single standard and so imposing it on all other nations.

At the same time, he pronounces the existing struggle for gold to be the death-stroke of free trade.

The disastrous fall in prices has led France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Spain to raise their rates of duty, and has given birth in England to the "Fair Trade" party, which is simply Protection in disguise. How could it be otherwise? The public in general cannot understand the complex and insidious effects of monetary contraction or of the other causes of the crisis indicated. They see one alone, and that one is perfectly clear and unquestionable : it is that foreign produce can be purchased at a very low price ; and to prevent this they are logically anxious that the duty on it should be made very heavy.

The world's production of gold, M. Leveley points out, has fallen from over forty-one millions in 1870 to eighteen millions, while commencing with Germany, country after country has adopted a gold standard, and population is, at the same time, increasing. From the gold production of £18,000,000 the arts take £12,000,000 and the East takes £4,000,000; losses and wear and tear take £1,000,000, so that only £1,000,000 is left for the currency requirements of a world whose population is rapidly increasing. To see the effect of this, it is only necessary to glance at the amount of money coined in the principal countries of Europe.

In England, £4,000,000 sterling used to be coined yearly. Here is a list of the coinage there since 1878:—1879, £35,050; 1880, £4,150,052; 1881, £0; 1882, £0; 1883, £1,403,713; 1884, £2,324,025—during six years an average of £1,318,805, inclusive of the recoinage of sovereigns under weight, which, of course, adds nothing to the monetary stock. France, between the years 1850 and 1870, annually coined an average of about 300 million francs. Here are some more recent figures: 1879, 24 million francs; 1880, none; 1881, 2 millions; 1882, 3 millions; 1883, none; 1884, none—an average of less than 5 millions. It should be observed that the five millions coined in 1881 and 1883 were 100-franc pieces for the gaming-tables at Monaco. Belgium coined as follows:—in 1879, 0; 1880, 0; 1881, 0; 1882, 10 million francs (German gold remelted); 1883, 0; 1884, 0. The Netherlands:—in 1879, 5,810,360 florins; 1880, 501,000; 1881, 0; 1882, 0; 1883, 0; 1884, 0. Italy: 1879, 2,929,320 francs; 1880, 2,590,660; 1881, 16,880,560; 1882, 139,523,040; 1883, 4,069,500; 1886, 322,100. Austria, since the adoption of paper money, has coined about five millions' worth of florins in gold yearly (the florin is worth two shillings), a great portion of which gold is from her mines in Transylvania. Russia alone, of all the European States, continues to coin extensively, but the Russian imperials make their way to Germany, where they are transformed into marks and exported, thus disappearing from European circulation. Russia coined as follows:—in 1879, 36,125,040 roubles; 1880, 31,300,056; 1881, 27,144,051; 1882, 22,735,045; 1883, 30,407,056; 1884, 23,126,038. Germany: 1879, 46,387,060 marks (the mark worth a shilling); 1880, 27,992,240; 1881, 15,521,220; 1882, 13,307,080; 1883, 88,287,470; 1884, 57,661,740. Until the year 1879, Germany annually acquired and retained additional gold; since that date she has lost every year. Her excess of gold exportations (Soetbeer's table) was for 1880, 8,883,000 marks; 1881, 31,567,000; 1882, 10,585,000; 1883, 21,278,000; and 1884, 14,659,000.

But in England this change is far more disquieting than in any other country. According to Bagehot's table, to which I have already referred, between 1858 and 1878 England annually absorbed £4,432,000 of gold. Since 1878, exactly the contrary phenomenon is observable, as the following statistics clearly prove. Excess of gold exports (—) or imports (+):—1877, —£4,919,401; 1878, +£5,902,903; 1879, —£4,210,143; 1880, —£2,373,961; 1881, —£5,335,831; 1882, +£2,352,755; 1883, +£664,435; 1884, —£1,268,431. Thus between 1877 and 1884, instead of absorbing, as previously, £4,000,000 per annum, we see that she lost £7,940,408. Add to this the

£2,000,000 yearly consumed by the arts, and we find that the monetary stock in England has diminished since 1877 to the extent of £24,000,000. As Mr. Fremantle, the Director of the Mint, estimates that the amount of gold coin in England is about £120,829,000, it is evident that about one quarter of the stock has already disappeared.

• The diminution of the quantity of gold sent by Australia to England is also a noteworthy fact.

From 1871 to 1875, England received annually from Australia an average of £7,000,000; from 1876 to 1880 this average fell to £5,000,000; in 1881 it was further reduced to £4,470,186; in 1882 it amounted only to £2,996,549, in 1883 to £2,256,128, and in 1884 to £709,388. A more extraordinary fact still is that at the commencement of 1884 £920,000 in gold was sent from London to Melbourne.

The crisis in trade, it is pointed out, is now general, "India, which *alone* coins silver, being alone spared."

Here are two quotations taken at random. I read this in a letter from Paris in the *Indépendance Belge*, March 5, 1886:—"The decline is complete. No purchases are made, dancing is abandoned, money is lacking, and people close their *salons*. It is needless to insist on the part the industrial crisis plays in all this." Here is a Report of Belgian consul in Japan (July 5, 1885):—"The commercial history of the year 1884 in Japan is very far from encouraging. The Board of Trade at Yokohama reports as follows: 'If the losses have been less in number and less considerable than in preceding years, the profits have also been exceedingly limited. The figures for the past year show, on the whole, a marked decrease, even when compared with the very poor statistics for 1883.'"

It is useless to describe the miserable state of trade in Europe. The daily papers are full of details on this subject; iron-works and factories are closing on all sides, bankruptcies are frequent, companies fail to pay their dividends, workmen strike either because their wages are reduced or because they cannot succeed in finding employment, factories are burnt or sacked, farmers give up cultivating their land, which they let lie waste.

Again:

At the present moment in Belgium, just beneath my eyes, coal-mines are being completely ruined and abandoned, iron-works and factories are closed and deserted, and the buildings and machinery are left uncared for to perish little by little. Nothing is more sad than this gradual impoverishment, especially when compared with such a period of prosperity as that between 1850 and 1870, years of monetary plenty.

If while the fall of prices resulting from contraction of the currency is taking place, capital is destroyed and trade ruined, when a definite fall of prices is attained another category of evils will become perceptible.

Longstanding debtors, and more especially the taxpayers of largely indebted States—it must not be forgotten that these National Debts amount to £5,000,000,000 sterling—would be completely crushed for the benefit of the fundholders, for, in order to pay the sum owed, it would be necessary for the debtor to deprive

himself of far more commodities than when money was more plentiful. For example a taxpayer who is taxed to the amount of £1 when corn is worth £1 the hundred kilograms would have to deduct £1 from his revenue. If corn falls to half the price, he would have to deduct double the amount to pay his taxes and other calls upon him, and would probably be ruined. We see, then, that the victims of a fall in prices are the nations who are already overburdened by military expenditure. Stuart Mill explains that the consequence of this phenomenon is to despoil the active portion of a nation for the benefit of the do-nothings!

GOVERNMENT BY JOURNALISM.—Government by kings went out of fashion in England, says Mr. Stead, when Charles Stuart lost his head; Government by the House of Lords perished with Gaton and Old Sarum, and events are tending towards the extinction of Government by the House of Commons. Government tends ever downward; and the people are converting Government by representatives into Government by delegates.

The world has perceptibly shrunk under the touch of Stephenson and Faraday, of Hoe and Edison. We are all next-door neighbours. If anyone raise his voice, it is audible from Aberdeen to Plymouth.

The telegraph and printing-press have converted Great Britain into a vast agora in which the discussion of the affairs of State is carried on from day to day in the hearing of the whole people. Yet the new Witan can vote authoritatively only once in six years. Now a representative assembly that has ceased to represent its constituents has lost its *raison d'être*; and the reason why the authority of a House in this position is endured, is probably because it is tempered by the Press and the Platform.

The secret of the power of the Press and Platform over the House of Commons is that by which the Commons controlled the Peers and the Peers the King.

They are nearer the people. They are the most immediate and most unmistakable exponents of the national mind. Their direct and living contract with the people is the source of their strength. The House of Commons, elected once in six years, may easily cease to be in touch with the people.

A representative may change his mind in one direction, his constituency may change its mind in another, and they may gradually lose all points of contact with each other. \* \* \* The member immediately after his election leaves his constituency, and plunges into a new world with different atmosphere, moral, social, and political. But an editor, on the other hand, must live among the people whose opinions he essays to express. \* \* \* A newspaper must "palpitate with actuality;" it must be a mirror reflecting all the ever-varying phases of life in the locality. Hence it represents a district as no member can; for, whereas he may be a stranger, selected at a crisis to say ditto to Mr. Gladstone or to Lord Salisbury on some issue five years dead and gone, the newspaper—although, as Mr. Morley says, it to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven—is a page from the book of the life of the town

in which it appears, a valuable transcript of yesterday's words, thoughts, and deeds.

It is constantly up to the date. The day before yesterday is as the date of the deluge. Editors alone of mortals live up to the apostolic injunction, and forgetting the things that are behind, ever press forward to those which are before. The journalist is constantly *en evidence*. Constituencies sometimes forget they have a member. If they even for one week forgot they had a paper, that paper would cease to exist. The member speaks in the name of a community by virtue of a mandate conferred on poll-days, when a majority of the electors, half of whom may have subsequently changed their minds, marked a cross opposite his name. The editor's mandate is renewed day by day, and his electors register their vote by a voluntary payment of the daily pence. There is no limitation of age or sex. Whosoever has a penny has a vote; nor is there any bribery or corruption possible in that extended constituency which casts its votes—and its coppers—every morning or every evening in the working days of the week.

Nor must the reflex influence of the editor on his constituency be forgotten.

For the purpose of moulding a constituency into his own way of thinking the editor has every advantage on his side. An M.P., even if he be loquacious, cannot make as many speeches in the session as the editor writes articles in a week. And the editor prints every word, and spreads it abroad before his vast congregation, with "never a nodder among them all," as Mr. Lowell observes in his admirable preface to the "Pious Editor's Creed;" while the member addresses half-empty benches, and his speech is mangled by unappreciative reporters. For one-third of a year Parliament is in recess. The chamber of the Press is never closed. It is in perpetual session. For Parliament is merely a part of the machinery of government. The newspaper is that, and more besides. It has become a necessity of life.

Then there are its reports. It is the phonograph of the world. The importance of a spoken word depends more and more on the certainty of its getting itself printed. A great speech is now delivered in the hearing of the whole nation. No one knows or cares what goes on in Parliament after midnight, because the newspapers do not report late sittings.

The Press has a closure of its own, which it mercilessly enforces and few there be that escape it.

The Press has become the chamber of initiative.

No measure ever gets itself into shape, as a rule, before being debated many times as a project in the columns of the newspapers. All changes need to pass as a preliminary through this first tribunal of popular opinion. Not until it has been pretty well threshed out in the Press does a proposal of reform come to be read a first time in the House of Commons. This power of initiation it has secured by natural right. For in its free and open halls the voice of poorest and humblest can be heard. \* \* \* There is no such democratic debating-place as the columns of the Press: provided, of course, the debater



does not too rudely assail the great unwritten conventions which govern respectable journalism. For journalism in the possession of superstitions also is not unlike Parliament.

The importance of the Press as a gauge of public opinion might be enormously increased, but even now it is immense. Public meetings, it is true, are superior even to newspapers as exponents of public feeling, because they are the direct utterances of the Demos without an intermediary. But public meetings cannot be always sitting, and their effect, though enormous, is evanescent. Hence members anxious to know how public feeling is going are driven back on the newspapers.

Great, however, as is the power of journalism in its present undeveloped stage, it may yet become a much greater power in the State. The very conception of journalism as an instrument of Government is as yet foreign to the mind of most journalists. Yet the editorial pen is a sceptre of power compared with which the sceptre of many a monarch is but a gilded lath.

In a democratic age, in the midst of a population which is able to read, no position is comparable for permanent influence and far-reaching power to that of an editor who understands his vocation. In him are vested almost all the attributes of real sovereignty. He has almost exclusive rights of initiative ; he retains a permanent right of direction ; and, above all, he better than any man is able to generate that steam, known as public opinion, which is the greatest force of politics. In the realm of political dynamics he has only one rival : the Platform is more powerful than the Press partly because by its reports the Press is a great sounding-board for the Platform, and also because more men with faith—which after all is the only real force—go upon the Platform than upon the Press. Over the Platform the Press has great and arbitrary powers. It is within the uncontrolled discretion of every editor whether any speech delivered in the previous twenty-four hours shall or shall not come to the knowledge of his readers. No censor in France under the Empire, or in Russia to-day, exercises more absolute authority than English journalists. They decide what their readers shall know, or what they shall not know. This power of closure is enormous. One man is a favourite with the press, and his speeches are reported in the first person. Another man has offended the reporters or the editor, and his remarks are cut down to a paragraph.

But a journalist cannot only exercise an almost absolute power of closure both upon individuals and upon causes, he has also the power of declaring urgency for subjects on which he is interested. He can excite interest, or allay it ; he can provoke public impatience, or convince people that no one need worry themselves about the matter. \* \* \* The damnable iteration day after day of earnest conviction wears like the dropping of water upon the stone. No other voice sounds daily in their ears, "This is the way, walk ye in it." And it is not in one man's ears, but in his neighbour's and his neighbour's, until the whisper of the printed word seems to fill the very air. Even though they dissent, they have to reckon with it. They

know the man in the train or on the omnibus, or in the restaurant, has been listening to that unspoken voice. The very arguments which you reject, and the illustrations which seem to you misleading, are a bond of union between you and him—so much common ground upon which you meet, even though you meet to differ.

• Not only can the journalist generate force to drive measures through obstacles otherwise insuperable, it is his voice that usually decides which shall be taken first.

To the assertion, openly made of late, that a journalist is neither a missionary nor an apostle, Mr. Stead cannot subscribe. He says:—

Knowing as I do that it is given to journalists to write the only printed matter on which the eyes of the majority of Englishmen ever rest from Monday morning till Saturday night, I cannot accept any such belittling limitation of the duties of a journalist. We have to write afresh from day to day the only Bible which millions read. Poor and inadequate though our printed pages may be, they are for the mass of men the only substitute that "the progress of civilization" has provided for the morning and evening service with which a believing age began and ended the labours of the day. The newspaper—too often the newspaper alone—lifts the minds of men, wearied with daily toil and dulled by carking care, into a higher sphere of thought and action than the routine of the yard-stick or the slavery of the ploughshare. The journalist may regard himself as but the keeper of a peep-show, through which men may catch glimpses of the great drama of contemporary life and history; but he is more than that, or rather there are before him possibilities of much higher things than that. If, as sometimes happens, the editor is one who lives not merely in the past and present, but also in the future, to whom nothing is so real or so vivid or so constantly present to his mind as his high ideal of "an earth unwithered by the foot of wrong, a race revering its own soul sublime;" then upon him surely there is compulsion laid to speak of that in whose presence he dwells, and ever and anon, in the midst of the whirl of politics and the crash of war, to give his readers those "golden glimpses of To Be," which in every age have revived the failing energies and cheered the fainting hearts of mortal men. If that is being a missionary and an apostle; then a journalist must sometimes be both missionary and apostle, although to my thinking his vocation is more analogous to that of those ancient prophets whose leaders on the current politics of Judæa and Samaria three millenniums ago are still appointed to be read in our churches—it is to be feared too often to but little purpose.

But it is of the journalist as ruler that Mr. Stead would at present speak.

I am but a comparatively young journalist, but I have seen Cabinets upset, Ministers driven into retirement, laws repealed, great social reforms initiated, Bills transformed, estimates remodelled, programmes modified, Acts passed, generals nominated, governors appointed, armies sent hither and thither, war proclaimed and war averted, by the agency of newspapers. There were of course other agencies at work; but the dominant impulse, the original initiative, and the directing spirit in all these cases must be sought in the editorial sanctum rather than in Downing Street. "Take care of that *Pall Mall Gazette*," said Mr.

Gladstone in 1874, jokingly, to a Conservative Minister. "It upset me; take care lest it does not upset you." And what Mr. Gladstone said in joke of the influence wielded by Mr. Greenwood, other Ministers have said in bitter earnest of other editors.

One great secret of the power of the Press is the influence it brings to bear on divided Cabinets and distracted Ministers. Where a Cabinet is at sixes and sevens, a clear and decided stand taken by a powerful journal often turns the balance. The journalist who is able thus to throw his sword into the scale exercise more influence than any one outside the Cabinet, and oftener than many a Minister within it.

Even over the Premier he has two great advantages. He does not go out of power every five years, and he is free from the trumpery of State routine and subordinate patronage.

The influence of the Press on the decisions of Cabinets is much greater than that of the House of Commons. The House of Commons holds in its hands the power of life or death; but its authority is always exercised after the event. When a policy is making, it is dumb. Far otherwise is it with the Press.

It is never so busy or so influential as when a policy is in the making. It is most active when Parliament is most inert. Its criticism is not postponed until after the fateful decision has been taken, and the critics are wise with the wisdom that comes after the event. The discussion in the Cabinet goes on *pari passu* with the editorial polemic, and is therefore of necessity more influenced by it than by the *ex post facto* judgments which are delivered six weeks after by the House of Commons.

Another advantage of the Press is its freer access to experts.

Let any question—say the annexation of Burmah—come up, and within a week an energetic editor can have sucked the brains of every living authority in England or in Europe, and printed their opinions in his columns. Parliament can listen to no expert unless he is a British subject in the first place; in the second place, he must have persuaded a majority of householders in some constituency to send him to St. Stephen's; and in the third place, the subject must be brought on in some debate in which he can catch the Speaker's eye. Failing any one of these essentials, the expert's voice is dumb so far as Parliament is concerned, and of course, as for five months of the year, when the question has come up for settlement, Parliament itself is not sitting, he cannot be heard. The Parliament of the Press has no such arbitrary limitations. It has no recess, but is ever open, a public forum in which every one who is qualified to speak is freely heard.

The cant that it is not for journalists to do this, that, or the other, says Mr. Stcad, is inconsistent with any theory of civic responsibility.

Before I was an editor and a journalist I was a citizen and a man. As a member of a self-governing community I owe a duty to my country, of

which the sole measure is my capacity and opportunity to serve her. How can any one, who has the power in his hands of averting a grave evil, justify himself if he allows it to overwhelm his country, on the pretext that, being a journalist, it was not his duty to avert evils from the commonwealth ; his duty being apparently to twaddle about chrysanthemums and spin rigmaroles about the dresses at the last drawing-room or the fashions at Goodwood. A man's responsibility is as his might, and his might depends largely upon his insight and his foresight.

A journalist ought to be a perpetual note of interrogation which he affixes without ceremony to all sorts and conditions of men.

No one is too exalted to be interviewed, no one too humble. From the king to the hangman—and I have interviewed both—they need no introduction to the sanctum, provided only that they speak of facts at first hand bearing directly upon some topic of the day. That universal accessibility, that eagerness to learn everything that can be told him by any one who knows the fact, gives the editor one great advantage ; and another, perhaps as great, is the compulsion that is laid upon him to serve up the knowledge he acquired in a shape that can be read and remembered by all men.

Another limitation of the efficiency of Parliament, as contrasted with the Press, is the tendency of members to confine their attention to voters, who are after all but a seventh part of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom and barely a hundredth of the subjects of the Queen.

The constituency of the newspaper is wider. Everything that is of human interest is of interest to the Press. A newspaper, to put it brutally, must have good copy, and good copy is oftener found among the outcast and the disinherited of the earth than among the fat and well-fed citizens. Hence selfishness makes the editor more concerned about the vagabond, the landless man, and the deserted child, than the member. He has his Achilles' heel in the advertisements, and he must not carry his allegiance to outcast humanity too far. If he wishes to plead for those whom society has ostracized not so much because they are wicked as because they are improper, then self-interest pleads the other way. Mrs. Grundy tolerates crime, but not impropriety ; and it is safer to defend a murderer than a Magdalen, unless of course she belongs to the privileged orders, and is either an actress or the plaything of a prince ; and even then, while it is permitted to excite any amount of curiosity about her, the moral aspect of the case must be strictly tabooed. So rigidly is this carried out that it is doubtful whether, if an edict were to be issued condemning every woman to the Lock Hospital to be vivisected at the medical schools for purposes of demonstration, the more decorous of our journals would deem the wrong scandalous enough to justify the insertion of a protest against so monstrous a violation of human rights. The medical journals of course would enthusiastically support it ; the *Saturday Review* would empty vials of its sourest ink over the indecent Mænads and shrieking sisters who publicly denounced such an outrage on humanity and womanhood ; and the great majority of the papers would avoid the subject as much as possible, in the interests of public morality and public decency.

Mr. Stead has much to say about the sneers at what people call sensationalism in the journalist. While defending nothing in journalism that is exaggerated, or untrue, he holds that sensationalism in journalism is justifiable so far as it is necessary to arrest the eye of the public and compel them to admit the necessity of action.

When the public is short-sighted—and on many subjects it is a bleary-eyed public short-sighted to the point of blindness—you need to print in capitals. If you print in ordinary type, it is as if you had never printed at all. If you speak to a deaf man in a whisper, you might as well have spared your breath. If his house is on fire, you are justified in roaring the fact into his ear until he hears; and it is just the same in journalism. The myriad murmurs of multitudinous tongues all busy with “the rustic cackle of the bourg,” render it practically impossible for any one to obtain a hearing for the most important of truths, unless he raises his voice above the din. And that is sensationalism so-called.

It would not be difficult to maintain that nothing can ever get itself accomplished now-a-days without sensationalism.

Without going so far back as the sensationalism of “Uncle Tom,” or of the still earlier literature which abolished slavery, it was sensationalism of the most sensational kind which enabled Mr. Plimsoll, by sheer force of will, to drab a disk of paint upon the side of every merchantman that hoists the English flag. It was the sensationalism of the “Bitter Cry of Outcast London,” emphasized by a journalistic sounding-board, that led to the appointment of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor. And it was sensationalism that passed the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Sensationalism, in fact, is not unlike the famous chapel bell whose peal Mr. Gladstone heard and obeyed in the case of the explosion that shattered Clerkenwell. Or, if I may vary the metaphor I may compare sensationalism to the bladder full of dry peas with which it was the custom to rouse the sages of Laputa from reverie to attend to the urgent claims of life and business. The British public is not Laputan, but it often takes a deal of rousing. Even when its object-lessons have been written in characters of blood and flame, it has too often ignored their significance. For the great public the journalist must print in great capitals, or his warning is unheard.

Foremost, again, among the direct governing functions of the Press is its Argus-eyed power of inspection. Wherever you shut off any department from its supervision, you find abuses which would speedily perish in the light of day. The sphere of this inspection, Mr. Stead urges, needs enlarging so as to include lunatic asylums, prisons, work houses, and the like.

A editor of a daily paper, or his representative, should be *ex officio* vested with all the right of inspection enjoyed by a visiting justice or a Home Office inspector. If the right were to be conferred only upon one newspaper at a time, but allowed to all in rotation, an honourable emulation would be set up, and a sense of responsibility stimulated, for the discovery of abuses and the suggestion of reforms. It ought not to be necessary for a journalist to have to

personate a tramp to expose a casual ward, to get himself locked up as disorderly to see how the charges are treated at a police station, or to commit a misdemeanour to be able to say whether the "skilly" of prisoners is edible, or whether the reception cells are sufficiently warmed.

As a corollary, the law of libel should be so modified as to permit a newspaper much greater liberty to publish the truth than it at present possesses. A *bond fide* report of an inspection ought to be as privileged as a *bond fide* report of proceedings in a police-court.

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## THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

MAY, 1886.

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Social Aspects of the Revolution of 1789. By F. HITCHMAN	... —
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**FRANCE: ITS FINANCES AND ITS FREEDOM.**—The writer of this paper holds up the extravagance and the tyranny which prevail under the Republican régime in France as a warning to the ignorant English Radical who clamours for the establishment of a similar form of government in his own country.

France has abundantly proved that, of all forms of government, the most expensive is that of the people by the people.

There the Chambers have been invaded by a band of ignorant and incapable men, and, unfortunately, their incapacity and ignorance is equalled by their vanity and self-sufficiency. Avaricious of power and greedy for wealth as all parvenus are, these men see in their position a ready means of enriching themselves, and in order to do this they have not hesitated to bring France to the verge of financial ruin, and to burden her with a debt from which there is but one way of escape.

In the last year of the much-abused Empire the French Budget amounted to £69,608,559; in 1885 it reached the appalling sum of £142,279,044.

On the army, since 1875, the expenditure had risen from £20,120,000 to £33,840,000, and the expenditure on the navy from £5,042,855 to £11,567,624. Added to this, since 1870, the sum of £91,576,858 has been spent on the re-organisation of the army and defences; and £7,361,046 for extraordinary expenses connected with the navy. The expenditure on pensions has risen, during the same period, from £1,520,000 to £4,308,680; that on public instruction from £1,637,749 to £5,276,280. But the increase extends to

every item in the Budget, even to the firing, lighting and cleaning of public offices, of the cost of which in 1875 and 1885 the following comparative table is given :—

Office of	1875.			1885.		
	Firing.	Lights.	Washing	Firing.	Lights.	Washing.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
Ministry of War ...	1,040	250	25	3,060	1,220	312
„ Marine ...	876	230	18	1,756	856	260
„ Interior ...	970	280	3½	2,040	1,560	280
„ Commerce	800	100	24	1,600	940	460

So much for the economy of a Republic

For the last seven years the deficit in the annual Budget has been steadily increasing, and the floating debt has reached a sum which must severely shake the national credit whenever any attempt is made to fund it.

In 1879 there was an estimated surplus of £3,840,000, but an actual deficit of £3,612,921.

In 1880 there was an estimated surplus of £5,212,557, but an actual deficit of £1,400,000.

In 1881 there was an estimated surplus of £4,476,299, but an actual deficit of £3,589,520.

In 1882 there was an estimated deficit of £1,895,887, but an actual deficit of £13,687,042.

In 1883 there was an estimated surplus of £11,531, but an actual deficit of £13,688,288.

In 1884 there was an estimated surplus of £10,366, but an actual deficit of £14,792,092.

Instead of a surplus of thirteen and a half millions we find a deficit of close on fifty-one millions !

As instances of the laxity in pecuniary matters which prevails among French statesmen, the writer gives the following :

In February 1880, the sum of £184,000 was voted for the purchase of four houses in Paris, and for their conversion into an office for the Ministry of the Interior. Within a few months a supplementary credit of £71,200 was demanded and voted. In July 1881, the Minister for Public Works affirmed that the houses were utterly unsuited for the purposes required, and asked and obtained £87,920 for sundry alterations. Successive credits have been granted, until now the total sum provided exceeds three-quarters of a million sterling.

Yet another instance. The sum of £337,000 is annually voted as compensation to the victims of the *Coup d'Etat*. Amongst these so-called victims are 4 senators, 6 deputies, 8 *juges de paix*, 4 commissaries of police, 1 consul-general, 20 *sous-préfets*, besides 200 other functionaries of lesser degree. The claims of some of these victims are of the shadowiest ; many are heroes of the Commune, and as such, I suppose, are entitled to a double share of sympathy and assistance, for a bill has been introduced by the extreme Left proposing to retain, for the benefit of these so-called victims, one-fourth of the tax collectorships and one-fourth of the tobacco shops in the country.



The financial statistics of Public Works show the most extravagant outlay, with the most inadequate results. Thus, during the last five years, the enormous sum of £113,423,640 has been voted for extraordinary public works, and of this sum no less than £58,654,271 has been diverted to other uses.

Throughout France it is thoroughly recognized that these extraordinary public works have been merely undertaken to secure the return of certain men in certain districts ; so much so, that many of the lines are styled *chemins de fer electoraux*, and are named not by the locality through which they run, but by the deputy who secured their concession. Constructed on extravagant principles, and with a lavish expenditure of money, they cause a brisk trade at any rate for a time in the neighbourhood, and as the land is rarely paid for, but the owners indemnified by a payment of 5 per cent. annually on a highly-rated price, both poor and rich benefit alike. The cost of a line varies much with the political colour of the department through which it runs. As a reward for the defeat of the Duc de Broglie at a recent election, a short line was constructed which cost £51,000 a mile ; whilst in order to win over the voters of Saint Malo and St. Servan, a useless line was thrown up between Miniac and Chateauneuf, and two millions sterling spent in constructing two harbours, when one would have been more than sufficient.

As instances of what deputies may secure for their friends, I may briefly touch on the circumstances attendant on the purchase by the State of the Saint Bonnet-le-Chateau and the Alais-au-Rhone railways. The former line—a short branch seventeen miles in length—had for many years been worked at a loss. Call after call had been made on the shareholders, and finally the Company, land, buildings, plant, locomotives, and wagons, were knocked down at a forced sale for the sum of £1,200, some £70 a mile ; and now the beneficent Deputy appears on the scene, and finally the Senate ratifies the purchase of this same line for the sum of £120,000 !

The Alais-au-Rhone railway was also in difficulties. The shares stood at thirty francs ; its first issue of 500 francs debentures at 100 ; its second debentures were not quoted. Matters were becoming desperate, when overtures, through an influential statesman, were made for its purchase by Government ; its shares at one bound rose to 365, and its debentures to par, and now the unfortunate taxpayer is called upon to pay some £48,000 yearly as interest on hitherto worthless stock.

The writer proceeds to show how this vast amount of taxation is raised, the burden of taxation falling with crushing severity on the poor consumer. Fifty-nine millions sterling, moreover, is levied from the three-and-a-quarter million landowners of France, where, we are told by Mr. Chamberlain, that land is free, and the meanest peasant rejoices in his own homstead and acres.

Of the system of terrorism by which the Republic stifles public opinion the writer says :

In the army, the navy, the magistracy, all branches of the Civil Service, even in the Church, to be known to hold Conservative views is a sure bar to

promotion, often a certain road to degradation. Should a military officer desire staff employment, before being admitted to his professional examination, minute inquiries are made as to his political leanings ; and should he or his wife be at all devout, however capable he may otherwise be, he is considered to be under the thumb of the priests, and incapable of serving a Republic loyally. It may be said that this is an exaggeration. I maintain that I have understated the case. Many cases have come under my own personal notice, where military officers and civil functionaries have been compulsorily retired, unheard in their own defence, on the mere *ex-parte* statements of a police underling. This under a Republic which flies as its motto Liberty, Fraternity, Equality !

I have known a General of Brigade, an officer who held that rank on the bloody field of Saint Privat, who had fought, too, in the Crimea and in Italy, kept without promotion for fourteen years and finally placed on the retired list, with the curt reminder that he had been seen too frequently in Church. I have known a squadron commander summarily removed because he preferred to wear the decoration of the Legion of Honour as given him after Solferino, by Napoleon III, with its Imperial Crown, rather than the Republican badge with its wreath of laurel. I have known another officer of field rank compulsorily retired for joining in a religious procession in uniform and a *sous-préfet* removed from his post because he had on two occasions been seen walking with an *avocat* of advanced royalist views. In the year 1883 we saw over 600 members of the old magistrature removed solely and simply to make room on the bench for men of more pronounced views, and, in order to fill the country with creatures after M. Ferry's own heart, the Civil pension list was burdened with an extra million sterling. More recently, in the late electoral struggle, we have seen 165 priests deprived of their incomes ; 103 others removed to other cures because they were suspected of having incited their congregations to vote against Republican candidates ; nay, more : we have seen this very Government of the people for the people declare certain elections invalid because, forsooth, Conservative members had been elected, and because it was surmised that clerical influence had been at work in opposition to Government nominees. We have seen priests imprisoned for refusing to decorate their houses on the day of the National fête, and we have a magistrate fining a man for applying the epithet "Bonapartiste" to a fellow labourer.

On the other hand, the Republic takes care enough to aggrandise and protect its adherents.

Posts are multiplied for them without number, increased salaries and increased pensions are showered on them broadcast, whilst the ægis of its protection is thrown over the many who suffer from pecuniary or other indiscretions. During the process of the reform of the magistracy, appointments were made in violation of the laws of the land and with an utter disregard of the dignity of the Bench. A man's sole claim to advancement was his political character ; barristers without briefs, *avoués* without clients, and notaries without offices were eagerly seized on for the more important posts, and, in order to qualify them for the higher appointments, were rapidly passed through the lower grades.

And what of the much vaunted liberty of the Frenchman ?

There the curse of officialdom reigns supreme, and a man is hampered with an ever-present dread of those ominous words "*au nom du peuple Français*,"

from the moment that his parents describe his birth to the officials at the *Mairie*, to that last moment when the commissaire of police places his seal of office on the dead man's coffin ; then, and not till then, is the Frenchman really free.

There, from the age of twenty to that of forty, he is bound to military service ; without permission he dare not leave his native village ; and should he wish to try his lot in distant lands, and embark on M. Ferry's grand scheme of colonization, he finds himself in the rigid grasp of the law, liable to imprisonment as a deserter. There he finds himself at any moment called upon to entertain soldiers passing through his village to distant stations ; subject to communal and departmental taxes, all apart from those which the State annually levies. To carry the 'produce of his farmyard to the neighbouring town he is forced to submit to the iniquitous octroi ; and even in conveying game shot in one department to another he is liable to the same impost. Should he change his residence merely from one street to the next, he must get permission to remove the contents of his modest cellar, be it of cider or be it of champagne, and for the permission a tax is invariably levied.

\* \* \* \* \*

Freedom of thought and freedom of speech are forbidden save to those who profess the most revolutionary doctrines ; to these, indeed, to the miscreants of the Commune and of the barricades, every license is allowed ; but to those who cling to old-fashioned ideas, who "fear God and honour the King, and meddle not with those that are given to change," absolute despotism is practised. Even in the smallest of provincial towns "mouchards" abound, who report the views and exaggerate the speeches of every man known to entertain a feeling averse to the tyranny of the mob. The Government official who is seen reading the *Gaulois* or the *Soleil* is doomed to certain dismissal, and, in order to prevent the spread of Royalist feelings in the army, these papers are forbidden to be taken in by officers' messes, whilst the entry of all newspapers is prohibited to barracks !

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## TEMPLE BAR.

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MAY, 1886.

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**PAGANINI.**—The greatest violin player the world has ever seen was the son of a porter, who, nevertheless, was musical and taught himself and his son the mandolin.

Seeing that the boy, Nicolo, seemed to learn without effort, he made him practise assiduously on the violin, and he soon achieved such wonders on the instrument that public opinion invented all manner of absurd stories to account for his skill. They said he had a pact with Lucifer; his violin was made out of the wood used for his father's coffin; he had murdered his wife and given up the solitary hours of his imprisonment to incessant study. So persistently did the story of his imprisonment grow, that he took official steps to disprove it; while to show that the secret was not in the violin, he once changed instruments, when playing at Milan, with another violinist and amazed the audience by the wonders he nevertheless performed.

Fascinated as his hearers were by his extraordinary feats of execution, they were most impressed by the deep feeling, the passionate interpretation, the tears and the diabolical laughter he could command.

The father soon saw that he could not teach his son, and took him to Rolla.

The great man was ill in bed, and while the father went to speak to him the son seeing a violin with a large manuscript on the table, took up the fiddle,

and played at sight the concerto of which Rolla had left the manuscript in the room. Rolla, in bed, hearing the performance, asked who was the *virtuoso* who played in the other room a concerto bristling with difficulties, as if he had studied it for a long time. When he was told that it was a boy eight years old, who was brought to him to take lessons: "If that is a boy," said Rolla, "who at that tender age plays as he does, don't come to me to teach him, because he has nothing more to learn; at any rate I can teach him nothing."

It was then deemed advisable to let him come before the public and play after his own fashion, and he gave his first concert when he was nine years old. At fifteen, he was already the greatest violinist known, and he went to Paer to learn, not composition, but orchestration.

About this time, with the idea of freeing himself from his father, he took to gambling and lost everything, down to his violin, a valuable one presented to him by a Cardinal; but one Monsieur Livron came forward and lent him a Guarnerins on which he first performed a series of very difficult studies of his own composition and was covered with triumphant applause.

Monsieur Livron having refused to take back the violin, thus immortalised, he made an artistic journey through Italy, going first to Pisa and Lucca, and then to Venice, where he gave his first concert during the Santa Marta festival and met with immense success.

After this he accepted a permanent situation at the Court of Lucca, where, it is said, truly or untruly, he fell madly in love with one of the dames du palais. During one of the temporary retirements which he was in the habit of making for the sake of rest, an absurd story was got up that he had made a premature declaration of love to this lady and been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for his pains.

On one occasion he disappeared from the public platform for three years; and, as he re-appeared with a quantity of duets written for violin and guitar, it was duly reported that he had passed the three years in the bonds of secret love with a lady who played the latter instrument divinely. What is certainly true, however, is that he had gambled again and again, lost everything, and was about to sell his violin, valued at £200, to a rich amateur for £80, when, unexpectedly discovering thirty francs in his pocket, he tried his luck again. He lost all but half a crown, which he staked and won, and then won eleven times, double or quits, in succession, took up his £250 and never touched a card any more.

In Ferrara, on one occasion, his life was in danger.

A singer, Marcolini, disappointed him at the last moment, and the whim seized him to ask a dancer whom he knew, a Signora Pallerini, to fill the time

between his solos with a *pas seul*. She pleased the audience, but suddenly a whistle was heard from the gallery; Paganini coming on, announced that he would give an imitation of different animals, which he did with great cleverness, particularly the nightingale; when just as he was about finishing, he advanced to the footlights and said, "Questo è per quelli che han fischiato" (that's for the whistlers), at the same time, with all possible clearness, following a high note with a low one several times, and distinctly producing, "hee haw—hee haw!"

The Ferrarese peasants, who filled the gallery, taking this as an insult to them, were down in a moment, over the orchestra, on to the stage, so that flight by the back door and immediate departure from Ferrara was the only means to save Paganini from the infuriated mob.

The following story is told of his first public performance on one string:

He happened to play before the Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon I., when his *chanterelle* (the E string) snapped. Whether accident or his own design, the A broke after this, and he played so wonderfully on the two remaining strings a duet between two lovers, that the Princess said to him: "You do such incredible things, Monsieur Paganini, with two strings, that I am almost sorry that the D' string didn't give way too, so as to leave you only one string. I should have liked to see what it is possible even for a sorcerer like you to do on the G alone. "Qu'à cela ne tienne," said Paganini with the greatest equanimity, and he coolly took the D off, and began his famous variations on the Prayer of Mosè on the G alone. It is useless to try and give a description of the amazement, not to say stupefaction, of his hearers at this unparalleled feat, and of the admiration which followed the first surprise, when they saw what a man's hand could do with one string.

The Austrian ambassador in Rome was so deeply impressed with his playing, that he insisted on his going to Vienna, where he created a perfect mania. Bochen, the great violinist, after hearing him, is reported to have said: "I should consider myself wanting not in modesty, but in common decency, if I played in public again."

From Vienna Paganini went to Paris, where he carried every thing before him and speedily amassed a great fortune. He gained a reputation for avarice, but the following anecdote would seem to show that it was undeserved:—

Berlioz was, at the time of Paganini's appearance in Paris, giving concerts in order to make himself known as a composer. In this periodical I have before stated what struggles this genius had to go through, ere he could gain that recognition, so universally granted him since his death. At a concert where he conducted that great work of his, the *Symphonie Fantastique*, which the public was perhaps not so well able at the time to appreciate as well as some of the musicians of the Paris Conservatoire, Berlioz, crowned with the applause of his own orchestra, and nearly overcome by the excitement of his own work, was just going to lay down his bâton and withdraw, when a livid, glaring, fantastic, bony individual, looking the very hero of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, slowly approached him, his eyes glowing with a fire almost indicative of madness. He walked slowly, as if dragging himself up to the conductor's desk,

took Berlioz by the hand, threw himself on the floor before him, and in the worst Italian accent called : "Tou es oun Diou !" The reader guesses that it was Paganini. Next day he sent Berlioz the following short but telling letter : "Messieurs Rothschild have order to pay Monsieur Berlioz at sight twenty-thousand francs as a feeble acknowledgment for the happiness which his genius has conferred on his sincere admirer PAGANINI."

In Berlin he was received with as much enthusiasm as in Vienna. They painted his portrait on gloves, inside hats, stuck his bust on sticks and cigar cases and called a certain back stroke at billiard 'côup de billard Paganini.'

During his travels Paganini met a young singer, full of talent, Signora Antonia Bianchi. He engaged her to sing his solos, and they travelled together five years and became greatly attached to one another.

In London he achieved feats which appeared incomprehensible. One of his most extraordinary triumphs was when he was playing at Lord Holland's.

Some one asked him to improvise on the violin the story of a son who kills his father, runs away, becomes a highwayman, falls in love with a girl who will not listen to him, so he leads her to a wild country site, suddenly jumping with her from a rock into an abyss where they disappear for ever. He listened quietly, and, when the story was at an end, he asked that all the lights should be extinguished. He then began playing, and so terrible was the musical interpretation of the idea which had been given to him, that several of the ladies fainted, and the salon when relighted looked like a battlefield.

Of his character and his persecution by the church the writer says :

Without servility, he had respect for every class of his public, his motto being : *I grandi non temo E li umili non sdegno* (I fear not the great ones, nor do I disdain the humble ones). He was a great man, in the broad sense of the word, and all that jealousy, small gossip, and petty envy could invent, cannot make the man smaller. He maintained his family, whose demands were indiscreet to a degree, in brilliant fashion ; he gave innumerable concerts for the poor, and on many occasions gave proof of a large and liberal mind. He cared little for the persecution of ecclesiastical authorities. Until the entry of Victor Emmanuel in Rome, they maintained the Holy Inquisition, which, if it did not burn the people in the public square as they did in Philip II.'s time, under his kind-hearted minister the Duke of Alva, meddled with everything that any wealthy Catholic did, and took the basest advantage of the confession of servants to pry into the private life of their masters. Yet because Paganini did not give big sums to churches or priests, they, the priests, caused one of the greatest scandals known in modern times at his death. He was at Nice, suffering from a phthisis laryngis, and the doctor gave him no hope. I do not know whether he was asked to see a priest and refused, or whether he was not asked, in order not to draw his attention to his death being so imminent. Suffice it he got worse. During the evening he would have no light in the room, but suddenly he asked that his curtains may be opened, looked at the moonshine

with a happy expression, then he demanded the constant companion of his life and his travels, his violin. With a feeble yet determined hand he got hold of it, beckoned for his bow to be given to him. He began to draw a long note on his favourite sympathetic G string, and, playing, he passed away quietly, without suffering, dreaming of celestial harmonies which he had himself evoked so many times in the breasts of his hearers.

When he was dead, you would have thought the simplest thing would be to bury him. Not so. The Bishop of Nice forbade it, and sent a report to Rome where a commission of inquiry into the catholicity of Paganini was instituted, which inquiry resulted in a refusal to have him buried in consecrated ground. Monstrous as it may appear, *five years* passed over this dispute before his son—who was made a Baron in Germany—through connections, and the sacrifice of great sums of money, obtained permission to have a service read for him at Parma, in the Chiesa Steccata, built for the knights of St. George, after which he transported the coffin which contained his father's body into the country, to his Villa Gajona, and there buried him in May, 1845, when he had died on May 27th, 1840 ! And that in the nineteenth century !

The following anecdote is told in illustration of his love of children.

I have mentioned that he had a little son, whose pompous names were Alexander Cyrus Achilles. But at home he called him Achillino. A friend once called to take Paganini to the theatre, where he was to play in a concert in the evening, arranged between the acts. This is the description a friend gives of how he found him. "I went to Paganini's lodgings, and I cannot easily describe the disorder of the whole apartment. On the table was one violin, on the sofa another. The diamond snuff-boxes which Sovereigns had given him were one on the bed, and one of them among his child's toys on the floor ; music, money, caps, watches, letters, and boots *pêle môle* here and there ; chairs, table and even the bed removed from their place, a perfect chaos, and Paganini in the midst of it. A black silk cap covered his still deeper black hair, a yellow tie loose round the neck, and a jacket of a chocolate colour hung on him as on a peg. He had Achillino in his lap, who was very ill-tempered because he had to have his hand washed. Suddenly he broke loose from his father, who said to me, "I am quite in despair ; I don't know what to do with him. The poor child wants amusement, and I am nearly exhausted playing with him." Barely were the words out of his mouth, when Achillino, armed with his little wooden sword, provoked his father to deadly combat. Up got Paganini, catching hold of an umbrella to defend himself. It was too funny to see the long thin figure of Paganini in slippers retreating from his son, whose head barely reached up to his father's knees. He made quite a furious onslaught on his father, who retreating shouted, "Enough, enough ! I am wounded !" but the little rascal would not be satisfied ere he saw his adversary tumble, and fall down vanquished on the bed. But the time passed, and we had to be off, and now the real comedy began. He wanted his white necktie, his polished boots, his dress coat. Nothing could be found. All was hidden away. And by whom ? By his son Achillino. The little one giggled the whole time, seeing his father with long strides travelling from one end of the room to the other seeking his clothes. "What have you done with all my things ?" he asked. "Where have you hidden them ?" The boy pretended to be very much astonished and perfectly dumb. He shrugged his



shoulders, inclined his head sideways, and mimically indicated that he knew nothing whatever of the mishap. After a long search the boots were discovered under the pillowcase, the necktie was lying quietly in one of the boots, the coat was hidden in the portmanteau, and in the drawer of the dinner-table, covered with napkins, was the waistcoat. Every time Paganini found one of the missing objects he put it on in triumph, perpetually accompanied by the little man, who was delighted to see his father looking for the things where the child knew they could not be found; but Paganini's patience with him was unwearied."

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## LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1886.

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**HUMMING-BIRDS.**—Humming-birds are, perhaps, the loveliest things in nature, and so indescribable that, notwithstanding all that has been written about them, the first sight of one comes like a revelation to the mind.

The pictures in Gould's colossal monograph represent only dead humming-birds. A dead robin is, for the purposes of portraiture, as good as a live one, and the whole beauty of butterflies is seldom seen till they are dead or captive ; but the special beauty of the humming-bird depends on its swift, singular movements as much as on the intense gem-like and metallic brilliancy of its plumage.

The minute exquisite form, when the bird hovers on misty wings, probing the flowers with its coral spear, the fan-like tail expanded, and poising motionless, exhibits the feathers shot with many hues ; and the next moment vanishes, or all but vanishes, then reappears at another flower only to vanish again, and so on successively, showing its splendours not continuously, but like the intermitted flashes of the firefly—this forms a picture of airy grace and loveliness that baffles description. All this glory disappears when the bird is dead, and even when it alights to rest on a bough. Sitting still it looks like an exceedingly attenuated kingfisher, without the pretty plumage of that bird, but retaining

its stiff artificial manner. No artist has been so bold as to attempt to depict the bird as it actually appears, when balanced before a flower the swift motion of the wings obliterates their form, making them seem like a mist encircling the body; yet it is precisely this formless cloud on which the glittering body hangs suspended, which contributes most to give the humming-bird its wonderful sprite-like or extra-natural appearance.

The glittering garment of the humming-bird has never been and never can be imitated by art. In his work on New Guinea, Mr. Everard im Thurn says :

"Hardly more than one point of colour is in reality ever visible in any one humming-bird at one and the same time, for each point only shows its peculiar and glittering colour when the light falls upon it from a particular direction. A true representation of one of these birds would show it in somewhat sombre colours, except just at the one point which, when the bird is in the position chosen for representation, meets the light at the requisite angle, and that point alone should be shown in full brilliance of colour. A flowery shrub is sometimes seen surrounded by a cloud of humming-birds, all of one species, and each, of course, in a different position. If some one would draw such a scene as that, showing a different detail of colour in each bird, according to its position, then some idea of the actual appearance of the bird might be given to one who had never seen an example."

To the ordinary mind the humming-bird appears utterly unlike all other feathered creatures. It has been maintained by some that they are anatomically related to the swifts; but Dr. Schufeldt has come to the conclusion that the swifts are only greatly modified *passeres*, and that the humming-birds should form an order by themselves.

To the student of habits, they possess, strange to say, less interest than most birds, so monotonous and mechanical are all their actions. It has been frequently remarked that they are more like insects than birds in disposition.

Some species, on quitting their perch, perform wide bee-like circles about the tree before shooting away in a straight line. Their aimless attacks on other species approaching or passing near them, even on large birds like hawks and pigeons, is a habit they have in common with many solitary wood-boring bees. They also, like dragonflies and other insects, attack each other when they come together while feeding; and in this case their action strangely resembles that of a couple of butterflies, as they revolve about each other and rise vertically to a great height in the air. Again, like insects, they are undisturbed at the presence of man while feeding, or even when engaged in building and incubation; and like various solitary bees, wasps, &c., they frequently come close to a person walking or standing, to hover suspended in the air within a few inches of his face; and if then struck at they often, insect-like, return to circle round his head. \* \* \* Humming-birds often fly into open rooms, impelled apparently by a fearless curiosity, and may then be chased about until they drop exhausted or are beaten down and caught, and, as Gould says, "if then taken into the hand,

they almost immediately feed on any sweet, or pump up any liquid that may be offered to them, without betraying either fear or resentment at the previous treatment." \* \* \* The same insensibility to danger is seen when humming-birds are captured and confined in a room, and when, before a day is over, they will flutter about their captor's face and even take nectar from his lips.

• Though confined to one Continent, they promise to exceed all other families in number of species, over five hundred being at present known and a multitude of others probably existing. The most prolific region is West Brazil and the eastern slopes of the Bolivian and Peruvian Andes, the least known portion of America. The few collectors who have reached it, tell of a region surpassing all others in the superabundance and beauty of its bird life. Perhaps the most wonderful species known is the *Loddigesia mirabilis*.

An outline sketch of it would probably be taken by most people as a fantastic design representing a bird-form in combination with leaves, in size and shape resembling poplar leaves, but on leaf-stalks of an impossible length, curving and crossing each other so as to form geometrical figures unlike anything in nature. Yet this bird (a single specimen) was obtained in Peru half a century ago, and for upwards of twenty years after its discovery Gould tried to obtain others, offering as much as fifty pounds for one; but no second specimen ever gladdened his eyes, nor was anything more heard of it until Stolzmann refound it in the year 1880.

The eventual conclusion respecting the origin of the order will probably be that it has come down independently and with but little variation from an exceedingly remote past. While in colour and arrangement of plumage they vary more than other families, in other respects they are relatively stationary. They have been separated in two sub-families, the Phaethornithinæ, found in shady tropical forests, and the Trochilinae inhabiting sunny places. But in both these arbitrary groups the aerial habits and the manner of feeding poised in the air are identical, though the birds living in shady forests, where flowers are scarce, obtain their food principally from the under surfaces of leaves. In their procreant habits, too, the uniformity is great, and in their mode of building. The eggs, which are white, never exceed two, and anatomically they show little variation. This persistence of character is the more wonderful on account of their wide distribution over a Continent of most varied conditions, and of the fact that a majority of genera inhabit very circumscribed areas.

It is perhaps a law of nature that when a species (or group) fits itself to a place not previously occupied, and in which it is subject to no opposition from beings of its own class, or where it attains so great a perfection as to be able easily to overcome all opposition, that the character eventually loses its original plasticity, or tendency to vary, since improvement in such a case would be

superfluous, and becomes, so to speak, crystallised in that form which continues thereafter unaltered. It is, at any rate, clear that while all other birds rub together in the struggle for existence, the humming-bird, owing to its aerial life and peculiar manner of seeking its food, is absolutely untouched by this kind of warfare, and is accordingly as far removed from all competition with other birds as the solitary savage is removed from the struggle of life affecting and modifying men in crowded communities. The lower kind of competition affecting humming-birds, that with insects and, within the family, of species with species, has probably only served to intensify their unique characteristics, and perhaps, to lower their intelligence.

Not only are they removed from that indirect struggle for existence which acts so powerfully on other families, but they are also, by their habits and the unequalled velocity of their flight, placed out of reach of that direct war waged on all other small birds by the rapacious kinds—birds, mammals, and reptiles. One result of this immunity is that humming-birds are excessively numerous, albeit such slow breeders; for, as we have seen, they only lay two eggs, and not only so, but the second egg is often dropped so long after incubation has begun in the first that only one is really hatched. Yet Belt expressed the opinion that in Nicaragua, where he observed humming-birds, they out-numbered all the other birds together.

Another result of their immunity from persecution is the splendid colouring and strange and beautiful feather ornaments distinguishing them above all other birds; and excessive variation in this direction is due, it seems to me, to the very causes which serve to check variation in all other directions. In their plumage, as Martin long ago wrote, nature has strained at every variety of effect and revelled in an infinitude of modifications. How wonderful their garb is, with colours so varied, so intense, yet seemingly so evanescent!—the glittering mantle of powdered gold; the emerald green that changes to velvet black; ruby reds and luminous scarlets; dull bronze that brightens and burns like polished brass, and pale neutral tints that kindle to rose and lilac-coloured flame. And to the glory of prismatic colouring is added feather decorations, such as the racket-plumes and downy muffs of *Spathura*, the crest and frills of *Lophornis*, the sapphire gorget burning on the snow-white breast of *Oreotrochilus*, the fiery tail of Comets, and, amongst grotesque forms, the long pointed crest-feathers, representing horns, and flowing white beard adorning the piebald goat-like face of *Oxygon*.

Excessive variation in this direction is checked in nearly all other birds by the need of a protective colouring, few kinds so greatly excelling in strength and activity as to be able to maintain their existence without it. Bright feathers constitute a double danger, for not only do they render their possessor conspicuous, but, just as the butterfly chooses the gayest flower, so do hawks deliberately single out from many obscure birds the one with brilliant plumage; but they do not waste their energies in the vain pursuit of humming-birds. These are in the position of neutrals, free to range at will amidst the combatants, insulting all alike, and flaunting their splendid colours with impunity. They are nature's favourites endowed with faculties bordering on the miraculous, and all other kinds, gentle or fierce, ask only to be left alone by them.

**AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.**—Mr. Andrew Lang reminds his readers that, as far back as Aristotle, all the schemes for dividing the wealth of the rich among the poor that are being daily propounded as novelties had been tried not once, but many times, and found wanting, including even three acres, with or without a cow. As for communism, says the Master, it is against human nature, in fact, "impossible, and not to be done." "The remedy for such evils is not so much to equalise property, as to train the nobler natures not to desire more, and to prevent the lower from getting it."

Aristotle perceived, with very great clearness, that any attempt to deal with property must be backed by legislation about population. Now it is obvious to every student of the subject, that the classes which most desire to limit property are most active, where population is concerned, in unlimited addition. Even to them, therefore, it will be plain that drastic legislation on this subject is 'contrary to human nature,' in a double sense. But argument on this topic is of little avail.

To Comrade Karl Marx, and Comrade Champion, and all the Comrades, one may say what Aristotle said to Comrade Plato: "Such legislation" (for equality in property) "may have a specious appearance of benevolence; men readily listen to it, and are easily induced to believe that in some wonderful manner everybody will become every body's friend, especially when someone" (Comrade Plato, I fear) "is heard denouncing the evils now existing in States . . . which are said to arise out of the possession of private property. These evils, however, are due to a very different cause—the wickedness of human nature."

A system of common property would necessarily reduce the boasted Aryan race to an equality of starvation, out of which our descendants would struggle back into civilisation, and so on, *da capo*. "How immeasurably greater," says Aristotle, "is the pleasure when a man feels a thing to be his own, for the love of self is a feeling implanted by nature, and not given in vain."

Yet Aristotle had his plans for the relief of the poor. "He is aware how much harm is done them by indiscriminate charity, and would give them, not doles, but the means of stocking a shop or purchasing a small farm," the money for the purpose being taken from the public revenue.

He commends the happy device of the Carthaginians, of "sending the poor into their dependent towns, where they grow rich." Pleasant for the dependent towns! The favourite plan of relieving poverty, in Aristotle's own time, was "to get property confiscated in the Law Courts, in order to please the people." An excellent practical plan this; only, when you have confiscated *all* the property, and drunk it, what next? It is manifest that Aristotle was a great deal more clever at criticising the social theories of other people than at inventing reforms of his own which will hold water.

To the future student of Property and Poverty, Mr. Lang

would recommend a book less familiar than the *Politics* of Aristotle, the *History* of the Chichimecs.

The Chichimecs were not, like the Coqcigrues, a merely chimerical race, and their records, by Ixtlilochitl, himself a Chichimec by the mother's side, contain an account of Mexican dealings with Poverty and Property before the invasion of Cortes. As to the Land Question, affairs were managed thus: Each town and each village had its own territories, and out of the best of the soil was measured a large square plot, the exact size of which it is not easy to ascertain. This was called Seignorial land, and all the people of the town cultivated it compulsorily. There were other demesne lands, a kind of manor, the actual property of the head chief. Each quarter of the village or town again had its own allotment, out of the produce of which the inhabitants lived, being attached, as it were, to the soil, and prevented by law from selling their lots. Then the land was, as far as property went, in the hands of the chiefs, much as it was in the hands of the noblesse in Russia, while the population paid a kind of labour rent for the allotments which supported themselves. But in spite of arrangements which left the common people little personal liberty, while securing to them an interest in the land, wars and other troubles ended in famines, and the king, Netzahualcoyotzin, established relief works, building vast palaces. The poor were also permitted by this generous prince to gather wood for fuel in the royal chase. The king was one day wandering with a single attendant, like Haroun Alraschid, when he met a very poor boy, with a few wretched bits of twigs and branches. "Why don't you go into the forest?" said the king; "there you will easily gather more dry wood than you can carry." The child replied that to gather wood in the royal forests was a capital offence—in fact, he might as well have been a crofter on the outskirts of Mr. Winans's deer forests. "Who is the king?" said Netzahualcoyotzin. "He is a greedy ruffian," replied the child, whom the king caused to be brought before him next day, with his parents. He then loaded them with presents, thanked the boy for his engaging frankness, and made a law permitting dry wood to be collected in all the royal hunting grounds. Another day he saw a member of the proletariat point to his palace, and heard him exclaim, "The man who owns that house has all he wants, while we are dying of hunger." Next day he sent for the man and his wife, assured them that he was not so happy as they supposed and gave them presents enough to set them up in business. "What I give you would suffice for me," said Netzahualcoyotzin, "for he who has too much has nothing at all." The king also haunted the markets and shops of the poor, in disguise, and bought up their surplus stock of perishable goods at double its value. But Mendicancy was a capital offence in the golden days of good Netzahualcoyotzin. It will be observed that this monarch, though he had an excellent heart, was no more successful than Aristotle in devising any practical means of coping with poverty.

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## MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1886.

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SIR. THOMAS BROWNE.—Mr. Walter Pater's paper on the author of the "Religio Medici" is curiously unappreciative.

He is particularly severe on the "informal" literature of which Sir Thomas Browne, Montaigne and Jean Paul Richter furnish types, though admitting that it possesses the charm of sincerity :

The faults of such literature are what we all recognise in it ; unevenness, alike in thought and style ; lack of design ; and then, caprice—the lack of authority ; after the full play of which, there is so much to refresh one in the reasonable transparency of Hooker, representing thus early the tradition of a classical clearness in English literature, anticipated by Latimer and More, and to be fulfilled afterwards in Butler and Hume. But then, in recompense for that looseness and whim, in Sir Thomas Browne, for instance, we have in those "quaint" writers, as they themselves understood the term,—*coint*, adorned, but adorned with all the curious ornaments of their own predilection, provincial or archaic, certainly unfamiliar, and selected without reference to the taste or usages of other people—the charm of an absolute sincerity, with all the ingenuous and racy effect of what is circumstantial and peculiar in their growth.

And with special reference to Sir Thomas Browne, he says :

His style is certainly an unequal one. It has the monumental aim which charmed, and perhaps influenced, Johnson—a dignity that can be attained only in such mental calm as follows long and learned pondering on the high subjects Browne loves to deal with. It has its garrulity, its various levels of painstaking, its mannerism, pleasant of its kind or tolerable, together with much to us intolerable, of which he was capable on a lazy summer afternoon down at Norwich. And all is so oddly mixed, showing, in its entire ignorance of self, how



much he, and the sort of literature he represents, really stood in need of *technique*, of a formed taste in literature, of a literary architecture.

It is to the natural purpose of the humourist that this method of writing naturally allies itself :

Of the humourist to whom all the world is but a spectacle in which nothing is really alien from himself, who has hardly a sense of the distinction between great and little among things that are at all, and whose half-pitying, half-amused sympathy is called out, especially by the seemingly small interests and traits of character in the things or the people around him. Certainly, in an age stirred by great causes, like the age of Browne in England, of Montaigne in France, that is not a type to which one would wish to reduce all men of letters. Still, in an age apt also to become severe, or even cruel (its eager interest in those great causes turning sour on occasion) the character of the humourist may well find its proper influence in that serene power, and the leisure it has for conceiving second thoughts, on the tendencies, conscious or unconscious, of the fierce wills around it. Something of such a humourist was Browne—not callous to men and their fortunes ; certainly not without opinions of his own about them ; and yet undisturbed by the civil war, by the fall, and then the restoration of the monarchy, through that long quiet life (ending at last on the day himself had predicted, as if at the moment he had willed) in which “all existence,” as he says, “had been but food for contemplation.”

He himself dwells on the natural “inactivity of his disposition,” and he, as a matter of fact, passes very quietly through an exciting time :

Born in the year of the Gunpowder Plot, he was not, in truth, one of those clear and clarifying souls which, in an age alike of practical and mental confusion, can lay down as by anticipation the bases of reconstruction, like Bacon or Hooker. His mind has much of the perplexity which was part of the atmosphere of the time. Not that he is without his own definite opinions on events. For him, Cromwell is a usurper, the death of Charles an abominable murder. In spite of what is, perhaps, an affectation of the sceptical mood, he is a Churchman too ; one of those who entered fully into the Anglican, so full of sympathy with those ceremonies and observances which “misguided zeal terms superstition,” that there were some Roman Catholics who thought that nothing but custom and education kept him from their communion. At the Restoration he rejoices to see the return of the comely Anglican order in old episcopal Norwich, with its ancient churches ; the antiquity, in particular, of the English Church being, characteristically, one of the things he most valued in it, vindicating it, when occasion came, against the “unjust scandal” of those who made that Church a creation of Henry the Eighth. As to Romanists—he makes no scruple to “enter their churches in defect of ours.” He cannot laugh at, but rather pities, “the fruitless journeys of pilgrims—for there is something in it of devotion.” He could never “hear the *Ave Mary* ! bell without an *oraison*.” At a solemn procession he has “wept abundantly.”

Sir Thomas Browne's father was a merchant of London, with some claims to ancient descent, and left him early in possession of ample means. At the age of thirty-one he established himself as a

doctor at Norwich for the remainder of his life, collecting antiquities and speculating curiously on the mysteries of nature. The very faults of his literary work, its desultoriness, the time it costs his readers, his slow Latinity and lengthy terminations all breathe of the long quiet of the place.

At this time he had already completed the "*Religio Medici*," an incorrect version of which got into print in 1642, and fell into the hands of Kenelm Digby, who detected a vein of rationalism in it, and hastily poured forth his animadversions upon it. This drew forth a reply from Sir Thomas Browne together with a correct edition.

Mr. Pater makes the following general remarks on the scope and character of the book :

Browne's "*Religio Medici*" is designed as the expression of a mind more difficult of belief than that of the mere "layman"; it is meant for the religion of the man of science. Actually, it is something less to the point, in any balancing of the religious against the worldly view of things, than the proper religion of a layman. For Browne, in spite of his profession of boisterous doubt, has no real difficulties, and his religion certainly nothing of the character of a concession. He holds that there has never existed an atheist. Not that he is credulous; but that his religion is but the correlative of himself, his peculiar character and education, a religion of manifold association. For him the wonders of religion, its supernatural events or agencies, are almost natural facts or processes. "Even in this material fabric, the spirits walk as freely exempt from the affection of time, place and motion, as beyond the extremest circumference." Had not Divine interference designed to raise the dead, nature herself is in act to do it,—to lead out the "incinerated" soul from the retreats of her dark laboratory. Certainly Browne has not, like Pascal, made the "great resolution," by the apprehension that it is just in the contrast of the moral world to the world with which science deals that religion finds its proper basis. It is from the homelessness of the world which science analyses so victoriously, its dark unspirituality wherein the soul he is conscious of seems such a stranger, that Pascal "turns again to his rest," in the conception of a world of wholly reasonable agencies. For Browne, on the contrary, the light is full, design everywhere obvious, its conclusion easy to draw, all small and great things marked clearly with the signature of the "Word." The adhesion, the difficult adhesion, of men such as Pascal, is an immense contribution to controversy; the concession, again, of a man like Addison of great significance there. But in the adhesion of Browne, in spite of his crusade against "vulgar errors," there is no real significance. The "*Religio Medici*" is a contribution, not to faith but to piety; a refinement and correction, such as piety often stands in need of; a help, not so much to religious belief in a world of doubt, as to the maintenance of the religious mood amid the interests of a secular calling.

On his "*Garden of Cyros*" and his "*Discourse of Vulgar Errors*" he is still more severe. Of the latter work, he says :

Even the "*Discourse of Vulgar Errors*," the longest and most elaborate of his works, is entirely discursive and occasional, coming to an end with no

natural conclusion, but only because the writer chose to leave off just there ; and few probably have been the readers of the book as a consecutive whole. At times indeed we seem to have in it observations only, or notes, preliminary to some more orderly composition. Dip into it : read, for instance, the chapter "Of the Ring-finger," or the chapters "Of the Long Life of the Deer," and on the "Pictures of Mermaids, Unicorns, and some others," and the part will certainly seem more than the whole. Try to read it through, and you will soon feel cloyed ; miss, very likely, its real worth to the fancy—the literary fancy, which finds its pleasure in inventive word and phrase ; and become dull to the really vivid beauties of a book so lengthy, but with no real evolution. Though there are words, phrases, constructions innumerable, which remind one how much the work initiated in France by Madame de Rambouillet—work, done for England, we may think perhaps imperfectly, in the next century by Johnson and others—was really needed ; yet the capacities of Browne's manner of writing, coming as it did so directly from the man, are felt even in his treatment of matters of science. As with Buffon, his full, ardent, sympathetic vocabulary, the poetry of his language, a poetry inherent in its elementary particles—the word, the epithet—helps to keep his eye, and the eye of the reader, on the object before it, and conduces directly to the purpose of the naturalist, the observer.

But, only one half observation, its other half very out-of-the-way book-lore this book displays Browne still in the character of the antiquary as that age understood him. He is a kind of Elias Ashmole, dealing with natural objects ; which are for him, in the first place, and apart from the remote religious hints and intimations they carry with them, curiosities. He seems to have no true sense of natural law, as Bacon understood it ; nor even of that immanent reason in the natural world, which the Platonic tradition supposes. "Things are really true," he says, "as they correspond unto God's conception ; and have so much verity as they hold of conformity unto that intellect, in whose idea they had their first determinations." But, actually, what he is busy in the record of, are matters more or less of the nature of caprices ; as if things after all were significant of their higher verity only at random, in a sort of surprises, like music in old instruments suddenly touched into sound by a wandering finger, among the lumber of people's houses. Nature, "the art of God," as he says (varying a little a phrase used also by Hobbes, in a work printed later), Nature, he seems to protest, is only a little less magical, its processes only a little less in the way of alchemy, than you had supposed ; or rather not quite after the manner you so lightly thought. We feel that, as with that disturbed age in England generally, (and it is here that he, with it, is so interesting, curious, old-world, and unlike ourselves,) his supposed experience might at any moment be broken in upon by hundred forms of a natural magic, only not quite so marvellous as that older sort of magic, or alchemy, he is at so much pains to expose ; and the large promises of which its large words, too, he still regretfully enjoys.

And yet the "Discourse of Vulgar Errors," seeming, as it often does, to be a serious refutation of fairy tales, arguing, for instance, against the literal truth of the poetic statement that "The pigeon hath no gall" ; such questions as "Whether men weigh heavier dead than alive ?" being characteristic questions, is designed with much ambition, under its pedantic Greek title—"Pseudodoxia Epidemica," as a criticism, a cathartic, an instrument for the clarifying of the intellect.

If the temperament had been deducted from Browne's work, he adds, we should probably have remembered him little.

The "Hydriotaphia" or "Treatise of Urn-burial," together with the "Letter to a Friend upon the occasion of the death of his intimate Friend," is, after all, perhaps, he thinks, the best justification of Browne's literary reputation.

LONGFELLOW.—Mr. Samuel Longfellow's work furnishes a very remarkable text to Mr. Ruskin's sermon against the habit of modern biographers to confuse epistolary talk with vital fact. The two volumes make up about nine hundred pages, of which, probably, there are not more than fifty unoccupied by the journals and correspondence of the poet.

But then Mr. Longfellow makes no pretence; he boldly defends his method as the best that could have been adopted, on the ground that Longfellow's life, was unexciting and uneventful, and can be painted only by a multitude of little touches. Nevertheless, asks the writer, why give us so much of the second best, and he proceeds to show by quotation that the question is a pertinent one, and he adds:

We are very far indeed from wishing to cavil at this labour of love; and indeed the faults, such as they are, obviously arise from a feeling which one cannot but respect, while regretting that it should have marred what might have been so interesting a record of the life of so devoted and sincere a man of letters. How hard it must have been to let the editor over-ride the friend, to silence one of these voices of the dead, all will understand. Yet there is a duty imposed on all who would make a book for the people to read; and sentiment cannot be suffered to stand in its way. There must be passages in every journal which to the public eye will seem trivial and commonplace. The business of keeping a journal is apt to grow mechanical; sooner than let it languish the writer will jot down anything which comes into his head, merely to keep his hand in, or to satisfy the sense of duty. And often these insignificant entries will prove most pleasant and capable handmaids to memory, stealing fire and many another comfort from the fountains of the past. But to us who are not behind the scenes they have not this virtue. And it is the same with letters. Those yellow, faded pages which seem perhaps to us so bald, so pointless, so unnecessary, may to him for whose eye they were written have been through long years inexhaustible sources of consolation, tender secrets, sweet remembrances of the loved and lost, long lost but unforgotten.

"The touch of a vanished hand

And the sound of a voice that is still,"

may be felt and heard in every line—but not by all. There they are; the mere "epistolary talk," the passing chatter of the moment, the idle thought, the trivial record of an empty day—and "the vital fact." It is the business of an editor to separate the last from the heap and to give it to us. Mr. Longfellow has not done this. One cannot be heard on him for the defects of his book, remembering whence no doubt they came; but one cannot be blind to them.

The writer questions, moreover, whether the tale of such a man's life was to be best told in this way. Even his letters from Europe, though full of good temper, and a wish to be pleased with every thing and every body, are curiously impersonal, and the best of his travels is to be got from the pages of "Hyperion" and "Outre-Mer," save for the deaths of his wives and of his little daughter, the seventy-five years of his life were singularly serene and happy ones. His college duties, his friends, the books he read and wrote, made up the sum of his existence. He was hardly the man to be his own biographer :

One of that group of friends, of whom only such meagre and tantalising glimpses are vouchsafed us in these journals, would have drawn, we suspect, a better portrait. One there was—is, we can happily say—who would have drawn it well ; one whom all Englishmen of letters are even now preparing to welcome once more among them. What a picture might not Mr. Lowell have given us of his friend ! For he could have said, in the beautiful words in which Callimachus mourned for the dead Heraclitus.

. . . ἐμνήσθην δ' ὀσσάκις ἀμφότεροι  
ἥλιον ἐν λείσχη κατεδύσαμεν.\*

What pictures, too, could he not have given us of the men who went in those years to Craigie House, that pleasant home, so rich in memories of Washington and "the brave days of old," so rich now in memories of a gentler time and fame. Pictures of Emerson and Hawthorne, of Charles Sumner and Prescott and Motley, of Agassiz and Felton, "heartiest of Greek Professors," as Charles Dickens used to call him ; and of the Englishmen who came there to visit one whom England loved not less than America, of Dickens himself, and Thackeray, and Clough. What stories might he not have told of the suppers given in their honour, *noctes cœnæque deum* ; of the famous dinners of the Saturday Club ; and that earlier society, which called itself "The Five of Clubs," but by some wicked wags who were beyond the pale was called "The Mutual Admiration Society." Had Mr. Lowell done for Longfellow what Dr. Holmes has done for Emerson, what a book we might have had !

Longfellow possessed an ideal temperament for the man of letters, but hardly an ideal temperament for the poet. The forms that came to him were those of delight, rather than of sorrow, and, when of sorrow, of the kind that softens and refines the heart, not wrings or crushes it. It is on the tender, restful charm of his work, that his popularity as a poet rests. In the highest moment of his fame, it may be doubted whether it ever occurred to any one to call him a great poet.

It is unnecessary to compare him with Poe, if for no other reason than this, that Poe's volume of verse is so scanty, and much of it such mere verbiage. But assuredly Longfellow at his very best never reached such a height as Poe for

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\* "And I remembered how often we two had talked the sun to rest."

one moment stood on when he conceived the lines beginning, "Helen, thy beauty is to me." Sometimes, but rarely, he strikes a note that suggests something beyond the words, as in the close of this stanza from the poem called "My Lost Youth":—

" I remember the black wharves and the ships,  
And the sea-tides tossing free ;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea."

And in the shorter piece, "Daylight and Moonlight"—so short that it may be quoted entirely—there is a sense of something behind the veil, which is not common to him :—

" In broad daylight, and at noon,  
Yesterday I saw the moon  
Sailing high, but faint and white,  
As a schoolboy's paper kite.  
" In broad daylight, yesterday,  
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;  
And it seemed to me at most  
As a phantom or a ghost,  
" But at length the feverish day  
Like a passion died away,  
And the night, serene and still,  
Fell on village, vale, and hill.  
" Then the moon, in all her pride,  
Like a spirit glorified,  
Filled and overflowed the night  
With revelations of her light.  
" And the Poet's song again  
Passed like music through my brain ;  
Night interpreted to me  
All its grace and mystery."

And again in that passage where Evangeline wanders out into the night from the new home of Basil the blacksmith, on the banks of the Têche crying on her lover who seemed still to fly her as she followed :—

" Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded,  
Like a flute in the woods ; and anon, through the neighbouring thickets,  
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.  
' Patience !' whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness ;  
And from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, ' To-morrow !' "

And the closing lines of the poem, where the lovers come together at last, will always keep their place among the favourite and familiar passages of English verse for the infinite pity of the scene, and the tender, melancholy grace of the words. And passages touched with those qualities are frequent enough in his work. Pity he could command ; but the other passions he could not touch. His style is generally very level ; he rarely either rises or sinks. He never reaches, nor tries to reach, the grand manner : that was not at all his way ; but he never, or hardly ever, falls into mere baldness or verbiage. And he sometimes has singular felicities both of thought and expression.

His real title to fame, as an American poet, rests, the writer

thinks, on "Hiawatha," in which he has really broken new ground and moves with the bold firm step of a master of the soil :

It is a real epic, the Indian Edda, as Emerson called it, adding that it was "sweet and wholesome as maize." It is that, and more than that ; it has a strength, a movement and vitality, a breath of open air and broad sunlight about it, which are not general elements of Longfellow's writings. And it has his own charm too, the charm of simplicity, grace, tenderness.,

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## HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1886.

Faith. Engraved by W. B. Closson, from a Painting. By E. ARMITAGE, R.A.

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**THE LONDON SEASON.**—The time of the London season is not so easy to mark as its locality, which has its centre in Mayfair. Theoretically it begins after Easter, but not always actually. The same indefiniteness characterises its end, but its light begins to pale after the Eton and Harrow Match, about the 12th or 15th July, though there is often a flaming sunset in the week before the Goodwood races, with which it practically comes to an end.

In order to enjoy an unfettered selection from the list of "fashionable arrangements" to be found in the *Morning Post* every Monday, one must be what is called "in society," a status which according to the writer can be attained by any man whatever who possesses a suit of evening clothes and an ordinary amount of manners.

Such a one will have no difficulty in getting an invitation to an ordinary dance in the less fashionable circles. Once there, he must get introduced to one or two of the matrons present who stand highest on the social ladder, and



of possible, have ugly daughters. He must dance, or pretend to dance, assiduously with the children, and take the mothers themselves to supper. If one of the latter gives a dance herself, or is asked for men's names by a friend, the aspirant will not be forgotten, and will get his name down on a "list." He has then merely to continue this process as he rises in the world, with a proper devotion to leaving cards, calls, etc., and in a couple of years no ball or drum will be inaccessible to him.

Not so with a woman, who, unless she is fast, beautiful, or 'rich,' will find the steps of high life hard to climb. Those who fall within either of the above categories will have no difficulty.

If they are in the first category, which in spite of certain morbid writers, is still rare in England, they may get taken up by some nobleman or great personage, when they will become fashionable in a particular set, and be invited to the "frisky matron" balls. But the august mothers of society will look coldly on them, and they will pine in vain for invitations to the old established houses. Beauty, if accompanied by sobriety, can gain admission to any portal. If without encumbrances in the shape of parents who wish to "go out" too, some energetic matron with no daughters of a ball-going age will run the new "belle." If there is an ambitious papa or mamma, the process is more uncertain. The fair maiden having been first seen at a place of public entertainment, some enterprising woman, observing a chance of making her parties talked about, will send the stranger a card of invitation, mother and all. If she should be a success—an event impossible to predict, for the canon of beauty applied by society is varying and inexplicable—no entertainment will be considered complete without her, and rich and great will tumble over each other in their civilities to her show-man or show-woman as the case may be.

The method by which the rich climb the ladder can easily be described. In the first place, they must give a ball and secure the patronage of some lady within the charmed circle of the *grand monde*. She will probably be not very far within, perhaps the wife of a baronet or an Irish peer. This patroness sends out the invitations with her own compliments to all persons on her own lists, and to many who are not on, but who she thinks will come. She extols, morning, noon, and night, the integrity of her *protégés*, and the splendors of the coming entertainment. She lets her female friends know that the decoration of the front landing will cost £700, her male acquaintances that £1,000 will be spent on the supper. The first attempt will very likely be a partial failure. Few "smart" people will appear; the guests will sneer at the host instead of dancing with the daughters. But they will see the front landing, eat the supper, and talk about both afterward. Consequently when in a short time a second ball is announced, there will be a rush for invitations; the donors will receive cards from all quarters themselves, and may be considered henceforth "in society." The process is, however, an expensive one, and has to be kept up to some extent annually, lest the aspirants fall from their high estate.

As to the elements of which society, as it relates to the season, is composed, there are first the "ordinary votaries of pleasure," comprising the three classes, of girls and their mothers, frisky matrons, and young men whose age may be anything between fifteen

and fifty ; whose income varies from nothing to anything, and who may be of any profession; with every degree of failure or success. These three classes form the standing army of the season and do all the hard work.

Then there are the solemn peers and country gentlemen whose families are elderly ; who appear when things are well advanced and leave early.

The younger ladies of this set do not affect balls largely, except the specially "smart" ones, where it is creditable to be seen. You may meet them leaving these gatherings in the heavy family carriage about the time that the little broughams of the "frisky matrons" begin to arrive. They, however, do a good deal of fashionable work in the way of dinners, concerts, and church services.

Then there are the country folk who come up for a month when things are in full swing and take lodgings in the outskirts of Mayfair or Belgravia, shower cards upon their kinsfolk and acquaintances and often wait with sick hearts for long deferred invitations.

To these must be added the "spring captain," who is to the London season what the Mayfly is to the trout season.

He does not appear till the very pink and prime of the time, when he is upon the pavement in large numbers. He is "on" Piccadilly most of May and June, but abounds chiefly in the week between the Derby and Ascot. He is to be found of every degree of "smartness," from the polished "gunner" to the honest captain in a line regiment, with brown face, cropped head, and badly fitting white gaiters, whose share of high life is going to tea with somebody in Queen's Gate. Neither is there any "fashionable arrangement," except perhaps the scientific lectures, which he is unwilling to countenance. It is in Piccadilly, however, that he excels all competition.

Finally there are the pure outsiders, without West End connexion, dwellers in the suburbs and foreigners, who are content to frequent picture exhibitions, bazars, and concerts in "smart" houses lent for the occasion, or walk, sit and drive in the Park.

Among the "arrangements," the ball is first in importance. The really "smart" ball is seldom given before May. What is a "smart" ball is not easily explained.

In the days of our fathers, when society was restricted to what the papers call the "upper ten," it was simple enough ; but with the change of times it has come to depend on other considerations. A "smart" ball can now be given by a person whom few of the guests would have spoken to a year before. It may be "smart" because it is patronized by royalty, because it has an element of fastness, because the outlay upon it has been preposterous. On the other hand, it may be "smart" for good reasons—because it is given by people of great position, great hospitality, or great taste. Such a complete and healthy form of this species of pleasure used to be commoner a few years ago than at present, when a temporary combination of causes has stopped ball-giving in most of the great London houses.

Of the most ordinary type of this entertainment the following description is given :

There is always the hostess with her daughter at the top of the stairs, surrounded by a crowd who have bowed or shaken hands with that lady and who afterward appear as if they were trying to hide themselves from her and her offspring as fast as possible. The musicians are blockaded in one corner, and round the doors the black-coated young men cluster like bees in swarming-time. Mothers and daughters are ranged two or three deep round the walls, the more fortunate of the former sitting, but many on foot. In the middle of the room, reduced to an irregular space of about ten feet by six, struggling couples beat one against another. On their faces are expressed various emotions—high spirits and depression, malice and good humor, pleasure and pain. The floor oscillates ; wax candles sprinkle their substance liberally about ; hot young men open windows, and chilly dowagers shut them. Now and then a black coat detaches itself from the mass near the door, and with a patronizing air selects a partner, or makes a few gracious observations to a chaperon. Everything is sound and tumult, the only approach to repose being on the back stairs, where two or three couples sit in a blissful state watching other couples wedge their way to the tea-room through opposing masses who press back to the dancing. In the tea-room is a still denser throng, above which arms are raised waving tea-cups, glasses of lemonade, ices, and other light refreshments.

Behind the buffet the upper female servants, with a hired waiter to touch up, thrust anything they can reach into the hands of the innumerable suppliants. Later on, when supper is announced, the stress of the fight is transferred to the dining-room. A new element in the shape of the hungry and irritated chaperon now mingles in the fray. This imports a seriousness into what was before half playful, and most of the younger and more timid withdraw from all attempts to obtain food. The remainder squeeze themselves round small tables, or stand, disconsolate, eying the expanse of heads for a vacant space. The butler and footmen look haughtily about them, while hircings feed the guests. And so the battle proceeds till about three in the morning, when it probably turns into a ball, and the survivors enjoy themselves till broad daylight.

But there are balls where, owing to the status of the donors, or the fact of there being a multiplicity of parties on the same night there is more dignity and repose, and real enjoyment is possible.

Next to the ball, the commonest form of "arrangement" is the drum, or evening reception, which is less expensive and troublesome and presents more variety.

The *grand monde* and his wife, and everybody else and their wives, may be at a drum, or it may be a forlorn gathering, with half a dozen women seated together, and half a dozen men eying them from afar off. A drum may display a rich banquet for supper, or a table bearing biscuits and barley-water. After this the reader will not be surprised to hear that it is possible for a drum to be a very forlorn business indeed. But there is this consolation : every one can leave when he likes—a step that is not always possible at a ball, even for men, and seldom for women. Nowhere is that leading feature of a London entertainment, the superfluity of more than half its ingredients, more visible than at a drum. There is not

the slightest idea of harmonious intercourse present in the mind of a drum-giver. Any one she knows, or thinks she knows, is invited in the order in which the names stand in the "red book." The accepted conditions of most drums, however, make it unnecessary to consider the possibility of intimate or congenial society. The dearest friends might miss each other in the throng, or be unable to greet except over the bodies of their fellow-creatures. •The main object of going is to get away. The young and strong plunge in at one end, and come out at the other, looking as if they had waded through a torrent. •The older persons hang about in eddies and backwaters until they can work their way to the door. These are the drawbacks of the drum. On the other hand, it has this advantage—that persons can be met there who do not frequent the gayer forms of amusement. This is especially true of the larger receptions, such as the Foreign Office, Devonshire or Spencer House. Here you may meet old friends whose paths seldom cross your own and who do not, as a rule, "go out." There are also, few and far between, to be found intelligent persons who so arrange their drums that their friends actually come for recreation, and go away refreshed. These "at homes" on stated days require, however, very careful supervision, for it left to chance every one is sure to come on one night, causing a corresponding vacuum on others.

Then there is the bazar, which has amazingly developed of late years, and where "fashionable beauties play the part of shopwomen, conceiving that they are laying up treasures in heaven, when in reality they are showing themselves to fresh audiences and seeking excitement in a license of manners that is not permissible on other occasions."

No account of the season would be complete without mention of Ascot.

The races there take place at the very height of the season and are the Eden of *débutantes* and the harvest of milliners.

A greater show of good looks and good clothes combined is hardly to be found at any other butterflies' feast in the world. For most women go to Ascot mainly to show their gowns, which have been the subject of much anxious thought, and are an interesting index of the character of the wearers. Any new or striking development in this line displayed at Ascot may in a week be flaring in the remotest provinces. Every one who can extract a ticket from the Master of the Buck Hounds goes to the royal enclosure; those who cannot, take boxes, or view the races from the "drags." To a large portion of the spectators the races are almost as great a bore as the cricket at the Eton and Harrow match. There are, however, exceptions, even among the fair sex, some of whom find it pay to be lovers of horseflesh. These go regularly to the paddock to see the horses saddled, jockeys up, etc., or to watch the start from the top of the stand. The races begin and end by a royal procession down the course, headed by the Master of the Buck Hounds. Another feature of Ascot is the arrival and departure of the "coaches" through the narrow gate that leads to the various enclosures assigned to them—a proceeding greeted by much criticism and cheering on the part of the crowd.

Besides these, there are garden parties, comparatively rare and enjoyable only by "frisky matrons" and engaged couples.

The "Nilometer" of the season is the Park, by the state of which an experienced person can always tell the period of the years.

The fashion of making a picnic of the cricket matches at Lord's, formerly confined to the Eton and Harrow match, has latterly been extended to the Cambridge and Oxford match.

The suburban clubs, constituted for the purpose of social entertainments, are another feature of recent time.

They are conducted upon the ordinary club plan, but have grounds as well as a house, where polo, pigeon-shooting, lawn tennis, and other out-door amusements are carried on. Members can admit friends of either sex, and on summer afternoons constantly take down parties to see the polo or play lawn tennis, and to dine afterward. There is a new development of the same sort in London, where what may be called café and casino clubs have been established. At the former, such as the Bachelors' Club, ladies are invited to dine or sup by the members before or after the theatre. At the New Club, which is at present the only specimen of the latter class, a band plays every night at eleven, when persons who have been to the play, or have nothing particular to do, drop in and drink coffee and smoke. There are weekly balls in the season. Young ladies go to the balls, but the visitors on ordinary nights are mostly fashionable "friskies."

Among the forces which keep the season going are matrimony, flirtation, amusement and mere gregariousness. The old-fashioned "girl dance" is dying out, however.

The difficulty of tempting young men to attend such, without vitellian suppers is becoming greater. The theatres, plus suppers at the Bachelors' Club, the Park, Hurlingham, the New Club, give opportunities of social intercourse between the sexes which are daily becoming more popular.

Many young men now-a-days cannot marry. The mildest require a little flirtation now and then. The competition for husbands being so great, it is dangerous to flirt with a girl; hence the young men turn to the "frisky matrons," and this natural impulse is assisted by the fact that such a course is considered almost a *sine quâ non* of any pretension to smartness. The new forms of entertainment just mentioned are essentially "friskies," entertainments, and hence their advance in the popular estimation. Of course where the smart young men go, there the girls and their sweethearts will wish to follow, though with their lips they may abuse the wickednesses of Hurlingham and the New Club. The more enterprising maidens, therefore, are, as might be expected, beginning to vote balls and drums a bore, and to weary their parents with beseechings to be allowed to go to supper at the Bachelors,' or to the New Club to hear the band.

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## THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1886.

Jess. By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of 'King Solomon's Mines,' &c. ... —

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CHAPTER LIII.—*Another Disappointment.*

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**BALZAC.**—The writer finds the keynote of Balzac's strange, agitated and glorious career in the following passage of a letter which he wrote to his sister, Mme. Laure du Surville, when he was twenty-two years of age :

“If there were only somebody to throw some charm or other over my cold existence! I have not the flowers of life, and yet I am in the season when they burst into bloom! What will be the good of fortune and enjoyments when my youth is passed? Of what avail are the actor's robes if he has no longer a rôle to play? An old man is a man who has dined and who watches the others eating. I am young, my plate is empty, and I am hungry! Laure, Laure, my two only and immense desires *to be celebrated* and *to be loved*—will they ever be satisfied?”

The whole story of the novelist's career, with its alternate periods of misery and glory, ruin and prosperity, hope and despair; his dream of fame and love, and the curious family drama which followed his death, offer the material of one of those strange and moving tales which none but Balzac himself could relate.

Balzac was destined and educated for the career of a notary, but on his parent's questioning as to his projects for the future, he firmly declared his desire to become an author.

“My poor boy,” exclaimed his father at the end of an excited discussion, “do you know whither the trade of a writer will infallibly lead you? In

literature, you must be a king if you do not wish to be a beggar." "Very good," replied Honoré, "I will be a king!"

His parents, hoping that poverty might bring him to his senses, allowed him a bread and water *pension* on which he lived in a garret in the Rue Lesdiguières, which was thus described by M. J. de Pétigny in *La France Centrale* :

"When I arrived at the number indicated, I first thought that I was the victim of a practical joke. However, I ventured resolutely up a steep and dark staircase, and knocked in vain at several doors. The inhabitants were all at their daily work. One old woman, of whom I inquired for M. de Balzac, thought that I was making fun of her; another looked at me askance and took me for an agent of the police. Finally, I mounted to the very top, under the tiles, and there in despair I kicked open the last door, composed of a few planks loosely nailed together. A man's voice made itself heard. It was the voice of M. de Balzac. I entered a narrow garret, furnished with a worn-out cane-seated chair, a rickety table, and a wretched bed half-surrounded by two dirty curtains. On the table was an inkstand, a big pile of paper covered with writing, a jug of lemonade, a glass, and a crust of bread. In this den the heat was stifling, and the air was mephitic enough to give one cholera, if cholera had been invented at that time. Balzac was in bed, his head enveloped in a cotton nightcap of problematical colour. 'You see,' he said to me, 'the dwelling which I have left but once during the past two months. During all that time I have remained here in bed working day and night at the great work for which I have condemned myself to this cenobite's life, and which I have now happily terminated, for my strength is exhausted.'"

The work referred to, a tragedy in verse, called "Cromwell," proved an utter fiasco; but Balzac demanded another chance and was allowed to return to the paternal roof. During the next five years he produced forty volumes of fiction, which were published under various pseudonyms. Then he launched into printing and publishing speculations which ended in disaster and burdened him with debt.

In 1829, when he was thirty years of age, he published "Les Chonans" and "La Physiologie du Mariage."

Up to this time, Balzac produced painfully and laboriously.

Balzac, that vast brain, that penetrating physiologist, that profound observer, that marvellously intuitive mind, did not possess the literary gift; there was an abyss in his intellectual activity between the thought and its expression—an abyss which he vainly tried to fill up by throwing into it volume after volume and essay after essay. The forty volumes of his early years left the abyss almost as profound as ever; and even in the height of his talent and glory it was with infinite pains that he found expression for his thoughts, and only by dint of erasures and changes and additions which made his proof-sheets the despair of the printers and almost the ruin of his publishers.

Preoccupation about his style pursued him, indeed, throughout

life, and a fortnight before his death he was only beginning to "feel that he was fully master of his tools."

At last he became known, and editors and publishers came to knock at his door. His activity was almost incredible. The mere enumeration of the titles of his writings between 1829 and 1832 fills five and a half large octavo pages and includes three novels.

Balzac now took a house in the Rue Cassini and launched into some sort of luxury. He had come to the conclusion that, if he seemed to be poor, the publishers would pay him poorly. He made himself inaccessible and surrounded himself with mystery.

In the Rue Cassini he already had a considerable collection of books all bound in red morocco with, on the covers, the arms of the d'Entragues family, from which his imagination made him out to be a lineal descendant, while his reason proved to him that this pretension was utterly without foundation. He also added to his name the nobiliary particle and became Honoré de Balzac, whereas his certificate of birth shows that the child born on May 20, 1799—not May 16 as all his biographers have wrongly stated—was named simply Honoré Balzac, son of Bernard François Balzac and Anne Charlotte Laure Sallambier his wife. It was in this dwelling, where he remained from 1829 to 1836, that Balzac first adopted that curious monachal costume, draped in which his figure will go down in history, thanks to the portrait by Louis Boulanger. This ample robe of white cashmere or white flannel, drawn in round the waist by a girdle, perhaps symbolised for Balzac the claustral life to which his labours condemned him; a Benedictine of fiction, he assumed the Benedictine's costume, and he continued to wear it ever afterwards.

In a gallery of his villa he had a statue of Napoleon I, on the pedestal of which he had placed the inscription "Dominer l'Europe par la pensée, comme il l'a dominée par l'épée, et ne pas mourir à Sainte-Hélène." His powers of endurance were as wonderful as his fertility. He is said to have written "Le Père Goriot" in forty days, during which he slept less than eighty hours.

In 1831 he conceived the idea of entering political life, and became a candidate for the seat of Deputy for Cambrai and Angoulême, but failed miserably.

In 1836 he added largely to his debts, already alleged to amount to 120,000 francs, by the purchase and publication of the review called "La Chronique de Paris," and retired to a mysterious retreat in the Rue des Batailles at Chaillot.

Here the mystery thickens. Balzac cloistered himself so thoroughly in the Rue des Batailles that he did not even bear his own name; you asked for Mme. Durand. Nevertheless, in spite of the debts, the luxury goes on increasing, according to contemporary accounts. Théophile Gautier, in his sketch of Balzac, and Werdet, the bookseller, in his 'Portrait intime de Balzac,' give a description of the author's study at this time which corresponds exactly with



that of the splendid boudoir of 'La Fille aux Yeux d'Or,' and they speak of his whole lodging as being of a splendour worthy of a literary prince. What is the truth of the matter? Was Balzac obliged, as the story runs, to surround himself with a triple cordon of sentinels? In point of fact, I am half inclined to believe that Balzac's imagination got the better of him even in the grave matters of his debts, and I again cite the testimony of M. de Gramont, who was constantly in Balzac's society at this time. Balzac, M. de Gramont told me, liked to astonish people and to work upon their imaginations. It is true there was a password. You asked for the widow Durand, and the door opened at once. But why the widow Durand? Was it on account of the creditors? A little, perhaps, but principally on account of the National Guard. The novelist was a deplorable citizen-soldier. To my mind the real explanation of Balzac's cloistral life at this time, apart from the desire not to be disturbed in his work, was the fear of being forced to mount guard.

He had a carriage, a splendid coachman, and a Lilliputian tiger; a box at the opera and the Italiens; he frequented the saloons of the aristocracy of birth, finance and talent, and became the lion of Paris.

In 1838 he bought the villa of Les Jardies at Ville d'Avray, which afterwards became Gambetta's country-house; and, towards the end of 1840, he went to live at Passy, where he remained till 1847. All this time he worked hard and his fame grew apace.

In 1845 the fat ox promenaded through the streets of Paris on Shrove Tuesday in the butchers' carnival procession was called the *Père Gofiot*, in proof of the author's immense popularity, and the same year he was nominated Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Even his critics now began to cease insulting and deprecating him, and his rivals themselves were forced to recognise his genius. So far as his celebrity was concerned, Balzac had realised his fondest wishes, and as regards wealth he was not in such a precarious condition as the legend would lead us to suppose. His house at Passy was full of objects of art, amongst which was a cabinet which Balzac declared had belonged to Marie de Medicis, and for which he professed to have paid 10,000fr. "Did Balzac really pay 10,000fr. for this piece of furniture?" I asked M. de Gramont. "Heu! heu!" he replied, "I hardly think so. But Balzac listened so often to his prodigious imagination that he finally came to deceive himself honestly and *bona fide*." Balzac had an insurmountable tendency to exaggerate, and, as Gozlan tells us, whenever by chance he happened to talk about some serious establishment where he would retire when he became very rich, his imagination would construct it "in proportions so colossal and so splendid that Solomon would have retreated as rapidly as his sandals would have permitted before the enormity of the expense." However, in 1847, he was able to buy a house at the corner of the Rue Fortunée, now Rue Balzac, which had once been the residence of the financier Beaujon. In this mysterious retreat Théophile Gautier found Balzac living in the midst of old furniture, bibelots, books, objects of art of all kinds, porcelain, and pictures. "You see, we were right in saying that you are a millionaire," exclaimed Gautier laughingly, in presence of these treasures. "I am poorer than ever," replied Balzac; "nothing here belongs to me. I have furnished the house for a friend. I am only the guardian and porter of the dwelling."

This mystery was by-and-bye solved by his marriage with Mme. Evelina de Hanska. The story of his marriage is characteristically romantic.

One morning in 1833, shortly after the publication of "*Le Médecin de Campagne*," Balzac received by post a package which contained a letter and a copy of the "*Imitation of Christ*." The letter was grave, dignified, and tender. The writer begged M. de Balzac to accept this strange testimony of admiration, and expressed regret that distance and other circumstances rendered an interview impossible with the man of genius who had written such admirable pages. Balzac did not confound this letter with the scores of commonplace epistles which he was in the habit of receiving daily from misunderstood feminine souls in every department of France. He felt that the writer was no ordinary woman; he had a presentiment of the angelic influence which was destined to illuminate his laborious existence; and at the first opportunity he posted off to Neuchâtel, where the writer of the letter, Evelina de Hanska née Countess Rzewuska, was then living. This lady belonged to one of the most glorious families of Poland, a family that counted amongst its ancestors the illustrious politician and writer Wenceslas Rzewuski, who was Hetman and Grand-General of Poland under Stanislas Augustus in 1752. Her brother, the Count Henri Rzewuski, was a novelist and poet of the first order. Her sister was the wife of the poet Jules Lacroix, and her *salon* in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré has been one of the most remarkable and select literary *salons* in the Paris of the nineteenth century. Born in 1804, the Countess Rzewuska was married in 1818 to a Russian gentleman, the Count de Hanski, who left her a widow in 1847 with one daughter, who married the Count Henri Mnischez. When Balzac first made her acquaintance in 1833 she seemed to him to realise the ideal of *la femme de trente ans*, whose praises he had been the first amongst novelists to celebrate. Her face was beautiful, the features being fine, longish, and of aristocratic distinction, tempered with an expression of kindness and vivacious intelligence, which remained even in the portraits which I have seen where she is represented at a more advanced and sadder period of her life. \* \* \* But what was Balzac's delight to find that Mme. de Hanska was not merely a charming woman, but a woman of encyclopædic acquirements and singular intelligence!

Henceforward all Balzac's works passed through Mme. de Hanska's hands, and she became a regular collaborator in the "*Comédie Humaine*." Their friendship rapidly developed into a profound and tender passion, and, though Madame de Hanska lived with her husband in Russian Poland, they occasionally met.

Mme. de Hanska made one appearance at Paris, and Balzac thought nothing of posting off to Poland or Russia or Vienna to feast his eyes on the sight of his intellectual second self. One night at "*Les Jardies*" he woke up one of his friends who was sleeping profoundly. "Will you not come with me? I am going to start," said Balzac. "And where are you going at this time of night?" asked his friend in astonishment. "To Poland; will you accompany me?" "No." "Well, then, good-night!" "And you a pleasant journey!" On his return, not long afterwards, Balzac met his friend, and the first thing he said to him was, "Ah! my dear friend, I only saw her for a few moments! But what bliss to have seen her!"

At last, in 1847, the happy day came when Mme. de Hńska was left a widow. Their marriage was celebrated, at Wierzchownia, on the 14th March, 1850, and Balzac wrote :

"Three days ago I married the only woman that I ever loved, whom I love more than ever, and whom I shall love unto death. This union is, I believe the reward which God held in reserve for so much adversity, so many years of labour, so many difficulties encountered and surmounted. I have had neither a happy youth nor a flowery spring ; I shall have the most brilliant summer, the sweetest of all autumns."

In May 1850, they came to Paris and took up their abode in the mysterious house in the Rue Fortunée ; but their married bliss was short ; on August 19, 1850, Balzac died of heart disease, aggravated by excessive brainwork and abuse of coffee.

The history of Mme. de Balzac, after her husband's death, is a strange one. Before her marriage she had made over all her fortune to her daughter, the Countess Mnischez, with whom she now formed a common household living partly in Poland, partly at various continental watering places and partly in Paris, but she derived a handsome income from Balzac's works. In 1862 she bought the Château de Beauregard, at Villeneuve-Saint Georges, which henceforward became her favorite summer residence.

In 1875 she and her son-in-law commissioned the eminent architect, M. Eugène Monnier, to transform the portion of the old Folie Beaujon, which had become their property on Balzac's death, so as to adapt it to the requirements of modern life and keep alive Balzac's memory. M. Monnier planned a splendid palace, which was to have been his masterpiece ; but only a small portion of the project had been carried out when the works were suddenly stopped and the walls left a prey to the bill-posters.

Then came the beginning of the end.

"In virtue of an order of the President of the Civil Tribunal of Corbeil, dated February 9, 1882," the Château de Beauregard and all the furniture, pictures, books, objects of art, &c., which it contained were sold by auction. The sale took place in March, and lasted seven days. Already in the beginning of the year 1882 Balzac's house at Paris had been sold for half a million of francs to the Baroness Solomon de Rothschild, and several anonymous sales of pictures had been made on the account of the Mnischez household at the Hôtel Drouot. On April 10, 1882, Mme. de Balzac died, and almost before her coffin had been carried out of the house the bailiffs took possession, and everything was carried down to the Hôtel Drouot and sold "by order of justice." In 1875 the Hńska-Mnischez trio possessed a fortune which may fairly be termed immense, in as much as their annual income amounted to some 600,000fr. How such a fortune could have been utterly dissipated in the course of five or six years it is not easy to explain.

The Comte Mnischez, who became paralysed towards the end of his life died in December 1881. During his last years he was a nonentity in his household, and Mme. Mnischez, under those mysterious physical influences which often manifest themselves at the so-called turn of life, contracted a curious *liaison* which almost leads us to doubt her sanity. Furthermore, she and her mother appear to have had their heads turned by the splendour of the Universal Exhibition of 1878, where they made the most extravagant purchases, particularly in the Chinese and Japanese departments. Henceforward the two women were carried along by the mania of buying and collecting, availing themselves of all the opportunities which Paris affords for satisfying such a craze. Pictures, books, bric-à-brac, furniture, Japanese and Chinese curiosities, tapestries, diamonds—all equally fascinated their desire, and the aristocratic mansion in the Rue Balzac became a regular store-room like the bric-à-brac den in ‘La Peau de Chagrin.’ They bought and bought. Their bill at one picture-dealer’s amounted to two millions of francs; at half a dozen other dealers they had as many bills of a million; at Boucheron’s they owed a million and a half for diamonds. Naturally, the creditors began to feel alarmed, and as their bills remained unpaid some of them tried to recover their goods. What was their astonishment to find that part, if not all, had disappeared! Mme. Mnischez had resold at low prices many of the pictures which she had bought without paying for them! Such a crazy dance of millions had not been heard of at Paris before; the legal authorities and the *conseil de famille* intervened, and a delay of one month was obtained to enable, Mme. de Balzac and her daughter to endeavour to put their affairs in order. Just four days before this month expired Mme. de Balzac died, and thus immediately after the funeral was over, the bailiffs invaded the house and ransacked boxes, drawers, and cupboards, even turning topsy-turvy the three rooms occupied by Balzac, which his widow had so religiously preserved. Half a dozen boxes were broken open; one contained empty jewel cases, and the others papers and letters. Two of these boxes were sent to the Hôtel Drouot with the books and furniture to be sold; the others were emptied on the floor. M. de Lovenjoul, the bibliographer of Balzac, entered the house at this moment. The doors were wide open, and he had only to walk in. M. de Lovenjoul tried to prevent the sending of the two boxes of papers to the Hôtel Drouot, but in vain. However, he succeeded the next day in rescuing them and sending them back to the house, but they were already half empty. But this was not all: as soon as the bailiffs left the house the neighbours walked in. The house of Balzac had been for more than thirty years the *maison mystérieuse*, and naturally this opportunity of satisfying their curiosity was not neglected by all the gossips and shopkeepers of the quarter, who trooped in, and finding no other prey, helped themselves to the letters, family papers, manuscripts, and notes of Balzac that lay trampled under foot on the floors of the dining and drawing-rooms. The friends of the family did not know of this sacrilegious visit until the following day. They arrived in haste, hoping to save the rest of the papers, but in the interval the only servant left in the house had asked Mme. Mnischez what was to be done with them, and she had replied in despair, “Burn them!” And twenty-four hours afterwards the keys of the desecrated house of genius were handed over to Mme. de Rothschild who had for many years been coveting this corner lot, which marred the symmetry of her princely mansion and gardens.

The sale of the library was a heart-rending sale, everything

hurried and disorderly ; no attention paid to proper arrangement ; the weather wet ; the room damp and frowsy, and the chairs adequate.

The sale of twelve original manuscripts of Balzac's novels was the great event of the first day.

Nothing could be more interesting to the literary student than the sight of those successive series of proofs, proceeding by continual erasures, corrections, additions, and amplifications written on the broad margins, and, when the margins were not big enough, on scraps of paper of all shapes and sizes, stuck on with pins or wafers. The first proof contains the embryonic idea of a page or a chapter in a dozen short lines in the middle of a large blank sheet ; the last proof—often the tenth in number—contains the finished work, the page in its definitive form. But Balzac's manner of working has been so often described, so many anecdotes have been told about his proofs causing the despair of the printers, and his incessant corrections leading his publishers to bankruptcy, that I need not go over that ground again. Here they were, those famous manuscripts ! Here were those proofs over which Balzac had spent nights and nights of labour ! The manuscripts formed thin quarto or small folio volumes, in half or full morocco bindings ; the proofs were bulky, plethoric volumes in less splendid clothing. On the first sheet of the manuscript of "*Cæsar Birotteau*" was a pen-and-ink portrait of the illustrious perfumer by Balzac. The manuscript of the "*Contes Drolatiques*" was profusely enriched with drawings from Balzac's pen. The manuscript of "*Eugénie Grandet*" bore this dedication : "*Offert par l'auteur à Madame de Hanska, entémoignage de son respectueux attachement, 24 Décembre, 1833 : Genève, H. de Balzac ;*" while on the cover were some calculations—*comptes mélancoliques*, as Balzac used to call them—the total for this or that month, the total of his floating debt, the deficit, &c., a maze of figures in which reality is strangely mingled with dreams of wealth never to be realised. This manuscript was knocked down at 2,000fr., the highest sum attained for any of the twelve that were sold, and, like most of the other items of the sale, it passed into the hands of Parisian dealers, instead of finding a resting place, as it deserved, in the National Library beside the manuscripts of Corneille and the autograph of Molière. As for the rest of the papers, letters, and manuscripts that were sold, stolen, or trodden under foot, many were saved by M. de Lovenjoul, notably the manuscripts of "*Sœur Marie des Anges*" and "*Les Héritiers Boirouge*," so frequently referred to in Balzac's correspondence. M. de Lovenjoul bought them back from a small shopkeeper of the Faubourg St. Honoré, who had appropriated them on the day when the house was invaded by an indiscreet crowd of neighbours. Mme. Jules Lacroix, the sister of Mme. de Balzac, is also understood to have had in her possession many of Balzac's letters which will probably be published in due time ; but no exact statement can be made on this point, Mme. Lacroix having been almost as great a lover of mystery as her sister.

The collection of pictures and works of art was irretrievably dispersed.

The Count Mnischev died mad a few months before his

mother-in-law ; the Countess Mnischev is living in wretched solitude in a Parisian lodging-house.

**SOME COINCIDENCES OF LITERATURE.**—Of the startling literary "coincidences" collected in this interesting paper, we can give only a few examples.

Montaigne thus pleasantly justified his innumerable and unacknowledged debts to the ancients :—

"All, or nearly all, my borrowings are from authors so famous and so ancient that they seem to me to tell sufficiently themselves who they are, without giving me the trouble. Their reasons, comparisons, and arguments I transplant purposely into my own soil and confound them amongst my own to conceal the author and awe the audacity of those modern insolent censurers of writings of all sorts. I would have them give Plutarch a fillip on my nose, and lash themselves into fury with railing upon Seneca, while under the impression that they are railing at me.

But Montaigne has stolen and stored honey from every flower only to have his treasures appropriated by still less scrupulous thieves.

"This is the reason," says Montaigne, "that children, the common people, women, and sick folks are most apt to be led by the cars."

"Anger," says Bacon, "is certainly a kind of baseness, as it appears well in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns—children, women, old folk, sick folk."

Still more remarkable is the following coincidence :

He made a good answer who, when he was shown hung up in the temple the votive tablets of those who had fulfilled their vows after escaping from shipwreck, and was pressed with the question, "Did he not then recognise the will of the gods?" asked in his turn, "But where are the pictures of those who have perished notwithstanding their vows?" The same holds true of almost every superstition—as astrology, dreams, omens, judgments, and the like—wherein men, pleased with such vanities, attend to those events which are fulfilments, but neglect and pass over the instances where they fail (though this is much more frequently the case).—*Novum, Organum*, i. 46: Johnson's translation.

It is the root of all superstition that to the nature of the mind of all men it is consonant for the affirmative or active to affect more than the negative or privative ; so that a few times hitting or presence countervails oftentimes failing or absence, as was well answered by Diagoras to him that showed him in Neptune's temple the great number of pictures of such as had escaped shipwreck and had paid their vows to Neptune, saying, "Advise now, you that think it folly to invoke Neptune in tempest." "Yea, but," saith Diagoras, "where are they painted that are drowned?"—*The Advancement of Learning*, xiv. 9.

I think never the better of these almanack makers for some accidental hits, for nobody marks their false prognostics, because they are infinite and ordinary ;

but if they hit upon one truth, that carries a mighty report as being rare, incredible, and prodigious. So Diagoras, surnamed the Atheist, answered him in Samothrace who, showing him in the temple the several offerings and stories in pictures of those who had escaped shipwreck, said to him, "Look, you who think the gods have no care of human things, what do you say to these saved from death by their grace?" "Why, I say," he replied, "that the pictures of the drowned—the greater number by far—are not here."—*Montaigne's Essays*, i. 11.

Jeremy Taylor, in *Holy Dying*, says :

Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises and solemn bugbears, the tinsel and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and the noisemakers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watches : and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maidservant to-day.

Whereof the following, from the source already referred to, is certainly the original :

The cries of mothers, wives, and children ; the visits of astonished and afflicted friends ; the attendance of pale and blubbering servants ; a dark room set round with burning tapers ; our beds environed with physicians and divines ; in short, nothing but ghostliness and horror round about us, renders death so formidable that a man almost fancies himself dead and buried already. Children are afraid of those even that they know best and love best when disguised in a vizard, and so are we ; the vizard must be removed as well from things as persons which being taken away, we shall find nothing underneath but the very same death that a mean servant or a poor chambermaid died a day or two ago without any manner of apprehension or concern.—*Montaigne*, i. 19.

Gonzalo's ideal Commonwealth in "The Tempest" is an almost *verbatim* transcript from Montaigne, and a multitude of other passages of the great dramatist are traceable to the same source :

Mr. Swinburne has noticed the coincidence between Milton's

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—

That last infirmity of noble minds ;"

and the following lines from the tragedy "of Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt," written fifteen years before :

Read but o'er the stories

Of men most famed for courage and for counsel,

And you shall find that the desire for glory

(That last infirmity of noble minds)

Was the last frailty wise men e'er put off,

The common source of inspiration, however, is probably to be found in Tacitus, *Hist.* iv. 6 "etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur ;" though it is scarcely likely that two thieves would have independently hit upon "noble minds" as a suitable disguise for "sapientibus."

The witticism attributed to Tallyrand, that "words were given us to conceal our thoughts," goes further back than Goldsmith, to whom it has been traced.

"The true use of speech," says Jack Spindle in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," "is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them." But Young before him had written :—

Where Nature's end of language is declined,  
And men talk only to conceal their mind.

And, before Young, South had preached, in one of his wittiest sermons :—

In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our politic sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, but to wise men whereby to conceal it.

Burns'

"The rank is but the guinea stamp ;  
The man's the gowd for a' that"—

is common to him with Sterne and Wycherley, the latter of whom in his "Plain Dealer," has : "I weigh the man, not his title ; 'tis not the King's stamp can make the metal better.

Of more audacious and unblushing literary felonies Paley's famous watch, a pinchbeck contrivance, which "has only just stopped after ticking from ten thousand pulpits for one hundred years," is a notable instance.

Paley's "watch" was indisputably stolen from Nieuwentyt, the Dutch Philosopher, as translated by Chamberlayne, as the following parallel passages show :—

Over the face of the watch there is placed a glass, a material employed in no other part of the work, but in the room of which, if there had been any other than a transparent substance, the hour could not have been seen without opening the case.—*Paley's Evidences.*

Over the hand there is placed a clear glass in the place of which, if there were any other than a transparent substance, the hour could not have been seen without opening the case.—*Chamberlayne's Translation of Nieuwentyt.*

**SOME FAROE NOTES.**—Accessible only by the mail steamer from Copenhagen to Thorshavn, which runs, on the average, once a month, calling at Leith on the way, or by yacht, or by a chance trading schooner, the Faroes are among the few places where the tourist is still honoured less for his money than his personal presence. In some years the islands are visited by none but Danes, but ordinarily two or three Englishmen arrive, with their guns and fishing rods, and settle down much as they would settle down on Juan Fernandez.

For weeks they are not bored with letters or English newspapers ; for weeks they are among a people as primitive as any in Europe, who speak a language peculiar to themselves, who catch and eat whales when they can, and among whom, from time immemorial, serious crime (such as murder and adultery) has had no place. And, be the weather ever so wild and unsettled,



the Faroe fogs ever so persistent, it will be odd if these two or three Englishmen leave the island eventually without a pang of regret. They may have caught few trout worth the catching, shot nothing but a score of snipe and oyster-catchers (with, may be, one hare, out of season, for which they have had to pay a fine of six shillings), and never set foot upon one of Faroe's little mountains, ribbed with snow even in August ; but they will think with regret of the rare tranquillity of the life, its healthiness, and the genial kindnesses of the simple but more than hospitable inhabitants of the isles.

The population of these remote islands numbers a little over eleven thousand, and seems to be increasing, and, notwithstanding the barrenness of the land, a rude kind of plenty prevails. The fishing seldom fails to be remunerative ; and a considerable trade is done in hosiery and sheep. Then there are the whales, which, in some years, are driven ashore to the number of as many as two thousand, which are worth in all about £3-7-6 each. One of them will furnish sufficient food for a Faroe household for weeks. Besides whales and fish, sea-fowl form a common article of food.

The manner in which the fowler goes to his work is interesting :—

He has primarily to consider the wind, inasmuch as this is the chief assistant force which he presses into his service. If the wind be favourable, he takes his long net, mounted on a stout wooden handle and frame, and goes to that particular cleft or crevice in the sea-rocks which he knows to offer a chance of sport. Down here he carefully clambers, until he finds good standing and working room where the birds are bustling past him before the wind. It is then a matter of muscles and routine. By barring the passage with his net he inevitably catches all the birds that continue their flight through the rift ; and his attributes then must be mainly those of strength and endurance. Of course, not everywhere can a fowler attain to his perch by the exclusive use of his legs. Infinite pluck and nerve are both necessary. And so honourable a calling in youth is that of a fowler considered that you may hear grave and grey men of means and position recounting with sparkling eyes the adventures of their younger days, on such-and-such a rock, with an understood, if not uttered, regret that such days are over and past for them.

The Faroes are so rocky that every available landing-place is the nucleus of a little town, and in the interior there are hardly a hundred yards of level ground anywhere. Not a tree is anywhere to be found, but a peculiar kind of firm, reddish grass on the mountain sides affords good pasture for sheep and horses. Potatoes, rye and barley are the chief crops.

The coast line in parts is stupendous, the most eccentric rock-formation in all the isles being perhaps that of Kunoe, with its mountains of every conceivable shape, from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet high, sinking, in most places, sheer to the sea.

The people are as kindly, open-hearted, honest and hospitable a race as are to be found in the world, with few of the vices or faults of civilisation and entirely free from avarice.

A Faroese will do for love what a handful of silver will not constrain him to do ; and more than once I was met with simple but violent expostulation (short, and indeed coarse) when I offered a man money in acknowledgment of self-sacrificial labour on my behalf. "We do not things in that way in Faroe !" said one man. "If you have money to spare, it is good, but give it not to me ; do not try to make me take it, for I will not." Nor was this the mere artifice of a rustic Tartuffe. The "crescendo" of his voice was emphasised by the deepened red of his face, and he walked away like a big child in a temper. Again, when away from Thorshavn, staying awhile at this or that farm-house in a distant part of the coast, if I wanted to return to the capital, it was always probable that there would be some competition between the different able-bodied men of the village as to which of them should make up the boat's crew to row me back. They were willing to sacrifice their day's work at home, to undertake the labour which often develops into positive danger of a row through the strong currents of the Faroe coastlines, and it was understood that the passage was to be a free one—for no money consideration, that is.

The writer lived three days in a farm-house, waited on with infinite courtesy and kindness by every one and living on the best that could be found or concocted, and at the end the hostess could with difficulty be persuaded to take a sum equal to something less than six shillings ; and generally no amount of entreaty will prevail on a host to assess the money value of his hospitality.

Though three-fourths of the islands have chronic colds, the Faroes are among the healthiest localities in the world. The average duration of life is over forty-four years and great longevity is common. Yet the damp is so great that it is impossible to keep anything dry.

Guns rust in a day, even in a warmed room. British-made boots wear out with extraordinary rapidity. Clothes from the wash, unless constantly aired, have a trick of adhering together. Biscuits and the bread in use are always soft and flexible like leather. And most of her things which ought to be crisp become thoroughly limp and emasculated. Nor is there a sufficiency of coal found in Faroe, or imported to make it usual to counteract this humidity by big fires. Peat is the national fuel ; the cutting of which "peats" is the chief industry of a large number of the people ; and the peats are a lazy fuel. When, for example, I used to come in from the hillsides soaked with fog and rain, the only available drying process for my coat, trousers, &c., was to fold them to the size of the oven, put them in a baking-tin, and submit them to the mercy of the hotel range.

The "hotel" referred to is merely the house of a highly respectable old lady of ninety-two, who seems to have a prescriptive right to entertain English visitors.

The few English who have been domiciled here during the past quarter of a century have all left a measure of personal flavour behind them which has become as it were incorporated into the atmosphere of the place. In a little dish on a chest of drawers in the sitting-room are the visiting-cards of these sparse wanderers ; mostly grimed with the dust and peat-smoke and vicissitudes of many a year and thrice a score of different fingers and thumbs. Again, in an album, its covers torn in their honour, also on the chest of drawers, their photographs may be seen. And, as a tribute to their worth, my landlady, who had also waited upon them, was, for the first three weeks of my stay with her, effusive of her tales about the virtues of Mr. So-and-so, about the luxurious *impedimenta* of Captain this, about Mr. Jones's extraordinary disregard for the weather, and Mr. Brown's remarkable love for the Thorshavan young ladies ; and until I was thoroughly well-impressed on her mind I had to submit to being called by the names of these favourite visitors of hers, whichever first came to her tongue. This historical sitting-room looks immediately upon a little brook which washes its base just before joining the sea, and herein, at any hour of the day, combats the most exciting might be witnessed between the different ducks on the stream about the different cods' heads which littered the shallow bottom of the stream. The bed-room attached to this sitting-room is tiny and low, and, until one is accustomed to it, constant bumps and bruises on the crown are the result of entering it. But time remedies these trifles.

As for the eating and drinking in this Thorshavn house, there is no lack of the wherewithal for either. For three crowns a day (rather less than three shillings and sixpence) the stranger may get three meals in the twenty-four hours over and above his rooms and attendance. Eggs (of a flavour all their own), butter, cheese, tinned meats and Rutlej Pilsa (Faroe sausage), with wheaten bread, coffee, and cream, will compose his breakfast. For his dinner he may reckon upon exquisite soup of sago and milk, raisins and cherries (imported, alas!) flavoured with Muscat and sticks of cinnamon, beef or mutton, a whole chicken served in a most artless way, a duck from the stream under his window, two or three sea-fowl, some unsurpassable trout, or a codfish, with a pudding of meal and rhubarb jelly ; and for drink a bottle of Medoc or St. Julien, and coffee. While, for supper, chocolate, with fish, butter, and cheese. The beef and mutton will probably be found of leathery toughness, the chicken deficient in flesh and taste, and the sea-fowl queer to a beginner ; but the man must be pitifully dyspeptic or exacting who cannot live well and thankfully for his money on the rest.

If the weather is bad and the visitor finds time hang heavy on his hands, he may go to the club and play billiards or whist, or the Danish card game called "lumba" or chess, for which Thorshavn is famous. Sometimes, as a rare treat, there will be a Faroe dance, and artless and very energetic pastime, in which he may join.

There is a remarkable eagerness on the part of the youths, too, to learn English, or rather to improve their stock of that tongue which they learn partly at school and partly from the English smacksmen who touch at Thorshavn and impart to it a dash of eccentricity which sometime produces curious results.

With the utmost self-possession two or three of them will ask to be enlightened as to the meaning of the English words "sweetheart," which they have heard the smacksmen, may be, apply to their pretty sisters, and when it is explained to them they will nod and look happy; nor seem to think the English fishermen at all transcending the bounds of good conduct by their use of the word. "It is not used, then, but to the man or has the woman to say it also? You do not use it to the female also, is it?" This was the unsolved question put to me subsequently by one of these boys. It seems the Grimsby man had taught the boys since to call him by the euphonious appellation, but even then the boy was quite satisfied with the occurrence.

There is also a library of some merit and considerable antiquity, containing such English works as the novels of Cooper and Sir Walter Scott, as well as Icelandic sagas.

If, however, the weather is fine, the scenery and the people, to say nothing of sport, will furnish him with endless entertainment. During his stay among the remoter communities of the islands he must be prepared to be constantly on view:

To be stared at deliciously by charmingly pretty girls, not only through the glass panes of his window, but from the very threshold of his room, which they will throng by relays in the most picturesque and provoking fashion. His kind entertainers, proud of the chance choice that has brought the stranger within their doors, will invariably press him to eat, until he is uncomfortable, rice puddings in mammoth bowls, thick milk in similar bowls, the yellow cream thereof besprinkled with brown sugar, home-made pastry (not without a suspicion of whale-butter among its ingredients), milk and excellent coffee; and the excitement at the windows and the door will culminate when the "Engländer" takes the big wooden spoon in his hand and begins to break his fast.

There will be a rushing to and fro, a squeezing and hustling for "places," and chatter the most bewildering, all the time he is eating. But if he pleases he can put himself at ease readily, and gratify the pretty blue-eyed faces at the door by smiling periodically. And, believe me, he will gratify himself also thereby, for there can be nothing in all creation more lovely than the pleased and smiling faces of pretty innocent maidens like these Faroe girls.

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## THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

MAY, 1886.

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**MEMORIES OF LONDON.**—Comparing the London of 1885 with that of 1850, the writer remarks that the changes exceed anything that is possible in America. Paris alone, in certain respects, can show a similar metamorphosis, but even the Paris of to-day is more like that of 1850, than the London of the one period is like that of the other. The London of 1850 was only huge provincial town.

The Londoner in general measured nothing but himself, and no body came to London for anything but hardware, good walking-boots, saddles, etc. ; now it is the *entrepôt* of the civilized world. The World's Fair of 1851 and succeeding similar displays of what cosmopolite industry can do, the common arrival of ocean steamers, rare at the time I am writing of, have changed the entire character of London life and business and the tone of its society. It is not merely in the fact that 48,000 houses were built in the capital in the last year, or that you find colonies of French, Italians, Russians, Greeks in it, but that the houses are no longer what they were, inside or out, and thus the foreigner is an assimilated ingredient in its philosophy. All this has come since 1850.

The Londoner of 1850 was generally a rude and ill-mannered cub.

The Englishman of breeding and travel was then, as now, the first of his kind, the most courteous and chivalric of Aryans ; but the average John Bull and his wife and children had seen little of foreigners and thought every departure from English ways and appurtenances a violation of the mutual obligations of a related humanity. It was prior to the Crimean war and the World's Fair, and the English home-stayer had no knowledge of the manners or apparel of the stranger, and hardly admitted him within his gates. My Spanish cloak, shelter in many a winter's storm at home, was the signal when I went out in London for a running fire of jeers and gibes, and, with a blue cloth cap in place of the imperative stove-pipe hat of those days in England, made me sufficiently conscious that I was a stranger in the land. "Hi, Bill!" sings out one of the younger roughs, "here goes King Edward!" at which Bill was in the habit of responding, "Hi! hi!" with a derisory yell from all the accompanying embryo ruffians. Various and numerous were the salutations of this unkempt world as I came and went ; and as I had a custom of dining in Whitechapel Saturday and Fulham Sunday, I saw the longest dimension of London every week, and tried the temper of the citizen in his various wards with frequency. Justice impels me to say that the further east one went the further one got from anything resembling sweetness and light. There were sections where I dared not venture, for the swarming insolence of the juvenility on the sidewalk brought up the windows of the densely populated alleys, and this led to demonstrations which may have been jocular, but were more likely to become larcenous and which quickly ended my explorations. The old Seven Dials was a den of filth and drunkenness, and in some of the narrow streets which radiated from it or crossed the main avenues, like a huge spider web, it was uncomfortable as well as unsafe to go at midday, unless accompanied by a policeman ; indeed, the whole region between there and Soho was grewsome to pass through. And not always was chaff merely vocal : throwing mud at an outsider was a favorite amusement of the population, and woe to the curious man who went staring about and betraying a newness to the place.

The great Exhibition, the writer thinks, broke down this Chinese wall, and to a certain degree made the English people understand that a foreigner did not come into the country merely to be insulted and to make fun for the superior nation. Speaking of his first visit, the writer says :

Every time I return I recall the strangeness of the life to me as I walked down Holborn, carrying my little leather valise, and how, as I passed through St. Paul's churchyard, a cockney fellow, going the opposite way with two girls his friends, and seeing that I was a foreigner, thought to make game of me, English fashion. So, begging me pompously to give him the honor of carrying my valise, and dancing around me in buffoonish entreaty, the girls and he laughed in excruciating merriment, until, I making no reply, but waiting to see the end, they tired. Leaving his hold of my valise the fellow turned to go his way, all the people round laughing too, when, as he committed his back fairly to me, I took a quick step after him, and succeeded in somewhat accelerating his leisurely pace. Never turning his head again, the by-standers laughing, and he not, this time, he went straight through the churchyard into Cheapside. I might now walk Cheapside itself in Mohawk costume, and be only wondered at as an advertisement.

Yesterday I walked along a splendid avenue cut through the old dense mass of dingy and crowded tenements of Soho and Seven Dials, one of two crossing in this section. The entire bank of the Thames is changed, but the little penny steamers still run up and down as they used to, the same primitive barges with engines; the captain still stands on the bridge and calls to the boy at the scuttle and he again down to the engineer, "Ease her, stop her, back her," and "Go ahead," again, as if no call were known. It is curious, this obstinate resistance to all change not forced on the Englishman by competition. The Thames penny boats are the property of a Company which holds a monopoly of carrying passengers on the river, and till that monopoly is broken we shall go up and down Father Thames, as in 1850, on a boat without a shelter for passengers when it rains, and which would not be used in New York harbor for a tug. One must have been here an entire generation to measure conservative England's progress *Eppur si muove*—the ice has broken up, and all England is in motion.

Among the writer's reminiscences of Art and Artists the following, relating to Turner, may prove interesting :

James Lenox, of New York, had, he Mr. Griffiths related, a great desire to purchase the Old Téméraire, and offered Turner for it £5,000, which the artist refused, when Lenox offered him a blank check, which he as decidedly, pushed back. Several of his countrymen, who had subscribed a sum of £5,000 to purchase several of the pictures in his own gallery for the national collection, he as decisively refused, adding, however, "But the nation shall have them, all the same." Griffiths said to me that he would not hesitate to offer, if it were not futile, £100,000 for the pictures which Turner then retained. Yet he was considered avaricious; and Wehnert, who had once lived in a house adjoining his, told me that he sometimes came home with a single herring for his dinner, and cooked it himself. Of course I was desirous to meet the great man face to face, and speak to him, but even Griffiths did not venture to give me an introduction. Turner's nominal residence was in Queen Anne Street, where he was never to be found except by appointment on business, his real residence being an obscure and dingy house in Chelsea, which only his most intimate associates knew, and where he would not be visited. Where and when he painted his pictures at that time no one seemed to know, but they were so far completed on the varnishing days of the Academy that they were said to come in only sketched out, and were often entirely changed on those days. His rapidity of execution was something unequalled in the records of modern art, and few of the old masters, even, could have surpassed him. His quickness of perception was extraordinary, and Creswick told me a very characteristic case of it. Creswick had sent to the Academy exhibition a sea-side picture—a waste of sandy shore, the surf coming in with a sea-wind and rain, and, amidst the sedge, a horse. Something was wrong with the horse, but no one at the moment could tell, and it was finally decided to ask Turner to come in and criticise it. Creswick found him in one of the galleries at work on his picture. He had only passed through the room where the Creswick hung, and apparently without looking at any thing in it; but when Creswick asked him to come and tell him what was the matter with his picture, he replied, "Turn him round," which was the solution of the puzzle; for the painter had never noticed that a horse always stands with his tail to a rainstorm.

One day I got a long note from Griffiths, saying that Turner was coming to the gallery on business the next morning, and that if I could arrive some time before the hour appointed for his visit I might stay in and see him ; but he was very much annoyed at having people come there when he did. I was there, of course, early, and as it was understood that, when Turner was expected no one should be admitted just previously, I was alone in the gallery with Griffiths, when the porter ushered in a very little man, with an old-fashioned black coat and tall hat, slightly corpulent, carrying himself curiously erect, as if he were determined not to lose a fraction of an inch of his diminutive stature, with his brows thrown forward, a clear, bright eye, and a snappish gleam in it which reminded me, with his slightly aquiline nose, of an eagle. He was not in good humour, evidently, and Griffiths saw it, but he had determined to give me a pleasure I had longed for even at the risk of disturbing Turner's temper. So he bearded the lion, calling me up and introducing me as a young American artist who had come to England to study his pictures, and would be glad, before leaving, to take him by the hand. I naturally stepped forward and put out my hand, at which Turner, with a malicious air, put his hand behind him, looking me squarely in the eyes. Confused and entirely disconcerted at the rudeness, I turned away, and went back to the pictures, paying no more attention to Turner. When I looked at him again he held out his hand, smiling, and with a hearty hand-shake we made acquaintance, talking of his pictures, and especially of those of a period of which Mr. Lenox had bought a fine example. "Ah," said he, to conclude that subject, "I wish they were all put in a blunderbuss and fired away." He would say nothing of painting or of his preferences amongst his works, and on the whole his manner was one of extreme modesty in speaking of himself or them. Finally Griffiths, and not Turner, reminded me that "Mr. Turner had business to transact," whereupon the artist gave me another cordial hand-shake and good-by, and begged me, if I came to England again, to come and see him. But his manner of discourse was so laconic that I had some hesitation in so interpreting his words, which, literally as I can transcribe them, were thus : (*nod*, looking me pleasantly in the face) "Well—come to England again" (*nod*, *nod*, another hand-shake, *nod*).

**THE ARYAN HOMESTEAD :—**In this paper we have a statement of the evidence for and against Mr. Latham's theory that the primitive home of the Aryan family is to be sought in Europe, between the Danube and the Dnieper, rather than on the banks of the Oxus and Jaxartes, or in Northern India.

The tradition of an Eastern origin common to most European nations, he sets aside as a mere fusty invention of the mediæval monks. With regard to the theory of the philologists, that the Indo-Aryans crossed the Himalayas from the north-west long before the dawn of history, he remarks that it is strange that the memorials of the people whose ancestors are supposed to have made the journey should not furnish the faintest evidence of it.

Neither in the poetry, nor mythology, nor traditions, nor sacred legends, of the Indo-Aryans do we find a single reminiscence of a trans-Himalayan origin,



or any distinct allusion to a former residence outside of India. They believed themselves to be indigenous to the region drained by the Indus and its tributaries, and co-extensive with the Panjab. The five mesopotamias, or interfluvial districts, formed by these streams were occupied by independent Aryan tribes and it is highly probable that the five nations or settlements of which the authors of the Vedic hymns often make mention, and the scholiasts are unable to give any consistent or satisfactory explanation, refer to such communities or clans.

As to the suggestion of Dr. Muir that the references to the Uttara Kurus in the Indian books may imply a reminiscence of an early connexion with the countries to the north of the Himalaya, he points out that in the Rig-Vedas no mention is made of these Kurus, and no peculiar sacredness is attached to the north.

It is only in the ritualistic and legendary literature of a later period that the Northern Kurus are first spoken of as dwellers beyond the Himalaya. Lassen published an essay to prove the existence of the Uttara Kurus as a real people, but the old Brahmans knew better, as is shown by an incident related in the Aitareya Brahmana.

It is there stated that Atyarāti, having been anointed king by Sātyahavya, was enabled, by virtue of the horse sacrifice, to subdue the whole earth. Sātyahavya then demanded fit recompense for his sacerdotal services; but Atyarāti replied, "When I have conquered the Uttara Kurus, then shalt thou become lord of the earth, and I will be the leader of thy armies." The indignant priest exclaimed, "That is the realm of the gods, which no man can conquer; thou hast thought to defraud me." Thereupon he deprived the sovereign of his power and prestige, and caused him to be defeated and slain. Then comes the moral of the story; namely, that no king should try to trick a priest, unless he wishes to lose his kingdom and his life. The wily Brahman was not disposed to be put off with the prospect of taking tithes of the Uttara Kurus, or to accept a lien on Utopia in payment of his present dues.

With reference to the occasional use of the word *hima* (winter), in the Rig-Veda, in the sense of year, but little stress can be laid on the circumstance. The word is used in this sense, in the Rig Veda, only about a dozen times, and always in the same set phrase, *satahimah*, a hundred winters, while *sarad*, autumn, is used in the sense of year thirty times, and the same relation holds between the corresponding terms in the Avesta. The arguments in support of the theory that the Indo-Aryans are aborigines of India are equally indecisive.

Aryāvarta (the circuit of the Aryans) is geographically defined in the code of Mānu as extending from sea to sea and comprising all Northern India. Within this province, between the rivers Sarasvatī and Drishadvatī, lies Brāhmavarta. A peculiar sanctity was attached to this region, owing to the fact that here Brahmanism was first organized and fully developed. It was revered as a "hoy

land," because it was the birthplace and stronghold of Indian sacerdotalism; not, as Mr. Curzon maintains, because it was the cradle of the Aryan race. One might as well infer that Christ and his apostles were born on the banks of the Tiber, because Rome is called the Holy See and has long been revered as the centre of Christendom. Indeed, the first appearance of the Indo-Aryans on the stage of history is as invaders of the land which afterwards became so sacred to them; they entered it and held it as a fair-complexioned race of conquerors, advancing from the north-west to the south-east and subjugating a dark-hued native population.

The famous chapter in the Vendidad describing the delightful region Airyana-Vaejô; its spoliation by the creation of winter, and the successive creation and destruction of sixteen new dwelling places for the worshippers of Ahuramazda, which was accepted by Haug and Bunsen as containing an authentic account of the migrations of the primitive Aryans, is a piece of purely mythical cosmology.

Undue stress has been laid on the multiplication of the seasons in the later writings.

In the Avesta, says a recent writer, mention is made of only two seasons, summer and winter; in the oldest parts of the Rig-Veda three are spoken of, autumn, winter, and spring; at a latter period, the Indian year comprises six seasons, spring, summer, rain-time, autumn, winter, and frost-time. As a general statement this is doubtless correct, but it will not serve as a foundation upon which to build scientific theories. It is quite probable that the Indo-Aryans of the Veda designated the seasons with greater exactness than the Irano-Aryans of the Avesta; but there is no positive proof of it. In the oldest hymns of the Rig-Veda there is no mention of the seasons whatever. *Sarad* occurs frequently, but always in the sense of year, thus corresponding precisely to *saredha* in the Avesta. It is only in the later hymns of the tenth book that *hemanta* is used once, *grishma* once, and *vasanta* twice, in such a manner as to imply seasons; and at that time the Indo-Aryans had already reached the banks of the Ganges and the foot of the Vindhya mountains. Indeed, nicety in discriminating and denominating the seasons is quite as much a matter of culture as of climate; otherwise there is no reason why the Germans of to-day should have autumn in their calendar. It is evident that all appeals to such sources as means of determining the geographical position of the land in which the primitive Aryans dwelt must be futile.

In support of Mr. Latham's theory the following considerations are urged:

The geological evidence of the existence of man in Europe as early as the post-tertiary period would indicate a possibility that its later population was also indigenous, instead of being immigrants from Asia. We know that, in consequence of great physical changes, the river-drift man was superseded by the cave man; and why might not the Iberian and the Aryan have sprung up on the same soil, as products of environments favorable to the evolution of a higher human type? There is no proof that any of these races were exotic, although some of them may have extended from Syberia to Spain, wandering

northward or retreating southward in search of a suitable habitat, as the climate grew warmer or colder. If Europe has been the dwelling-place of man for two thousand centuries, why should we be forced to go to Asia for the origin of the last and noblest of the race?

Both branches of the Asiatic Aryans emerge from prehistoric obscurity as aliens in the lands they inhabit.

Our earliest tidings of the European Aryans are of much more recent date; we have no information concerning their place of abode or state of culture, at the time when the Avesta and the Veda were composed. However, in the first authentic accounts of them that have been preserved, they appear, not merely in their national traditions, but also in the actual conditions of their life, as aboriginal possessors of the soil, and show every evidence of having occupied it from time immemorial. During the three centuries that elapsed from the voyages of Pytheas to the campaigns of Cæsar, the Germans do not seem to have changed their geographical position to any considerable extent. They believed themselves to be "earth-born." \* \* \* We do not see them entering Europe as invaders and displacing a previous population, as Indo-Aryans displaced Dasyus and Europeans displaced the red men of America. They appear to have superseded other peoples in the struggle for existence, by the operation of the natural law of development and the principle of the survival of the fittest working through thousands of years, as the horse superseded the hipparion and the ox supplanted the urus. The Basks retreated into the Pyrenees and the Finns and Lapps into the frigid fastnesses of the north before the same kind of forces that drove the ibex and the chamois from the plains into the high Alps, and compelled the reindeer and the polar bear to find a home among arctic snows and ice-flows. \* \* \* Changes of a less violent character, aided by lucky accidents in the chances of life, may have favoured the indigenous development of the fair-skinned, broad-headed, large-framed Aryan at the expense of the olive-colored, narrow headed, small-boned Iberian, without the necessity of assuming that the dominant race were immigrants from Asia.

The contents of the most ancient sepulchral mounds in Europe are Aryan remains, and tend to confirm the theory of the European origin of the Aryan race. The pile-dwellings of the Swiss lakes and of the morasses of Lombardy also indicate a state of civilization corresponding essentially to that of the primitive Aryans as reconstructed by linguistic palæontology. Their domestic animals and cultivated plants, food, clothing, weapons of chase and of war, and general mode of life were much the same. The transition from the stone age to the bronze age is clearly traceable in the refuse of these habitations, both in Switzerland and in the basin of the Po. But the tin necessary for the production of bronze could have been procured only in Europe, and was obtained probably from the mines of Cornwall.

The only metal with which the primitive Aryans seem to have been familiar was copper in its crude form. There is no evidence that they smelted or smithed it, or worked it up into utensils of any kind. It was used for ornament on account of its color, and its worth in this respect made it available as a circulating medium for commercial transactions. It is well known that at a much later period, when the art of manufacturing metals had attained considerable perfection,

the treasures of heroes and princes consisted of personal ornaments, rings, bracelets, and gold bands, as described in Beowulf and the Edda. But the earliest standard of value was a cow, and this continued to be the most common one even in the time of Homer; among the Brahmans of to-day the compensation for the performance of a sacrifice or other religious rite is still computed in ~~horses~~, although it may be paid in coin. Survivals of this rude and clumsy method of barter are found in all languages. The oldest Roman laws imposed fines and penalties in cattle and sheep. Afterwards, a lump of copper (*aes rude*) became the measure of values in traffic; hence our word "estimate," *aes-timare*, to determine the worth of anything in copper. Finally, the *aes rude* was superseded by *aes signatum*, a rough-wrought coin of fixed fineness and weight, upon which was stamped the figure of a cow, a sheep, or a pig, destined to be succeeded, in due time, by the emblem of a tribe the escutcheon of a city or the head of an emperor. It is noteworthy, too, that *pecunia* (from *pecus*, a herd,) although standing for property in general, should have always retained the specific signification of copper currency, in distinction from *aurum* and *argentum*. Thus is not only the evolution of money from cattle to coin clearly traceable in Roman legislation, but, what is more pertinent to my present purposes, the Latin *aes* and the Gothic *aiz* have preserved the original meaning of copper, whereas *ayas* in the Rig-Veda and *ayanh* in the Avesta are used simply for metal, and specially for iron. These facts, so far as they may have any evidential force, would seem to indicate the greater primitiveness of Europeo-Aryan civilization.

Linguistic evidence, too, favours a European, rather than an Asiatic origin:

The divergence in the names for both tiger and lion in the Aryan languages of Asia and of Europe, and a comparison of the names of many forest trees, especially the beech, the birch and the oak, point to the same conclusion.

Again, says the writer:—

In climate and general conformation, the region lying between the Baltic and the Black Sea was better fitted for the abode and development of a primitive people than the high tablelands of Asia. The geographical positions of the various branches of the Aryan family in historical times can be most easily accounted for by assuming this region as their Airyana-Vaêjô, or prehistoric point of departure. Also, the earliest movements of Aryan peoples of which we have any record proceeded from this quarter towards the east and south-east: such were the migrations of the Phrygians, Thracians, Armenians, and the tribes to which Greece owed its Hellenic populations.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Such are a few of the considerations that render the Asiatic origin of the Aryans quite questionable, and point to Europe as the more probable home of the race. This theory also finds confirmation in the very marked and apparently prehistoric influence of Europeo-Aryan upon Finnic languages, whereas the traces of Semitic elements in the former are extremely slight, being confined to a few words, which may have been easily introduced through later commercial intercourse.

## GENERAL NOTES.

## Dust and Lightning.

DR. ANDRIES has a paper in the February number of *Petermann's Mittheilungen*, in which he states that the accidents from lightning are greatly increasing—that during the last 50 years the increase has been from three to five-fold. According to his statistics the proportion is 1 to 5 in Bavaria. He attributes this mainly to the increase of manufacturing, locomotives, &c., and the consequent loading of the air with smoke, steam, and particles of dust of all kinds. Such particles, according to his experiments and those of others, increase the intensity of electrical disturbances in the atmosphere. He admits the action of other causes, such as the decrease of forests rendering houses and other buildings more prominent objects in a given region, but regards the dust as far more potent, in causing a greater number of bolts to strike the earth now than formerly.

Assuming the accuracy of his statistics, the facts are in direct contradiction to the accepted theories of the action of lightning conductors. These are supposed to effect a silent discharge, thereby restoring equilibrium, and preventing disruptive discharge; and as factory chimneys and other tall buildings are usually provided with conductors, they should act as protectors in proportion to their increase.

If Dr. Andries is right such places as the Upper Engadine, &c., where there is so little dust should be especially exempt from such storms. Dr. Andries says that the southern half of the globe is less liable to accident by lightning than the northern half.

I am rather sceptical concerning the facts. Statistical records may show the increased number of accidents, but unless we can prove that the observations and the recording have been equally thorough in the periods compared, the comparison has little or no value. Fifty years ago such records were very indifferently kept.—(*Science Notes in the Gentleman's Magazine*.)

## "Crede Byron."

IN the *Cornhill Magazine* of March (page 244) I find the following: "In the year of the great exhibition of 1851 there flashed on London a brilliant young man, of distinguished appearance and manner, who announced himself, though not loudly obtrusively, as Byron's son; with a quantity of his father's correspondence and Shelley's, which he was anxious to edit; and further anxious to rearrange and collate many of the poet's letters, which had already appeared and some which had not. With an engaging air, then, and be it said, the strongest personal resemblance to his supposititious father,"

&c., &c. The writer goes on to tell of his borrowing from well-known collectors letters of Byron, which he copied, and returning the copies sold the originals; and further of his detection, his flight to America, and probable end as a petty officer in the American Civil War.

In 1845 I was engaged in the business of electro-depositing, then an infant art. I had a small establishment in Greville Street, Hatton Garden. In September of that year (as I find by reference to my diary) a gentleman, who called himself George Byron, brought a seal impressed in wax, requiring a matrix copy in copper, which I made. He told me that he was a son of Lord Byron, and that the seal was the family crest. It represented a mermaid, and below was written, "Crede Byron," an allusion, as he explained, to the founder of the family, Commodore Byron, the well-known geographical explorer, who served under Lord Anson in 1740-44. My new acquaintance was very communicative, and told me that he had letters of Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Lord Byron, besides many other interesting relics. A few days after the seal-business was completed, he called again, asked me to lend him five shillings, as he had seen a book at a book-stall that he desired to purchase, but had not enough cash. I did so, and he punctually repaid me, but, on the afternoon of the same day, called again to borrow half a crown, having seen another book. This was similarly repaid, and also several other loans, never exceeding a few shillings, and some as small as sixpence. The sixpence being required to carry him home to Greenwich when he had been tempted to spend his final coppers for old books. He told me that his wife kept him thus short of cash in consequence of his book-buying propensities.

He was by no means "a brilliant young man, of distinguished appearance and manner." Had he been, I should not have lent him the five shillings, for even at that early age I had seen enough of the world to understand brilliant people, who do the "distinguished" in their make-up and manner, and borrow half-crowns. He was, on the contrary, a quiet dreamy man, somewhat of an oddity; his general appearance and manner being quite consistent with his confessions of inability to resist the fascinations of an old book-stall, and his wife's refusal to trust him with loose cash.

He invited me to see his treasures, and accordingly on Sunday, October 19th, I went to Greenwich, where he resided (at the Yacht Club Tavern, if I remember rightly), dined with him, and returned the next morning. He showed me a lock of Lord Byron's

hair, and a few of his letters, but the largest part of his collection consisted of a great packet of correspondence between Mary Wollstonecraft and Shelley. I read several of these letters, found them all very stupid, about equally so on both sides. All those by Mary Wollstonecraft began with "Sweet Elf." This is all I remember of the nonsense.

Some time afterwards I read in the papers of an explosion of the Shelley correspondence as a forgery. My impression then was that this George Byron was a monomaniac rather than an ordinary deliberate swindler. As to whether he was really a son of Lord Byron, I have no opinion either way; certainly I saw no resemblance to the portraits of the poet, though I looked for it. I specify the dates certified by my diary, as they do not agree with the *Cornhill*, unless he spent six years in preparing the 1851 flash, and the assumption of the family crest by means of my electrotpe was a preliminary.—(*Science Notes in the Gentlemen's Magazine.*)

#### Bird-Song.

From all we can gather it appears most probable that in its present form our song-bird proper—our bird with a song to sing—is not much older than man; that he found his song just in time to gladden the ears of God's last and greatest creation; that he struggled through countless ages and awful changes in order to fit himself for our entertainment. Think what the avian race has endured since first Archæopteryx felt the feathers begin to but in his arm! What a long, slow, hesitating, faltering current of development, from a scaly amphibian of the palæozoic time, up, up, to the glorious state of the nightingale and the mocking-bird! I never see a brown thrush flashing his brilliant song from the highest spray of a tree without letting a thought go back over the way he has come to us, and I always feel that to protect and defend the song-bird is one of man's clearest duties. Indeed, nothing is better indicated by the records of the ages than that beautiful colors, rich fragrance, and bird-song were made especially for us. There were no flowers, properly so called, in palæozoic times. Amidst all the luxuriant vegetation of the coal measures, not a fossil blossom is found, nor do the rocks give up a single butterfly or other insect which was probably highly or delicately colored. The ancient birds (reasoning from analogy) were not gay-feathered, and, as I have shown, were not able to sing. But when man appeared the world was ready for him; the hills and the valleys and the broad plains were covered with verdure and bloom, and the air was rich with perfume and resonant with bird-song. He might have looked around scarcely able to know whether the butterflies were winged flowers, or the flowers vegetable butterflies. All this great, *riant*, blooming, perfumed, music-filled world was for him and his beautiful companion. Well might it be said that they were in a garden, an Eden. Well might the gush of song from a myriad swelling

throats, around, above, everywhere, suggest that the very stars of morning were singing together.

I am inclined to the belief, from my own observation, that many of our birds are still in a transition state as regards the development of their vocal organs. Take the woodpeckers, a very unmusical family, and we shall find the golden-wing giving some evidence of acquiring a song, apace with his departure from the true woodpecker habit. The wood-thrush appears to lack a million years or so of practice and hereditary development to make him sing as well as the mocking-bird, though his voice is as sweet as a silver bell. The meadow-lark is very nearly a singer, so is the blue-bird, whilst the blue-jay does at rare intervals render a low, mellow, incomparably pure flute passage, as if whistling a snatch from a future score of its own. The tufted tit-mouse stops just short of what one fancies would be a fine, clear lay, and the cardinal gros-beak puts on all the airs of an accomplished musician, without being quite able to find a tune.

Comparative anatomy bears out these suggestions, showing that development of voice in birds runs quite along with the development of the syrinx, whilst development of song power keeps well up with and is dependent on the correlative efficiency of the syrinx and mouth arrangement. No crow, or black-bird (American), or other songless oscine is capable of learning to sing, nor can it be, until a change shall have taken place, not in its larynx or syrinx, but in the shape of the posterior part of its mouth with relation to its tongue and the opening of the trachea. In every case where a bird approaches the margin of song-making it will be found to possess a mouth arrangement superior to that of birds which have no tendency toward song. Even the mouth and tongue of the golden-winged woodpecker are verging in the direction of the true development; its bill is growing slender and weak, is taking on the song-bird curve, and the posterior part of the tongue is being modified. Indeed, *Colaptes auratus* is much nearer the true singing bird's estate than any rook, no matter how beautifully developed its syrinx, but it is not nearer the possession of the greatest vocal power, the power of articulate expression.—(*Atlantic Monthly.*)

#### The H Malady.

We were much interested a while ago in reading the articles in the *Atlantic* by Mr. White and Mr. Proctor on the *H malady*. We have observed the symptoms of this disease with attention ever since the day of our first landing in England, when the old pew-opener, who was showing us the Crusader monuments in a certain chapel, remarked sadly, "The present Lady H'Oglander as no *heirs*" (hairs), and we were left a moment in bewildered wonder as to why the esteemed lady did not wear a wig, down to the last thrilling tale of our London landlord, which was sure to be about "my master, Sir 'Arry H'Ox, or my wife's

mistress, Lady 'Arriet H'Elton." In proper names it seems almost impossible for the 'true cockney to hit the right pronunciation of the *h*. We remember a certain H'Emma 'Ursey, who always spoke of her brothers 'Enry, H'Albert, and H'Arthur. Indeed, each member of this unfortunate family was endowed with a Christian name beginning with a vowel or the letter *h*.

It is quite true, as Mr. White asserts, that an Englishman does not notice the dropping of the *h*. A lady whose name is in the Peerage, once said to us, "No one who could be called a lady drops her *h*'s," while at that very time, and for the three previous months, an Englishwoman had sat opposite us at table whose *h*'s were often lost, and whom our friend could not have helped admitting was a lady.

One day, in a village school, in the south of England, we were asked to hear the children read. One of the party praised the performance, but regretted that the children misused the *h*. "Now, children, 'ave a care to your *h*'s," began the mistress. "Read again, You, 'Enry, begin. 'Is 'orse' ad hurt, 'imself badly.'" It was useless to correct the children in the face of this example, and it seemed impossible for them to detect the difference between 'orse and horse.

Once when we were dining with a London gentleman of no mean literary reputation, a linguist and philologist, some absurd blunder of the butler's *h*'s left us all laughing, and brought up the subject of the absence of this fault in America. We asked our host what his opinion was as to the rise and growth of this malady. He replied without hesitation that he believed it to have been introduced by the Huguenots, who took refuge in England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This theory we have never seen advanced in print, but it is not unreasonable. Most of the Huguenots were silk weavers, or adopted some such trade, to which certain privileges had been granted by Queen Elizabeth. They settled in market-towns, as in Canterbury, where they were allowed to set up their looms in the crypt of the cathedral, and where their church still exists. From these centres the uncertainty of the pronunciation of the *h* radiated slowly, and among the trading classes with whom the French would be most closely thrown. Thus the greater part of the early emigrants to America had already crossed the ocean before the malady became general. Gradually, country cousins, visiting in the market-towns where it was spreading, took it with the newest modes and fashions, to their homes. All agree that the malady never spread much in the northern counties, nor into Cornwall, but is found most pronounced in the counties bordering on the Channel, where, naturally, the French emigrants would easiest find footing.

That the Huguenots were uncertain in their *h*'s can hardly be doubted when one considers the host of words in French having the *h* mute where it is sounded in English, such as *habit, harpe, h  r  s  , h  sitation, histoire, honn  t  * and the like.

There has lately come under our notice what might be called a sporadic case of the *h* malady, which we wish some one would satisfactorily explain. In the southern valleys of the Tyrol, the natives, when speaking German, add an *h* where none exists, as in *h* 'Erzbischof, *h* Ofen, etc. The common speech in this neighbourhood is Frenchified Italian. Is it possible that this dates no further back than the time of Napoleon I., who drew large numbers of conscripts from these valleys? (*Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Atlantic Monthly*).

#### Caught in his own Trap.

"Men will sham any complaint now-a-days to avoid their work," said our worthy skipper, as he sat at the head of the breakfast table on our first day out. "I had a fellow once who pretended to have lamed himself when we were about half-way out to Calcutta; and he did it so well that nobody ever suspected him a bit, till one night there was a false alarm of fire, and the way that lame man flew up the ladder would have astonished an acrobat."

"Well," said I, "you remember that story of the Irishman who went about Dublin with 'Pity the poor blind' on a board round his neck, and made quite a good trade of it, till at last one of the people who used to give to him met him in a by-street, stepping along like a prize pedestrian."

"You old humbug!" cried he, "you see as well as I do."

"Sure, thin," says Paddy, looking down at the 'blind' board that he carried, "they've hung the wrong board on me to-day by mistake. It's *deaf and dumb* I am."

"Well, I once saw something almost as good as that myself," said my right-hand neighbour, Professor T——, "when I was on a visit to my friend Dr. L——, in the east of France. There was a great conscription going on just then for the Crimean war, and L—— had to test the recruits as they came in, to see whether they were fit for service."

"Now among these fellows there was one fine, sturdy Auvergnat, just the stuff for a soldier, if he hadn't unluckily been stone-deaf. So he said, at least, and it certainly appeared to be true, for all the tests that they applied to him couldn't make him give any sign of hearing a bit. I fully believed his case to be genuine; but I could see by the twinkle in Dr. L——'s eye that he didn't."

"That'll do, my man," said L—— to him at last, in a low voice. "You're too deaf to be of any use to us. You can go."

"Instantly the recruit, forgetting himself in his glee at having got off so easily, sprang toward the door like a cat."

"Not so fast, my fine fellow," shouted the recruiting officer; "if you can hear *that*, you're not too deaf for the army. You're a mighty cunning rogue, but this time we've caught you in your own trap."—(*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*.)

# The Indian Review.

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## THE GREAT SCANDAL.

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THE history of the Hill Exodus may be summed up in a few words: In 1827 Lord Amherst spent the summer at Simla, with a small staff of officials. In 1864 Lord Lawrence made Simla practically the Capital of India during the hot season, and since his day Calcutta has year by year been more and more abandoned by officials of every grade and by departments of every kind, till every Secretary and every head of a department now moves with the Government, after a brief cold weather stay in Calcutta, to pass the major portion of the year on a remote hill-top on the northern verge of the Empire. The bad example of the Imperial Government has been followed in every presidency, till now in all India, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, the plains are deserted during the hot weather, and the men whose salaries were originally computed to compensate for residence in a climate inimical to health now pass the greater portion of the year on breezy hill-tops in a climate in some respects the loveliest in the world, drawing additional travelling and other allowances, and saddling India with an enormous yearly expenditure in order that they should be enabled to shirk the very conditions of their covenant as servants of the Crown and Parliament, and disgracefully desert their posts and their duty among the residents in the plains. Slowly, and year by year, the Great Scandal has silently grown in enormity. One generation of officials



after another has laid additional burdens on the income of the empire to enable officialdom more effectively and more pleasantly to while away the days of its Indian exile surrounded by the grandest scenery, lolling in regal magnificence, playing at work, and fooling the pleasure-laden hours away ; while in the plains the sun glare may blind and strike by day, and the terrors of a tropical climate may fly by night ; plague, famine, pestilence, and flood may devastate ; social, moral, and political movements may have their beginning and their ending ; and far away amid the cloud-capped hills the rulers of India vegetate and attempt to govern an empire by the post and the telegraph—an empire which manlier Englishmen won by the sword and held by the sword, and which must, if need be, still be kept by the sword if the English are not to be swept into the sea.

With the exception of the much-overrated John Lawrence, every man of eminent Indian experience has denounced this scandal more or less emphatically. Lord Ellenborough, Lord Hardinge, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Canning, and a crowd of other distinguished servants of India and England, of ripe experience and tried fidelity to the empire, have declared against this monstrous attempt to play at legislation from isolated hill-tops. There are innumerable fatal objections against this disgraceful desertion of duty by the highest paid officials in the land, and to recapitulate them would be wearisome. An instance or two may be noted : Lord Hardinge said in 1862 before a Committee of the House of Commons : " I should not advise a change of the seat of Government from Calcutta. With the prospect of having railways and telegraphs, and also looking to the other great considerations, that the present seat of Government is not liable to be attacked, is close to the sea, ready to receive reinforcements, and far removed from those emergencies and crises which will occur in India, and such as occurred on the North-Western Frontier when I was there, the further Government is kept from these emergencies the better for the tranquillity of India." Henry Durand most eloquently and most incisively demolished the fatuous dream of attempting to hold and govern India from isolated spots remote from public opinion, and from the very centres of thought and action. It is needless to recapitulate, the scandal is indefensible, the folly is inexcusable, and the danger is none the less real because it assumes the form of a mountain picnic. The danger to the empire is imminent, the waste of public money is scandalous, and the dereliction of duty on the part of the highest officials and of

officials of lower grades is disgraceful and unworthy the name of England. Year after year representations, more or less pointed, have been made against the scandal, but officialdom, secure in its dominion, does not even attempt to justify the Hill Exodus. No justification is possible, and so no justification is attempted ; but year by year greater expenditure is incurred, larger and still larger numbers of officials and office hands are wafted from the plains to the hills and from the hills to the plains ; and so the scandal goes on, and the farce of playing at government secluded from all the chief conditions that make wise and stable rule possible proceeds. The voice of the objectors is like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and the cry, faintly and dimly echoed on Capuan slopes, is regarded by the Sabarites as the fretful wail of a querulous child crying in the night,

“And with no language but a cry.”

The only argument ever advanced in support of the Hill Exodus is the one which asserts that more and better work can be done in the hills than in the plains. As this is the only justification ever offered in defence of that which is indefensible, it may be useful to consider it seriously for a little. No doubt the climate and the various ills incident to a residence in India are neither few nor insignificant, and any mitigation of these within the limits of possibility and duty are desirable. Non-official European gentlemen of culture, refinement and education are to be found all over India on Tea and Indigo factories, in outlying districts, in great centres of commerce, trade and manufactures, practically controlling the immense capital which England has invested in India. If the ranks of the non-official community are searched from end to end, there will not be found a single instance in which an office establishment or the head-quarters of an undertaking are changed from the plains to the hills season by season after the manner of the Government. Year in year out, in the fever-breeding jungles, in the Tea gardens, on Indigo factories, in the large presidency towns, and at the head-quarters of districts, the non-official Englishman sticks to his post through summer's sun-glare, through winter's chills, and through the steamy rains. No doubt they could work more comfortably on the hills, and they might do more work, though that is problematical ; but what answer would any sane head of a firm make to a suggestion that the head-quarters of the undertaking should be removed to a more congenial clime and the business conducted through the Telegraph and the Post Office ? Such a proposal would not

be entertained for an instant, and the proposer, should he endeavour bit by bit to effect his purpose, as Indian officials have, would find that his services were no longer necessary. He would disappear into space, and in his room would come a man perfectly prepared to accept all the conditions of a residence in the plains, and ready to carry on the enterprise on the lines and under the conditions on which alone its existence was possible. Merchants, traders and planters cannot desert their duty and prosper; they would never dream of such a wild proposal as a hill residence during the hottest months of the year, yet they work, and work well, through all seasons, and have done more to build up the resources of India within the last twenty years than many Government Resolutions, or than much that has been effected by the combined wisdom which has in the same period emanated from all the hill stations of India.

The argument is, that more work and better work is effected by the Government on the hills than on the plains. The answer to that is, less work is effected by the Hill Exodus, and the quality of the little done deteriorates with the length of time during which the Government is cut off from contact with healthy public opinion and the immediate touch of the topics and circumstances dealt with. By the middle of February preparations for the retreat to the hills begin, and this is how the public benefit by the harder and better work supposed to be performed. Every case that is not of the very first importance is thrown aside for six or eight weeks by the whole staff of every Department in India; and from the Secretaries downwards to the lowest clerk each man lets everything else go to the wall till a more convenient season. For two-and-a-half months of each year every salaried official, from the highest to the lowest, is doing next to nothing. For two weeks before leaving for the hills everything is unsettled; for fully three weeks, including travelling and settling down, little is done. Five weeks twice a year, that is, over a fifth of the whole year, is literally thrown away in going and coming from the hills to the plains and from the plains to the hills. Tons of records are carried backwards and forwards, and, as it is not always possible to say beforehand what may or may not be required, much of this transported impedimenta is unused, and so has to be trundled up and down at enormous expense. It is not an unheard-of thing in the experience of Government offices for boxes of papers during this transition period, which are awaiting the orders of Members of Government and Secretaries, to be lost sight of, and only to be unearched by a new Secretary long after their contents have ceased to be of much value; or, when, if official dereliction is to be condoned, they must be shirked

and plunged back again into the limbo of forgotten things. This carelessness and shirking of cases will be found running through the whole circle of offices whose establishments are thus twice upset every year by these trips to the hills. When at last the office establishments have settled down, many of the Secretaries never attend office at all, but carefully put in an appearance at Government-house for an hour or two in turn weekly and then retire to the bosom of their families, and do a little gardening or poultry fancying, or visiting, or pleasuring ; and at night, after the pleasures and relaxations of the day, they look up the contents of their office boxes, that have accumulated during the day, for consideration and orders. This is the harder and the better work performed by the gentlemen who sit aloft on Olympian heights, and who are paid to work on the plains.

The cost of travelling, shared in by all from the Secretaries downwards, is something enormous, and the figures have never yet been made public. As soon as the head of a department leaves the capital, there is absolutely no more office work done by him worthy of the name of work. The Under Secretary, the recognized official drudge, has the whole burden laid on his shoulders ; and the mean devices to which honorable gentlemen descend in order to save their own pockets at the expense of the public revenue is sometimes contemptible. A gentleman of distinguished piety, high moral probity, and some financial ability, occupied as his private dwelling house the upper and better part of a building rented, in whole or in part, by Government for years, and held his office on the ground flat. No one was more energetic in cutting down the allowances of the wretched clerks than this highly evangelical gentleman, who must have pocketed during the long term of his incumbency a large sum of public money as office rent. Then, again, Members of Council, who can by any device secure the advantages of a cold-weather tour, do so at public expense : One finds it absolutely necessary to visit the Bombay Harbour Works ; another to have a look at the Madras Pier ; another to examine some bridge ; and yet another becomes vastly interested in a frontier railway, &c. The projected tours are mentioned with becoming official solemnity, and sanction is given for express trains and special saloon carriages and other etceteras, till the bill for a single outing of the sort mounts up to 50,000 or 70,000 rupees. What need is there to mention names when those of Hope, Fraser, Clarke, the distinguished Ilbert, and others crowd on the memory as thick as mosquitoes round a newly-imported European. Under the head of Contingent Expenses there lurks a very mine

of dissipated wealth swallowed up yearly by the insatiate maw of the Hill Exodus. No man can elucidate the sums which calmly stand under "Contingent Expenses," and in no province in all India does the Government closely scrutinise this heedless waste.

The following will give a fair idea of the Officers and Departments concerned in perpetuating the scandal—they move regularly to Simla on the approach of the hot weather :

1. The Director General of State Railways.
2. The Accountant General, Public Works Department.
3. The Accountant General, Military Department.
4. The Director General of Statistics.
5. The Director General of Post Offices.
6. The Director General of Telegraphs.
7. The Inspector General of Police.
8. The Superintendent for the Suppression of Dacoity and Thuggee.
9. The Surgeon General, H. M.'s Forces in Bengal.
10. The Surgeon General, Indian Medical Department.
11. The Surgeon General in charge of Sanitation.
12. The Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India.
13. The Secretaries of the Legislative, Foreign, Home, Financial, Public Works, Military and Agricultural Departments, together with the Under Secretaries, the Deputy and Assistant Secretaries, and the major portion of all their office establishments. And, in addition to these, there are a number of minor officials and their followings who find their way to Simla yearly. In Calcutta a junior Secretary is left in charge with an allowance of Rs. 500 a month, and he is supposed to be competent to deal on the spot with a number of important matters connected with the various Secretariats. The above list represents the Simla Exodus only ; and, in order to fully realize the extent of the migration, it should be borne in mind that every Presidency and Commissioner-ship has its hill retreat, where, following the example of the Viceroy and his Council and the imperial officials and departments, officials of all grades spend the hot months.

The establishments left behind to grill on the plains naturally feel themselves illused, and here again from the Secretary down to the most recently employed Baboo the days drag drearily on with positively less work performed than in the short cold weather period. Every assistant taken to the hills, in addition to his travelling allowance, enjoys a grain allowance, a house allowance, an allowance for any dependent members of his family left behind, and an

educational allowance for all school-going children. This is how more and better work is done by the Government arrangement of a residence in the hills. So, year after year, we have a cry for more liberal allowances, and heaven and earth are moved to secure every possible concession which can be extorted from higher officials who are themselves disgracefully squandering the resources of the Empire in a farcical attempt to prove how much and how better they can work in the hills than on the plains. For years officials have treated with utter contempt the expressions of public opinion on the hills question, and, if any proof were needed of the utter callousness of officialdom, we have only to point to this year's exodus, which has been conducted—in defiance of all public opinion, in contempt for a newly-imposed income tax, in utter disregard of the serious loss of revenue from the depreciation of silver, in shameless apathy to the dangerous financial condition of the Empire—with a more lavish extravagance than in any previous year. The needless expense, the reprehensible waste of time, the disgraceful scamping of work, and the loss of touch with public opinion induced by the Hill Exodus, rank as one of the gravest scandals a modern Government ever became responsible for. Men have written on the ruin of an Indian province and grown eloquent on the constitutional stupidity of rulers, but no language can be incisive enough in which to denounce this crime, for it is a crime yearly perpetrated by the Local and Imperial Governments of India. The lavish waste, the reckless heedlessness of public interests, public opinion and public convenience, evinced in the Hills folly are blots on the imperial escutcheon of England, and a standing disgrace to Englishmen. It is hopeless to look for redress in India. If anything is to be accomplished, it must be by representations to the Secretary of State for India and both Houses of Parliament; and no time should be lost in placing the facts of this Great Scandal before the Parliament and the people of England.

THOMAS EDWARDS.

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## OLD CALCUTTA.

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**A**BOUT 1641, when the civil war was breaking out between King Charles I and his parliament, the East India Company established two factories in Bengal, namely, one at Balasore on the sea coast, and the other in the town of Hooghly on the bank of the river Hooghly, about 120 miles from the sea. The times were bad, for Great Britain was distracted by the clashing of Cavaliers and Roundheads, but the Company's servants drove a roaring trade in "villainous saltpetre." They brought it down from Patna in boats, shipped it at Hooghly, and despatched it to London, where there was a constant demand for gunpowder.

Forty years passed away. The Company had founded factories at Patna, Dacca and other localities, and its trade was more flourishing than ever. In 1681 Mr. Hedges was appointed Governor of all the Company's factories in Bengal, and lived in great pride and dignity at Hooghly, with a guard of 20 European soldiers under the command of a corporal. Later on, however, the Nawab of Bengal began to demand excessive duties on all imports, and when the British remonstrated, he stopped all trade, until many of the Company's ships left Bengal without cargoes. The rupture grew worse and worse ; and at last there was no alternative but to retire from Bengal, or to establish a footing by force of arms.

James II was King of England, and there was a good understanding between the Company and the Crown. King James took the Admiralty under his especial charge. He sent out a fleet of ten ships of war under the command of Admiral Nicholson, with a full regiment of European soldiers, to make war on the Nawab of Bengal and on his illustrious master, the Mogul Emperor, the once famous Aurangzeb.

Admiral Nicholson's instructions were very explicit. He was to proceed to Balasore on the Bengal coast, and bring away the Company's servants from the Balasore factory. He was next to sail eastward across the Bay to Chittagong, capture the port, and fortify it with 200 pieces of cannon. He was also to conclude an alliance with the Raja of Arakan, who was at war with the Great

Mogul, and was expected to co-operate with the British. In a word, it was decided in London that the port of Chittagong should be converted into a fortress which should overawe Bengal. The troops were then to proceed up the river Ganges in boats, and capture the city of Dacca, which in those days was the capital of Bengal; and it was proposed to keep possession of Dacca until the Nawab and Emperor came to terms, and formally ceded the city and territory of Chittagong.

Unfortunately, Admiral Nicholson knew nothing whatever of Asiatics, and prepared to carry out his instructions precisely as if he were dealing with Europeans. He carried out letters of remonstrances to the Nawab and Emperor, and might just as well have carried out so many chips or shavings, for all the effects they were likely to exercise on those illustrious princes.

During the voyage out to India, the British fleet was dispersed by a storm. Several ships sailed up the river Hooghly, and anchored near the British factory. The Nawab was at Dacca, and there he heard a British fleet had arrived in the Hooghly, and he was naturally in a terrible fright. He was loud in his protestations of friendship towards the British, and expressed ardent desires for settling all disputes by arbitration which would have warmed the heart of John Bright. Meanwhile, for fear of accidents, he quietly collected an army of Mogul soldiery, and encamped it in the neighbourhood of Hooghly.

The war broke out, as such wars always break out in India, from a very simple cause, and in an unexpected fashion. Three British soldiers quarrelled with some of the Nawab's troops in the native bazar at Hooghly. Being only three in number they were overpowered by numbers and severely beaten. Accordingly the whole of the British army took the part of their comrades, whilst the Mogul's army advanced to the relief of the Nawab's troops. A grand action was fought; 60 Mogul's troopers were killed, and a great number were wounded. To mend matters, Admiral Nicholson opened fire on the town of Hooghly, and not only burnt down 500 houses, but set the Company's factory and warehouses on fire. This was a most unhappy accident, as the buildings were stored with costly commodities, the whole being valued at £300,000 sterling.

The Mogul commandant of Hooghly, known as the Foujdar, was in a horrible dilemma. He was exposed not only to the fire of the British but to the wrath and vengeance of his immediate superior, the Nawab at Dacca. He begged the British to stop



further fighting; he helped them to carry their goods from the burning factory to the ships in the river, and promised to grant them full redress and compensation. Meanwhile the news of the Hooghly disasters reached the Nawab at Dacca, and orders were secretly issued for the confiscation of all the British factories in Bengal, and the immediate advance of an overwhelming army of Moguls to Hooghly to expel the British from the country.

By this time Mr. Job Charnock had succeeded Mr. Hedges as Governor at Hooghly. He and the other factors were unconscious of the hostile preparations of the Nawab. They, however, thought proper to embark on board the ships with all their goods and chattels, and moved some twenty miles down the river to the village of Chutanutti, on the site where Calcutta now stands, and proposed to remain there, under the protection of their guns, until the Nawab came to terms.

Soon afterwards, three ministers of the Nawab arrived at Hooghly from Dacca, to conclude a treaty with Mr. Job Charnock. The negotiations lasted four or five weeks, and were then brought to a sudden close by the arrival of a large Mogul army at Hooghly. Accordingly the British fleet with Charnock and the other factors on board left Chutanutti and moved towards the mouth of the river, capturing ships belonging to the Moguls, and burning down Mogul magazines and granaries. At last the whole body of factors and soldiers landed on the island of Hidjelly at the mouth of the Ganges, and erected batteries. But the island was the most pestilential spot in all Bengal. Most of it was covered with long grass inhabited by tigers. The water was brackish and the atmosphere was deadly. The Mogul General wisely abstained from advancing against the island, leaving the climate and bad water to destroy the enemy. Within three months, half of the European troops had perished, and the remainder were only fit for hospital.

Nine months after the three ministers of the Nawab arrived at Hooghly, a treaty of peace was concluded. The Nawab granted everything that the British wanted, provided only that no ships of war should return to Hooghly. Mr. Job Charnock was in his turn in a dilemma. He was willing to return to Hooghly, but was not willing to lose the protection of the ships and guns. Accordingly he returned to Chutanutti, where the factors and soldiers lived as they best could in native huts hastily constructed, until more suitable houses could be built for their accommodation.

By this time the news of the disasters at Hooghly reached England, and more ships of war and European soldiers were sent out under

a certain Captain Heath. Before their arrival in the Hooghly river the Nawab was playing his old game of oppression. He strictly prohibited the British from building brick houses at Chutanutti, and ordered them to return to Hooghly. He permitted his Mogul troops to plunder the British settlement at Chutanutti. He demanded large sums of money from Mr. Job Charnock as damages.

Mr. Job Charnock sent two members of his council to Dacca to mollify the Nawab : but meanwhile Captain Heath sailed up the river Hooghly and then there was another explosion. Captain Heath appears to have been one of the most hot-headed seamen in His Majesty's fleet. He was so disgusted with the duplicity of the Nawab that in spite of the remonstrances of Mr. Job Charnock he resolved to recommence the war against the Mogul. He ordered all the Company's servants at Chutanutti to re-embark on board the ships, with all their records and accounts, and all their moveable property. He sailed to Balasore, where he found the Mogul commandant prepared to make any sacrifice for the sake of peace, but Heath was bent on fighting. Accordingly the British factors at Balasore were carried off by the commandant into the interior as hostages. Meanwhile the two British members of council, who had been sent to Dacca, could not expect to be better treated ; but these facts had no weight with the rash and impetuous admiral. Regardless of the fate of the British traders, Captain Heath cannonaded and plundered the town of Balasore, and it was discovered afterwards that the plunder of Balasore was carried out on the very day that the Mogul commandant at that station received from Dacca a copy of a treaty which had been concluded by the Nawab with the British deputies, under which the British fleet was to co-operate with the Mogul army in warlike operations against the Raja of Arakan !

Captain Heath next sailed to Chittagong, but the place was much stronger than he expected, and he deemed it expedient to keep his distance. He next sailed to the mouth of the Arakan river, where Akyab now stands, and invited the Raja of Arakan to join in his hostilities against the Moguls. He waited fourteen days without receiving any answer, and then sailed away to Madras, with Job Charnock and the other factors, swearing that he had heard nothing but lies since he entered the Bay of Bengal.

Meanwhile the old Nawab of Bengal left Dacca, and a new Nawab was appointed in his room. Letters were received at Madras inviting Job Charnock and the other factors to return to Chutanutti.

All offences were forgiven on both sides ; all misunderstandings and disputes were dropped into oblivion, and all the Bengal factories were restored on the old footing. The British were permitted to purchase the three villages of Chutanutti, Govindpore and Kali Ghat, which were destined to become the metropolis of British India, and the Greatest European City in the Eastern seas. Such was the origin of Calcutta, so called after the temple of the goddess Kali, which stands to this day in the suburbs of the "City of Palaces."

Mr. Job Charnock, the patriarch and founder of Calcutta, lived to the year 1692, and then died and was buried in the old Calcutta churchyard. The cantonment of Barrackpore is called "Charnock" by the natives to this day, in memory of the Calcutta hero. On one occasion, long before the Mogul war, Job Charnock was present at a suttee, where a young Hindoo widow was condemned to be burnt alive with her deceased husband. He was smitten with the beauty of the girl, and being attended by his 20 European guards, he ordered them to deliver the poor victim from the Brahmins ; this was done, and the girl brought away in triumph through a mob of Hindoos, who were overawed by the British red coats. Of course the Hindoo widow became the wife of Job Charnock, and as she would not become a Christian he seems to have gravitated towards Hindooism. When Mrs. Charnock died, her remains were not carried to the burning ghat, but she received a Christian burial as if she had been a European. Mr. Job Charnock, however, honoured her memory by sacrificing a cock on her tomb on every anniversary of her death, by way of propitiating the goddess Kali. For sixty years after the death of Job Charnock old Calcutta has nothing that can be called "history." It was a European trading settlement in Bengal ; a British oasis in a desert of Hinduism and Islam ; and that was all. The British merchants and factors led an uneventful existence, characterised by domestic events and mercantile changes, which have no interest for the present generation. The factories and warehouses were situated near the water's edge, convenient for the shipping ; and the Europeans built their houses and cultivated their little gardens along the banks of the river to the north and south of the factory. Eventually, the business premises were enclosed by a wall, and dignified by the lofty name of Fort William.

The native quarter of Calcutta was situated within the Mahratta Ditch, which corresponded to what is now known as the Circular Road. It was some distance from the European colony on the river, and included a large native bazaar. The interval between the

native quarter and Fort William was occupied by long avenues of trees ; and it was through these avenues that the rabble army of the Nawab poured in overwhelming numbers on June 10, 1756, during the three days which preceded the Black Hole disaster.

The old social life of the Europeans of Calcutta has long since passed away for ever. Throughout the eighteenth century, the Calcutta merchants were busy all the mornings in their warehouses and counting houses. About noon they had a dinner followed by a siesta. The evenings were devoted to expeditions in carriages or palanquins, to shooting in the fields, or to fishing and boating on the river. Old Anglo-Indians still living can remember, when young writers, went out in budgerows on the river Hooghly to catch mango fish at Diamond Harbour ; and military cadets shot at the adjutants on the maidan with a bow and a lump of clay.

When Europeans dined in the middle of the day, suppers and evening parties were festive institutions. Every European lady in the settlement opened her house on particular evenings to all comers. Many gentlemen went to three or four houses or more the same evening, to partake of whatever hospitalities were going, to flirt, or play at cards, or smoke the everlasting hookahs, which were enjoyed by Christians within the memory of living Anglo-Indians.

During the eighteenth century British manners in Bengal underwent a change. The honest traders of the previous era who played at cards on week days, and went to church on Sundays, were succeeded by fine gentlemen of the Joe Sedley type, but of different shades of intellect and fashion. Near the end of the same century, Lord Cornwallis republished good old King George's proclamation against profanity and immorality in the Calcutta Gazette. In the early years of the present century the Marquis of Wellesley found occasion to promulgate stringent orders for putting down horse racing on Sundays. Later on, India was flooded with so-called "Evangelicalism" and "Methodism," which reached a climax in the days of the good and pious Lord William Bentinck who reigned over India between 1828 and 1835. Then tea drinking came more into fashion, and punch was amongst the things that were. In a word, there was no more "cakes and ale." Civilians drank claret decorously, especially if any Civil authorities were present. Military officers quaffed India pale ale and brandy pan in billiard rooms. But piety was paramount, from the highest to the lowest. The Governor-General and the highest officials attended chapels as well as churches, and Nonconformist missionaries were visitors at Government House, and even at the palace of the Bishop of

Calcutta; and, strange as it may appear, society was neither improved nor deteriorated by the intermingling. Colonels of European regiments in the Company's service sometimes gave away tracts and preached sermons to their men. Colonels of sepoy regiments, however, were strictly prohibited from tampering with religion, and confined their advice and counsel to the European officers.

Times have changed since the days of Lord William Bentinck, but whether for better or for worse is a problem few would care to solve. Certainly we may gather from Mr. George Trevelyan's life of Lord Macaulay, who was legal member of the Legislative Council fifty years ago, that literary culture was much wanting in India; and few Europeans in India seem to have heard of "Sir Charles Grandison" or of "Clarissa Harlowe," until Mr. Macaulay recommended those works for general reading. In the present day there is no lack of culture, but a great lack of leisure, and few civilians can find time for much general reading. Whether polemics or politics have improved under the existing regime, my readers must decide for themselves.

J. TALBOYS WHEELER.

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## SKOBELEFF AS A SOLDIER AND A LEADER OF MEN.

(Compiled from the writings of Archibald Forbes and other eye-witnesses.)

"THE broad, lofty forehead, shaded with the chestnut curls, the clear, frank, manly blue eyes, that met yours so staunchly, the long, straight, decisive nose—the kind of nose Napoleon said he looked for amongst his officers when he wanted to find a General—the beautiful mouth, with its wonderful mobility of expression, the well-turned compact chin with the deep dimple in its centre. I could not fancy this man a foreigner, who sat by me talking in purest, idiomatic English of common English friends, for he looked to me like an English country gentleman of the best type.

"It seemed to me that this young man—he was then scant thirty-five—had been everywhere, seen everything, done everything, and read everything. He had carried a flying *reconnaissance* from Khokand over the Pamir steppe round Lake Victoria and right into the flanks of the Hindu Kush. He imparted too the information that the upper fords of the Oxus were dangerous because of quicksands.

"Skobelev was tall, stately and blonde. I thought then, as I have never ceased to think, that I never looked upon a finer man. Six feet high, straight as a pine, the head carried high, with a gallant *debonnaire* fearlessness, square across the broad shoulders, deep in the chest, slender of waist, clean of flank, the muscular graceful, supple, figure set up to perfection by the white frock coat with the decorations and the gold lace on it, Skobelev, with his frank high bearing, looked a genial king of men. Except MacGahan\* himself I never knew a man so winning. No wonder that soldiers, friends and women loved him! It was impossible to know Skobelev, to have him smile on you with that sweet grave smile of his and not to love him. Skobelev was a Colonel, and barely thirty years old when MacGahan had been his comrade in Central Asia.

"Kaufmann had reached the environs of Khiva and was training his cannon on its ramparts and preparing for an assault in form, when, suddenly, on the fortress wall, above the closed gateway,

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\* The American War Correspondent and Skobelev's friend and companion in many a hard fought engagement.

which Kaufmann was threatening, there stood displayed against the skyline the tall figure of Colonel Skobelev. With a handful of Cossacks that heroic madcap had quietly ridden round to the rear gate of Khiva, carried it after a flicker of resistance, taken the town by surprise, and was now beckoning to Kaufmann to limber up his batteries and countermand the detachment told off for the assault of the place that had been already won.

"Of the five Russian columns, which had set out on the desert march from different points with the common object of reaching Khiva, only four had made good their destination. Markosoff's column had not yet arrived when the time approached for Kaufmann to evacuate Khiva, and since it could not be left to its fate, it was necessary to ascertain whether, thwarted by adverse conditions, it had turned back, or whether it was struggling on through the hordes of Turkumans who infested the region through which lay its line of route. For this hazardous enterprise Skobelev volunteered. He took his life in his hand with a light heart. With three friendly Turkumans and himself disguised as one, he rode away into the desert on his perilous task of exploration.

"Ten days passed and he returned not, and he was given up for lost. Kaufmann, unable to tarry any longer, reluctantly made his preparations for departure, but the day before his evacuation of Khiva, Skobelev appeared there alone, on foot and half dead. He had lost his companions and his horses; he had run the gauntlet of the marauding Turkumans time after time, but he had accomplished the task which he had undertaken. He had struck the point at which Markosoff had, for want of water, been forced to turn back, and so he had attained the solution of the problem of that commander's whereabouts.

"After Khiva Skobelev's career was a singularly brilliant one. Kaufmann gave him—now a Major General and the youngest in the Russian army—the command of a force intended to operate against the Khanate of Khokand. That country (which has since been incorporated in the Russian dominions under the name of the province of Farghana), with a population of some 2,000,000 souls, he conquered and annexed, after a three months' campaign so fiercely pressed that when the vanquished Khan surrendered his first words to Skobelev were: Before we begin to talk, let me sleep, for I have not had a single night's rest nor a sound sleep for more than a month. Skobelev was appointed governor of the new acquisition to Russian territory in Central Asia, but, in the course of the two years' administration there, the enemies, whom a young, energetic and thorough man is always sure to make, had accused him to the

Emperor of mal-practices and so he was charged with ruthless cruelties and with having stolen a few millions of roubles, more or less.

"Now from needful severities Skobelev was not the kind of man to be backward, but wanton cruelty was abhorrent to his nature, and he was not the sort of man to be dishonest. Of money too he was splendidly careless, and when MacGahan knew him he was always poor. But his enemies prevailed against him and so he was superseded with contumely, if not disgrace. With witnesses and vouchers to disprove the charges brought against him, he hurried to St. Petersburg, to find that his enemies had already departed to join the army at Kishinev. Tarrying in the Russian Capital until the official auditors had gone through his accounts and had cleared him of the accusation of peculation, he then hurried after the Emperor and begged for an audience. But this was denied him, his enemies having poisoned the ear of the Tsar. He was, however, recognised as too good a man to be left altogether out in the cold when hard fighting was in the air. To his father, General Skobelev senior, had been assigned the command of a division of irregular cavalry, made up of Cossack regiments from the Caucasus and charged with the duty of over-running the lower region of Moldavia adjacent to the Danube. And so General Skobelev, the younger, was temporarily appointed Chief of the Staff to his father with a sort of informal, open commission to risk his life pretty much where he liked, and with a tacit understanding that he was at liberty to show the way in any hazardous adventure that he might contrive or hear of. In a word he was a chartered free lance.

"Having planned, Skobelev executed. By virtue of his detailed instructions every man knew his place and his work without reference to him. As for Skobelev, the place he naturally chose for himself was at the head of the assault and so it was when he had to take Lovtcha. The Russian soldiers, looking to their front, saw that broad back in the white coat showing them the way. Skobelev in the assault was never the chief to use the word 'go'. No, he bade his men 'come.' And no man, who saw how the Russian soldiers followed Skobelev, can with truth aver that he ever made his appeal to them in vain.

"The exploit of Lovtcha brought for Skobelev restoration to Imperial favour (for which, since it had been unjustly withdrawn from him, he had rather a contempt), and it brought him what he prized more—promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General and the command of the famous XVI Division (it was he who made it famous); which he subsequently led to the shores of the Sea of Marmora and would fain have led, indeed, into the heart of Constantinople.



"Skobelev, although himself a dandy who went into action scented like a popinjay, did not believe in 'fancy' soldiers for his subordinates. He had got about him a rugged motley crew of staunch fighting men of whose martialism he had experience in his Asiatic warfare. These young men were of the *enfants perdus* class, who, having come to grief in the Guards, accept a warlike exile beyond the Caucasus. With them were grizzled linesmen, wholly destitute of any accomplishment save that of fierce and resolute fighting.

"Skobelev did not affect scientific Staff Officers; but he would have about him men who, without swagger or bravado but simply as a matter of course, would fling themselves, as his bidding, into any enterprize however desperate. On the man who hesitated or even who argued he would turn his back with contemptuous abruptness.

"As an instance of the sort of men Skobelev chose we may mention Kuropatkin, Skobelev's Chief of the Staff in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78. He is a silent, dogged, blood-thirsty fellow with bull-dog instincts of savagery and tenacity.

"Skobelev harboured semi-civilised Circassian officers, not because he had any fondness for their society or any belief in their capacity as Staff Officers, but simply because the Circassian is a fighting man upon whose dash and constancy he could implicitly rely. What science was needed to shape the exertions of this gang of desperadoes, Skobelev could furnish himself; but, in truth, the work upon which they were engaged was of a nature in which scientific warfare was rather at a discount.

"Levitski, on the head-quarter staff of the Grand Duke Nicholas, was the great scientist of the Russian Army in Bulgaria, and Levitski's 'science' it was that contributed more than anything else to the successive reverses sustained by the Russian arms in the earlier periods of the campaign. Levitski was too scientific to be practical. He failed to comprehend that successful war does not consist in obstinate endeavours to carry out a theoretical plan with a theoretical army, but on the ready and dexterous adaptation of existing means to required ends.

"Shakovski was a gruff bear and hated Skobelev because of his enterprising nature. Before Plevna, Skobelev so utilised his hundreds as to cover the shattered *debris* of that General's division from a flank attack which would have annihilated it and enabled its remnants to rally into something like cohesion at Paradun on the following morning. It is quite unnecessary to add that Shakovski never acknowledged the obligation or gave Skobelev even so much as a word of thanks.

"The Grand Duke Nicholas was not much of a Commander-in-Chief, but he was a man of action, and he took advice that had a ring of energy in it.

"Skobelev alone of the Russian leaders was a practical sanitarian. He kept his camps clean and he made his men wash themselves—a sore torture for the Russian soldier. He gave them exercise, saw to the baking of their bread and bought them vegetables out of his own pocket. He lived among them, encouraged them by the exuberant vitality of his own presence, and staved off nostalgia by maintaining a steady series of amusements.

"Skobelev's Turkuman campaign was a toilsome, thankless work, and I know that he pitied the poor wretches whom he had the commission to exterminate.

"In Skobelev's death Russia sustained a loss, in a war in which she may engage, which I estimate is equal to the deprivation of an Army Corps.

"Skobelev was no Nihilist, and yet in his independence, in his scornful recognition of so much that was rotten in the Russian Estate, in his contempt for high-placed duffers and dotards, there *was* a leaning in the direction of what was virtually *Nihilism*.

"In the days I speak of he was keen for a Russian invasion of British India, and laughed at my representations of the virtual impracticability of that enterprise, but after his Turkuman campaign he was fain to own that he *had* underrated the difficulties of it.

"Dissolute man as Skobelev was, and it must, indeed, be confessed that in the intervals of campaigning he drank as deep as any man of the cup of dissipation, yet he had a strong, although vague, religious sense and still he was as much a fatalist as a Turk.

"He disliked the Germans root and branch, thought them prigs and pedants in a civilian sense, and, although he recognised their military virtues, held that their reputation for those had been won comparatively cheaply because of the inefficiency and degeneracy of the enemies whom they had worsted.

"England and Russia together, it was Skobelev's expressed belief, could "whip creation," *if only* the two nationalities were loyally and thoroughly banded together. But then he himself exemplified the difficulty of any such union. He confessed, as it seemed to me with an undertone of respect, that he hated England; yet paradoxically he loved individual Anglo-Saxons better than any folk in all the world, and, as a matter of social preference, sought out their company.

"One of Skobelev's singularities—and he had many—was that

he always, no matter what the weather, made it a point to go into action in a white coat. His explanation was racy of his nature. It is that my fellows can see where I am and know whither to follow."

"Skobelev's 'scheme of attack' has become a standard in the war schools of the whole of Continental Europe, and it is a model of tactical conception, of lucid clearness, and of careful provision for any and every contingency.

"I am content to stand by it alone in my contention that Skobelev is to be reckoned, not as some have reckoned him, a mere dashing, fighting man, but as one of the great generals of modern times. Soldiers can appreciate injunctions such as those I am about to quote, although few commanders, since Napoleon's time, have given themselves the trouble of realising that it is worth while to recognise the private soldier as a creature to whom God Almighty has given *some* modicum of comprehension.

"Do not forget the necessity of supporting your comrades at any sacrifice.

"Do not waste your cartridges, and remember that the nature of the country renders it very difficult to supply ammunition.

"I mention once more to the infantry the necessity of order and silence in fighting.

"Do not cry 'Hurrah' till you are close to the enemy and are preparing to charge him with the bayonet.\*

"I call the attention of all soldiers to the fact that, in an intrepid attack, the losses are at a *minimum*, and that a retreat, especially a retreat in disorder, results in great losses and in shame.

"Were ever words so few, more pregnant with compressed yet forcible meaning. These few sentences are worthy to be hung up in every barrack room in the world, for they comprise the whole duty of the soldier in the hour of battle."

\* This is the very essence of *discipline*, and Sir John Moore thus writes of this Military virtue:—"Though drill was an important part of the instruction, it was not by that alone the soldier was formed. It was the internal and moral system, the constant superintendence of the officer, the real government and responsibility of the Captains, which carried the discipline to such perfection.

"My opinion of discipline is so strong that I must speak of it. I rank it higher for the well being of an army than any other consideration. Very far above that of being present at many battles, for battles with respect to the soldiers can only be the test of discipline."

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

**HYDROPHOBIA AND M. PASTEUR: BEING AN EXPOSITION OF M. PASTEUR'S PROPHYLACTIC METHOD OF TREATMENT.** By Vincent Richards, F.R.C.S.E. *Calcutta: Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co.*—Dr. Vincent Richards's little pamphlet is a clear and cogent protest against the Pasteur worship which the hydrophobia scare has elevated to the region of the ridiculous. No one it is supposed would venture for a moment to question the wonderful ability and marvellous success of the great Frenchman. The danger is that conclusions are sometimes unreasoningly accepted simply on the *ipse dixit* of a man who has achieved a marked success. Dr. Vincent Richards has performed a service to the public in bringing pointedly to the notice of all who care to read his little pamphlet, the unsound foundation on which much of M. Pasteur's treatment for hydrophobia rests. Mr. Richards states in his preface: "My object in penning these lines was not only an endeavour to shew how and where M. Pasteur has failed scientifically to prove the utility of his method of treatment, but also to bring into relief the facts which discredit it, and to indicate how inherently improbable it is that such an unnatural system—involving as it does both the sacrifice and continuous torture of a large number of animals—is the *ne plus ultra* of medical science in her efforts to grapple with this terrible disease." The substance of the pamphlet recently appeared in the *Englishman*, and there are many who will be glad to hear that these scattered contributions have been brought together in a handy little tract.

**THE "GARSTIN DACOITY": BEING A FULL REPORT OF THIS REMARKABLE CASE.** *Printed and Published by the Manager, "Law Times," Champion Press, Madras, 1886.*—Those who wish to possess in a permanent form a full and authentic detail of one of the most notorious cases which has occurred in recent days in India cannot do better than secure a copy of this work. The whole case is dealt with from its inception at Periakolam to the acquittal of the Zemindar of Bodinaickanur by the Chief Justice of Madras. The

book is intended to give something more than a recapitulation of the evidence recorded, though this is fully and accurately done. It is intended to exhibit the various aspects of the numerous circumstances which culminated in the charge made against the Zemindar of Bodinaickanur—the reason of the transfer from the District Sessions Court of Madura and the opposition to the transfer made by the judicial officers of the government. The Zemindar had a dispute with the Madras Government regarding a few miles of forest land, and one gossip had whispered into the ears of another that Mr. Crole had told the Zemindar he would have no chance of gaining his point until Mr. Garstin was out of the way. Mr. Garstin was beaten and left for dead on the highway on the 29th December last in Madura. This murderous assault was attributed to Mr. C. S. Crole, a man with whom he was in official conflict. The innocence of Mr. Crole has been clearly established. The whole case forms one of the most deplorable incidents with which the Government of Madras has ever been connected, and for which it is alone responsible. All through, the action of the Government is open to the most scathing animadversions, and this case will, taken with other incidents in the Governorship of His Excellency Mr. Grant Duff, go a long way to characterise his tenure of office as one of the most pernicious of recent times. It does not necessarily follow that a man like Mr. Grant Duff, with great natural abilities and considerable acquirements, should, as a matter of course, be a passable administrator. If the administration of an Indian Province consisted in making a series of clever, egotistical speeches, Mr. Grant Duff would be a model ruler, but something more is wanted to rule either in India or elsewhere than a gift of fluent, graceful egotism.

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# THE CREAM

## Of the Monthly Reviews.

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JUNE, 1886.

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THE LION'S SHARE OF THE WORLD'S TRADE: A REPLY TO LORD PENZANCE.—Lord Penzance, in his article on "The Free Trade Idolatry," found occasion for grave reflection in the fact that, of all the nations, the one whose trade threatened to overtake ours was that which had carried the principle of protection furthest, *viz.*, the United States.

A moment's reflection, Mr. Medley remarks, serves to dissipate the vague apprehension thus suggested. The figures on which Lord Penzance was relying are totals only, without reference to population. Looking at the comparatively rapid growth of American population, it is not very wonderful that the rate of increase of her foreign trade should exceed that of other countries.

Lord Penzance considers it also food for reflection that we stand alone in the world after forty years' display of the benefits of free-

trade. But, asks Mr. Medley, where do we stand but at the very head of the nations ?

There is not a nation that approaches us in the money value of our foreign commerce within hundreds of millions sterling ; there is not one that does half as much as we do ; while, if we reckon per head of population, the difference between us and them becomes still more striking.

The following table shows the figures relating to Great Britain and our three great rivals for 1884 :—

			Imports and exports.	Per head of population.		
			£	£	s.	d.
Great Britain	...	...	685,985,000	19	0	0
France	...	...	303,040,000	7	18	0
Germany	...	...	323,285,000	6	17	6
United States	...	...	290,138,000	5	3	3

But there are other facts to be taken into account.

Our position is simply unique. We possess more than half of the effective ocean tonnage of the world, and we have managed to make the rest of mankind indebted to us to some 1,500 or 2,000 millions sterling, from which we draw an annual tribute of from 60 to 80 millions. It must be remembered, moreover, that most, if not all, of this marvellous achievement has been effected under that system of "Free Imports" which Lord Penzance assumes to be so disastrous. Surely, with such results before us, we may answer his question, "Are we really, then, wiser than the rest of the world?" by an emphatic "Yes!"

Take again the share of each of the four principal commercial nations in their common trade.

Take first the market of the *United States* :—

			1884.	£
Great Britain	sold	there goods to the value of	...	32,510,000
France	"	"	...	14,169,000
Germany	"	"	...	13,004,000

Next take that of *Germany* :—

Great Britain	sold	there goods to the value of	...	25,365,000
France	"	"	...	12,194,000
United States	"	"	...	6,261,000

Next take that of *France* :—

Great Britain	sold	there goods to the value of	...	24,652,000
Germany	"	"	...	16,676,000
United States	"	"	...	11,180,000

The lion's share of the trade in these homes of Protection falls to free-trading Great Britain, therefore, and for reasons which ought to be obvious, must continue to do so, so long as protective tariffs endure.

As to the non-fulfilment of the prophecy of Peel and Cobden about other nations following in England's footsteps, it must be remembered that Peel and Cobden did not foresee the wars and revolutions on which the world was about to enter, the expenditure to which they would give rise, the military spirit which would be evoked, and the other consequences that would follow.

Since 1848 the national debts of the world have increased from 1,731 millions to at least 5,000 millions, and they are yearly increasing. To meet the consequent charges Protectionist nations are fain to have recourse to monopolies and customs duties.

But it is really irrelevant to the question whether those prophecies have been fulfilled or not. For Peel and Cobden held that, whether other nations maintained their duties or not, we should benefit by abolishing ours ; and we have done so.

Our exports averaged in the five years	...	1836-40	about 50,000,000
" " " "	...	1841-45	" 54,000,000
" " " "	...	1846-50	" 61,000,000
" " " "	...	1851-55	" 89,000,000
" " " "	...	1856-60	" 124,000,000
" " " "	...	1881-85	" 232,000,000

There is no such antagonism as Lord Penzance supposes between "Free Imports" and "Free Trade."

The Free Trader says : Get as much interchange as possible ; the more you get the more you benefit yourself as well as the nation which trades with you. If trade be universally free, that would be the state of things which would be most beneficial to the world at large. If trade be not universally free, the principal benefit will accrue to the nation whose ports are open. In the one case the greatest possible production and interchange take place, to the benefit of all parties. In the other there will be less production and interchange, but of this lessened trade the nation which keeps its ports open, while others keep theirs closed, will have a larger proportionate share than she would have if all ports were open. Thus the Free Trade doctrine arises that hostile tariffs must be met by "Free Imports," and in illustration of its truth one has only to look at the trade figures of the world to see how it is borne out.

The writer then proceeds to demonstrate at considerable length the fallacy of Lord Penzance's contention that imports need not necessarily be paid for by exports.

The following passages contain the gist of his argument.

In the first place he asserts that we pay for these importations in "actual money." But what does he mean by the term ? He cannot mean bullion, for in the very next line (p. 391) to that in which he says that we pay in money he writes : "It is plain that we do not pay by sending bullion abroad." He thus draws a distinction between "money" and "bullion." But in international dealings there is none. A nation cannot pay another nation in money except by the transmission of bullion. If bullion be not sent, no money is sent. Something else may be sent ; it may be money's worth, but that is not money. The moment this is admitted, however, the "bottom of the argument (to use Lord Penzance's own words) tumbles out." Money's worth can consist of only two sorts of things, merchandise or securities ; and if either of these be transferred to the foreigner, it constitutes the "export" which balances the "import." If merchandise be taken, there can be no injury to home production and home industry in the aggregate. One sort of goods has been taken in exchange for



another sort, to mutual advantage, and our shipping and foreign mercantile interests derive profits thereby. If, on the other hand, securities be taken, they must be either home or foreign ones which are on the market waiting a purchaser. If a home security be bought, the foreigner, instead of taking away the principal of what is owing to him, leaves it here, and draws an annual interest for it. Such transactions as this, however, are, comparatively speaking, very rare, and may be regarded as negligible quantities. There remains now only the case where some foreign security is taken off our market. But that foreign security could only have been obtained by us by means of some previous "export" on our part, and so we come round, as we must always do, to the fact that sooner or later, directly or indirectly, an "import" is either the cause or the effect of an "export."

\* \* \* \* \*

But, it may be asked here, how about the interest on our foreign investments and the Indian home charges; how are the goods which come to us on this account balanced by corresponding exports? As to the Indian charges, they are the direct and immediate result of our exports in the shape of labour and material. We export to India the labour of soldiers, sailors, and civilians, and a vast amount of warlike material; while we do a large amount of work here at the India Office, for all which India has to pay—something like fifteen to twenty millions a year. All these items are "exports," yet they do not appear in the returns. And now, lastly, as to the interest on our foreign investments. They are no exception whatever to the rest of our "imports," as the Protectionist fondly imagines. They are simply the results of "exports" made by us in previous years, in the shape of labour and material, by way of loans bearing interest, which interest must be paid to us annually until the principal is redeemed; and the absence of any simultaneous export to balance them in no way invalidates the Free Trade doctrine that every import necessitates an export.

It is an error to suppose, as Lord Penzance seems to suppose, that an export is a good thing in itself.

We, as a nation, go to the expense of making and exporting certain things for the sake of obtaining certain other things which we can get in no other way. If we could get these other things without the labour and expense of making and exporting goods, we should be richer to the extent to which we could do so. This is exactly our position with respect to those imports which come to us as interest on our foreign investments. We have no occasion to export now in order to pay for them, because we did all that in former years, and got no return for them at the time, they being loans to foreign countries, and to our colonies. It is absurd to suppose, as Lord Penzance does, that this is a national loss, and that the bottom of the Free Trade argument is thereby knocked out. So far from that being the case, it is Lord Penzance's argument from which the bottom, if it ever had one, is knocked out. The fact that the imports which come to us as interest on our foreign investments are not balanced now by corresponding exports is proof positive of the Free Trade contention that sooner or later, directly or indirectly, every import necessitates an export. With regard to these particular imports, we, as a nation, are in a similar position to a man who has lent another 1,000*l.*, say at five per cent. Does the lender, when the half-year comes round, and he claims his 25*l.* of interest, take in his

hand 25*l.* worth of something or other, and transfer it to his debtor in exchange for the interest due to him? He would certainly be a lunatic if he did, and yet that is precisely what Lord Penzance would have us do, when he complains that every import is not balanced and paid for by an export of equal value.

These imports are net gain to us, because, first, we have no need to go to any expense in paying for them, either in money or in goods; and, secondly, because they stimulate and reward British labour from the day they leave the foreign shore to the time when they are finally distributed among our people and consumed. They contribute freight to our shipping, dues to our docks, warehouses, and railways, and to everybody who has the handling of them. They go to pay rents, rates, taxes, and wages, and, as before said, they stimulate and reward British labour. To look upon them as detrimental to our interests is to believe the height of absurdity, and to betray an ignorance of the very rudiments of political economy.

Another question considered by the writer is whether taxation of imports would really help our producers.

The gravamen of the complaint against these imports is that they injure home production and deprive our population of employment, and the cure for the evil is supposed to be the levying of protective duties on them. As I have endeavoured to show, the complaint is not true. But, if it were, how would the imposition of duties help us? It is impossible to do more than partially exclude them. To do that, however, would be to create greater evils than those we destroy. If the foreigner be hindered from selling in our market, he cannot possibly buy in it, for it is his goods which constitute his purchasing power. The trade between us and the rest of the world would suffer, production all round would be less, and, as we are the great carrying nation, we should be the greatest sufferers. But this is not all. The foreigner, *ex hypothesi*, is in certain things underselling us in our own market. If he be driven from it, is it likely that he would sit down quietly? Would he not turn to neutral markets and undersell us there? If we cannot meet him in our home market to which there is no cost of carriage, how can we do so in foreign markets to which cost of carriage has to be reckoned? How, I ask, can the imposition of duties on imports help us in the general competition?

Mr. Medley contests the statement, made by Lord Penzance in his second article, that the trade of other nations has increased faster than that of Great Britain; but, even if it had increased faster, he shows it would not settle the question between the two fiscal systems.

The question is not whether the commerce of other nations increases faster, or slower, than ours, for countries vary infinitely in their material resources, and in the physical and moral qualities of their inhabitants, but whether by the adoption of a policy of protection we should have done better in the past, or should do better in the future. It is on this point that argument and proof are wanting, and until we get them the nation will, I think, be content with the system under which they live, and under which, in fact, such marvellous results have been achieved.

When Lord Penzance complains that the only benefit derived from Free Imports is cheapness, and that this is gained at the expense of home employment and wages, he appears to assume that cheapness is incompatible with full employment for the English people, and dearness the best means of providing markets for them.

"Cheapness" and "dearness," however, in this connection, mean that in the one case the State does not interfere between producer and consumer in order to raise the price of any commodity by means of duties, while in the other it does so. Lord Penzance thinks that by means of Free Imports foreign competition invades our markets and deprives our workers of their employment, and he gives an illustration of his argument. He takes the case of a pianoforte which cannot be made here for less than 30*l*., while it can be made in France and imported and sold here for 27*l*.. The gain to the consumer would thus be 3*l*., but the loss in wages to those who make a similar article here would probably be one-half the price, say 13*l*.. or 14*l*.. "But," he continues, "it may be said that he has got his labour unsold and may sell it to some one else. Just so; but this is precisely what he *cannot* do. . . . His labour then remains unsold, and if so his loss and the loss to the community is measured by the value of it."

This is not true. The community does not suffer, the pianoforte-maker may, but some other worker profits. What will the Frenchman do with the 27*l*., the price of his piano? Lord Penzance leaves that entirely out of account. He does so, doubtless, on the strength of that wonderful conclusion of his in his first article, that an import of goods into this country "need not bring about an export therefrom of the like value, or of any value at all." The truth is that something or other to the value of 27*l*.. must eventually be exported, or the Frenchman will have given the community that sum. He will take something which must come under one of these three heads—merchandise, bullion, or securities—and in any case he will stimulate British labour. It is true that the pianoforte-maker suffers, temporarily at least, but his individual interest cannot be allowed to prevail against that of the community. He enjoys the benefits every day of his life of free competition, and he, like every other worker, carries on his trade subject to that condition. The food he eats, the clothes he wears, the house he lives in, are all cheapened thereby. Others have suffered, and he has enjoyed the blessings which have come from their sufferings. As to inability to turn to other work when his own fails, that is a difficulty which must be met and overcome. We have an instance of what can be done in this way in the men of Coventry. The trade of Coventry in ribbons failed, the fashion changed, and the town was apparently ruined. Protectionists, Fair Traders, and others of Lord Penzance's way of thinking, advocated the imposition of duties. No, said the hard-hearted economists and Free Trade idolators, if the ribbon trade of Coventry cannot be carried on except by such means, let it perish, and let the workers turn to something else. Of course no duties were imposed, and what took place? Coventry, instead of making ribbons, makes bicycles and tricycles, and does a roaring trade in supplying the world with them.

The article concludes with the following important remarks regarding the general depression.

It is universal, and it differs from every other depression within living memory. Apart from any natural reaction from a previous inflation, there is one feature which distinguishes it from them all. That feature is the general fall in prices which has been going on for the last dozen years, and has been a disturbing element, an object of perplexity, and a source of loss to almost every one engaged in commerce. Three concurrent causes have helped to produce it : (1) the opening up of new fields of production in agriculture and in mining ; (2) the improvement and cheapening of processes in manufactures, and the facilitation of intercommunication<sup>6</sup> by railways and telegraphs ; (3) the scarcity of gold. Up to a certain point producers and capitalists were the only sufferers from all this, while the wage-earning classes largely benefited ; for money wages were maintained while the prices of commodities were falling. At last, however, the fall has extended to money wages. Like every other commodity, labour is subject to the laws of supply and demand, among which are those which govern the relation between the precious metals in the shape of money, and other commodities ; and until an adjustment is arrived at all round, we cannot hope to enjoy any general prosperity. The labour troubles which are taking place all over the world show what a painful process is going on, and should convince us that any attempts to bolster up wages by artificial means can end only in disaster.

Finally, as one who, in the language of Lord Penzance, is a Free Trade idolator,<sup>7</sup> let me say a parting word. It is not by taxing foreign importations that we can keep our place in the world of commerce, and overcome foreign competition. We must do so by the extension of education among both masters and men, by endeavours to improve the suitability, the quality, and the tastefulness of our goods, and to reduce the cost of production by the study and adoption of scientific processes of which the world is daily giving some novel example. Our workpeople, moreover, must learn to exercise more than they do now the virtues of temperance and providence, in which they are sadly deficient. It is by such means alone that we as a nation shall be able to hold our own in the competition which gets keener day by day. A resort to Protection would only aggravate the evils which it was intended to cure.

**GENIUS AND PRECOCITY.**—In this suggestive paper Mr. Sully sets himself to investigate the soundness of the common and classical belief, embodied in the saying of Quintilian : "*Illud ingeniorum velut præcox genus non temere, umquam pervenit ad frugem,*" that the early blossom of talent is rarely followed by the fruit of great achievement. In order to estimate the soundness of this view two lines of enquiry suggest themselves : first, what proportion of those who have shown marked precocity have redeemed the promise of their youth ; secondly, what proportion of those who have actually obtained a place among the great, had been distinguished by marked precocity.

These two lines of investigation, however, remarks Mr. Sully,

are in a measure distinct. For it may turn out that a large proportion of clever children never attain to more than mediocrity in later life, and yet that the majority of great men have been remarkable as children. He, therefore, confines himself to the second of the two methods indicated.

It includes, at least, two distinct questions, *viz.*, whether men of genius have, in the majority of cases, displayed marked ability at an early age, and whether they have reached their full maturity of power and highest achievement early or late.

Taking the former question first, and further limiting his investigation to those who, in modern times, have reached eminence in some branch of art or of literature, the writer divides this order into seven groups, *viz.*, musicians, painters, poets, novelists, scholars, men of science, and philosophers.

First, as regards musicians, not including those still living. Among examples of all round musical precocity among the great musicians are Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Schubert ; while Meyerbeer, Hillier, Spohr, Mehul, Schumann, Cherubini, Auber, Weber, David, Lotti, Rossini exhibited marked early talent as either executants or composers.

These are some of the more striking instances ; but in order to determine the proportion of eminent musicians who were markedly precocious, Mr. Sully has gone through forty names. Of these he finds that thirty-eight displayed a decided bent to the art before 20. The two exceptions are Palestrina and Tartini. Of the early life of the former little is known. Tartini first took to music after 20.

Of the thirty-eight, twenty-nine are ascertained to have shown a musical gift as children ; and only in the case of two of the nine exceptions is there reason to conclude that there was no marked manifestation of ability in childhood—Rossini and Wagner.

Proceeding next to investigate the age at which a distinct pledge of greatness has been given by musical composers, the writer finds that Mozart acquired great popularity as an opera writer at the age of 14 ; Mendelssohn composed the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at 17½ ; Schubert essayed a symphony in his 17th year and produced his first mass a few months afterwards ; Beethoven, on the other hand, did not begin to publish works of importance till the age of 25 ; Gluck and Wagner began late ; Sebastian Bach not till after 40. Haydn composed nothing great till nearly 60.

Nevertheless, says Mr. Sully :—

In spite of these inequalities, it may be safely said that, as a rule, the great musical composers have redeemed the promise of a precocious youth with a

creditable alacrity. This may be seen by a glance at the following figures. Out of thirty names selected for examination, I find that eighteen unquestionably reached eminence under 25, or twenty-two in all under 30; leaving eight who attained fame after 30. Thus about three-fifths of the illustrious names in the history of music came into possession of their full intellectual heritage on, or soon after, attaining their majority.

Taking the class of painters, sculptors and architects, Mr. Sully finds that, out of fifty-eight regarding whose early years he has been able to obtain information, forty-two are credited with having shown decided skill before the age of 15, and forty-seven before 20.

The date at which real distinction was attained accords generally with the very early indication of taste and skill.

Mantegna painted pictures of exceptional excellence at 17. Fra Angelico was a skilled artist at 20. Another early Italian artist, Orcagna, had fully established his reputation about the age of 22. Ghiberti attained notoriety by his successful design for the bronze doors about 21 or 22. Coming to later workers, we find it recorded that Leonardo painted finished pictures at 20. Michael Angelo produced great works by 19. Raffael painted fine pictures at 21. Titian became a distinguished painter at about 20. Correggio struck out his original manner about 18, and reached fame soon after 20. Holbein is known to have painted good works at the age of 15, and at 19 produced fine examples of finished portraiture. Van Dyck, too, painted exquisite portraits at 21. Rubens had made his mark by excellent work at 23. Rembrandt was famous at 24, and about the same age Velasquez won royal recognition. Vernet painted considerable works at 22. In our own country Landseer is again one of the most striking examples. By the age of 18 he had won recognition as a great artist, and had more work than he could do. Lawrence was about the same age when he established his reputation as a finished painter. Turner painted pictures at 18 which display real power. Reynolds had won a European reputation by 23, and Romney's finer work dates from about the same age.

Here again figures may be useful. Out of a list of forty-two about the date of whose attainment of fame-bringing excellence I have been able to inform myself, twenty-eight reached this point before 25; nine more before 30; and the rest soon after that date. I cannot find an instance of artistic fame having been reached after the age of 40.

Among the few exceptions are Ghirlandajo who did not reach distinction till after 30; Francia whose earliest dated work belongs to the age of 40; Sir Christopher Wren, who suddenly showed himself as a great architect about the age of 30.

Of fifty-two modern poets, again, thirty-nine were distinctly precocious. Of sixty, thirty-eight wrote before 20, and only five took to poetic composition after 30.

The plant of poetic genius is not only early in disclosing its young shoot, but grows rapidly to the stature that commands admiration and renown. In some cases, as that of Tasso, Goethe, Coleridge, Campbell, and Moore, recognition follows almost instantaneously. In a much larger number, including

Milton, Pope, Byron, Keats, and Voltaire, fame is reached after a very few years.

After examining forty-nine cases, I find that twenty-eight, or four out of seven, won renown by the age of 25. The proportion of those who were famous by 30 is thirty-six, or more than five out of seven. Finally forty-five, or nearly thirteen out of fourteen, had attained fame before 40, leaving only four who attained this point later in life.

Among the few whose poetic gift revealed itself late are Camoens, Racine, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Wordsworth.

The last two poets, together with Dryden and Dante, make up the four who missed renown till after 40. Of these, Cowper appears not to have begun to write till after that age. Dante, like Milton, passed his early manhood in the service of the State. Dryden and Wordsworth began to write when young and so are signal examples of a long unrewarded fidelity to the muse.\*

Of twenty-eight novelists twenty-one showed evidence of imaginative power before 20.

As regards first publication :

Novelists exhibit much diversity of habit with respect to the date of their first appearance before the public. In a list of thirty-two names two published their first work before 20 ; seven between 20 and 25 ; nine between 25 and 30 ; seven between 30 and 40 ; and seven after 40. It may be observed that names of world-wide reputation appear in each group except the first. Thus Dickens and Hawthorne fall under the first of the four divisions ; George Sand, Thackeray, and Victor Hugo under the second ; Fielding, Goldsmith, and George Eliot under the third ; and Defoe, Richardson, Sterne, Scott, and Cervantes under the last.

The date at which the first notable work appears varies in very much the same way. In a series of thirty-one names, three produce a work of note before 25 ; nine more before 30 ; twelve more before 40 ; and seven after 40.

The most remarkable examples of late development are Defoe, who after devoting the best part of his life to political polemics suddenly struck into the path of fiction at the age of 44, and only gave his *Robinson Crusoe* to the world eleven years later ; Richardson, who published his first fiction when 51 ; Sterne, who after passing many contented years in the seclusion of a country rectory, tried his luck as a novelist by publishing *Tristram Shandy* at the age of 46 ; and Cervantes, who after years of active service followed out an early impulse to letters in his 36th year, and produced his masterpiece at the mature age of 57.

As regards scholars, historians and critics, after noticing Grotius, Porson, Niebuhr, Macaulay, Thirlwall, as remarkable examples of precocity, Mr. Sully proceeds :

If now we inquire what proportion of the class were distinguished for intellectual precocity, we reach the following results : Out of thirty-six cases, thirty, or five-sixths, are said to have been distinguished by preternatural ability,

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\* The Greek and Latin poets supply several alleged instances of precocity. Living poets seem, as far as I can judge from the date of their first publication, to be somewhat below the average in this respect.

either in childhood or in early youth. So far as I can ascertain, about one-half of these betrayed at an early age the precise direction of their future mental activity. This applies, for example, to Gibbon, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and Lessing. The others either proved themselves quick all-round learners, or evinced exceptional intellectual strength in some other direction, *e.g.*, mathematics or poetry.

• • It becomes a very different question if we inquire into the age at which original production commenced. Out of a list of thirty-five it would seem as if only seven—that is just one-fifth—published before 20. Eighteen more commenced their literary career between 20 and 30; four more between 30 and 40; leaving six who began to write after 40.

With respect to the age at which a position of eminence is reached, our present group shows still wider variations than the previous ones. An inspection of a series of thirty-five writers gives the following results: only seven, or one-fifth, won distinction before 25, nine more before 30; sixteen more before 40, leaving three unrewarded till after this date.

With respect to eminent savants he says:

I find, after going through a list of thirty-six, that twenty-seven, or three-fourths, have given distinct evidence of a bent to science before 20. Of the remaining nine, five appear to have first taken to science after this age, while in the case of four the question is left doubtful.

Looking now at the age of productivity, we obtain the following results: out of a list of thirty-one, seven certainly wrote memoirs or other works under 20; fifteen gave out their first known production between 20 and 25; three began to write between 25 and 30; leaving six who, so far as I can judge, entered on the productive stage after 30.

If, again, we ask at what age fame, or the achievement which entitles to fame, is reached, we obtain the following figures: Out of a group of thirty-seven, fourteen reached this point before 25, twelve between 25 and 30; eight between 30 and 40; while three did not rise to the height of renown till after 40.

As regards philosophers: •

Taking thirty-seven eminent representatives, I find that twenty-five, or about two-thirds, appear to have shown a marked philosophical inquisitiveness before the age of 20.

If now, we go on to ask at what age philosophic production begins, we arrive at the following results: Among thirty-six, two wrote on philosophical subjects before the age of 20; eighteen between 20 and 30; eight between 30 and 40; and eight after 40.

Finally, with respect to the age at which greatness reveals itself in a remarkable achievement, we gather the following data: Out of thirty-five, three distinguished themselves before 25; four between this date and 30; fourteen between 30 and 40; six between 40 and 50; and eight after 50.

Of those who achieved philosophic distinction after 50 we have no less illustrious names than Descartes, Hobbes, Locke, and Leibnitz. It may be added that Kant very nearly falls into this category, his first independent treatise appearing at the age of 46. The lateness of achievement in many cases is connected with the circumstance that other subjects, as mathematics, have been taken up before philosophy.



Proceeding to enquire into the meaning of the figures and the conclusions to be drawn from them, Mr. Sully says :

A glance at our different lists will show that throughout precocity preponderates. This will be made more apparent by the following figures : Taking the seven lists together, I find that of the cases examined 231 out of 287, or about four-fifths, displayed talent before the age of 20. The instances of those who gave no sign of their high destiny in their youth must accordingly be regarded as exceptions to the general rule.

I may add that these exceptions, or, to be more accurate, these apparent exceptions, include only one or two names of the first magnitude. I doubt, indeed, whether one could find in the lists of musicians, artists, and poets, a single clear instance of a man of supreme genius having failed to give these early indications.

In the second place, our inquiries teach us that in the large majority of cases the productive period of genius begins early. Thus, in a total of 263 cases, 105—*i.e.*, just two-fifths—are known to have produced works before 20 ; or 211—or more than four-fifths before 30. At the same time these figures plainly show that there is less uniformity in this particular than in the other.

In the third place, we gather from our investigations that a large majority of great men gain their first considerable success in early manhood. Thus out of 258 cases, 101, or nearly two-fifths, reach this point before 25 ; and 155—in all about three-fifths—before 30. But the proportion of exceptions becomes decidedly larger here. Thus we have 31 instances, or nearly one-eighth of the whole, only attaining distinction after 40. And among these are names of very high, if not the highest, eminence.

It follows that there is only a general and not a perfect consilience with respect to the different marks of precocity here selected. The men who disclose the germ of a great intellect in boyhood are as a rule early in production, and in the attainment of an assured place among the great. At the same time there are noteworthy deviations from this rule. Thus, Bach, Haydn, and Wagner in music, Perugino and Gainsborough in painting, Dante and Dryden in poetry, Cervantes and Scott in fiction, Gibbon and Niebuhr in scholarship, Copernicus and Darwin in science, and finally, Descartes and Leibnitz in philosophy, are all instances of early promise followed by comparatively late performance.

The explanation of these facts seems to me to be the following : Genius, as the etymology of the word suggests, is essentially a native quality. A truly great man is born such. This means that he is created with a strong and overmastering impulse to a definite form of origination. And hence he commonly gives a clear indication of this bent in the first years of life. On the other hand, actual production presupposes other conditions, as well. It implies, for example, a certain amount of physical vigour, a possession which many a son of genius has had to do without in the early years of life. Not only so : production on any considerable scale requires opportunity and leisure. And here the external circumstances become a matter of importance, as serving to further or to delay the process of achievement. For though it may be true that in the end real genius proves itself irresistible in its instinctive striving towards creation, every reader of great men's biography knows that parental disapprobation, aided by the necessity of living, from which even the most gifted of mortals is not exempt, has in a large number of instances greatly retarded the process of production and the attainment of distinction.

I do not, however, consider that these causes account for all the exceptions. After allowing for the effect of delicate health and external obstructions there remains a certain number of instances of late achievement which are only explicable as illustrations of a slow process of development. In a number of cases, the postponement of the fruitful effort has been due to the individual's own volition and not to external compulsion. Thus Dante, Milton, Cervantes, and others voluntarily passed their early manhood in active life rather than in the life of imaginative creation, showing that the impulse to poetic creation was not at this period supreme and overpowering. In other cases, again, there is reason to suppose that the creative faculty unfolded itself slowly. What Macaulay says of Bagon is apparently true of more than one imaginative writer : the judgment developed in advance of the fancy. Defoe seems to be an example of such a late development of imaginative power, and George Eliot is a clear and very remarkable instance of this faculty first revealing itself at a comparatively late period. If to these considerations we add that men of genius vary considerably in their rate of production, that to many the process of creation is a slow, tentative progress, rather than a sudden achievement, we have, I imagine, a fairly complete explanation of the facts.

Comparing the results in the different classes selected, the numbers showing distinct promise before 20 are represented by the following fractions :

	Musicians	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{8}$
	Artists	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{4}$
	Scholars	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{4}$
equal {	Poets	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{3}{4}$
	Novelists	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{3}{4}$
	Men of Science	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{3}{4}$
	Philosophers	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{2}{3}$

The proportion of cases of early production, taking the age of 30 as the limit, are :

Musicians	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{4}$
Artists	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$
Poets	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$
Scientists	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$
Scholars	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$
Philosophers	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$
Novelists	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$

The following are the proportions who attained distinction before 40 :

*equal {	Musicians	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{4}$
	Artists	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$
equal {	Poets	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$
	Scientists	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$
	Scholars	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$
	Novelists	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$
	Philosophers	...	...	...	...	...	$\frac{1}{2}$

\* If we make 25 the limit, we find that artists just surpass musicians.

On comparing these tables, says Mr. Sully, it will be seen that—

On the whole the order of the classes in point of precocity corresponds pretty closely with the order in which we have examined them. Musicians and artists stand at the head of the list throughout, and philosophers come last in two out of three of the scales. On the other hand, the relative position of the intermediate groups—poets, scholars, novelists, and scientists—varies considerably in the different scales.

The following remarks are offered, in conclusion, as to the more potent influences conducing to these results :—

First of all, then, we note that the order in respect of precocity answers roughly to the degree of abstractness of the faculty employed. At the one extreme musicians and artists represent sensuous faculty, or the least abstract mode of mental activity, while philosophers at the other extreme illustrate the highest degree of abstraction. Between these come the men of imagination, the poets and novelists. And this is the very order we should antecedently expect from a consideration of the general laws of intellectual development ; for sense, imagination, and abstract thought are the three well-marked stages of intellectual progress. Or, to express the same fact in physiological terms, one may say that the nerve-centres specially engaged in the production of sense impressions, mental images, and abstract ideas, develop and are perfected in this order.

Taking up the classes *seriatim*, one may say that the clear primacy of musical genius is probably connected with the fact that the faculty for music has, as its main ingredient, a very special and restricted sense-endowment, *viz.*, a fine sensibility to tones and their musical relations, which, again, seems to be correlated with a special functional endowment of the organ of hearing. One may add to this that musical inventiveness presupposes no experience or knowledge of things, but merely an accumulation of tone-material.

Painting, like music, seems to depend on a special sense-endowment, *viz.*, an eye for form of colour, and also a finely organised hand, which endowments might be expected to be well-marked from the first. On the other hand, it involves much more in the way of external observation and a knowledge of objects. Hence, perhaps, its inferiority to music in the matter of precocity.

Passing to men of letters, we find that, on the whole, Poets are the most precocious class. Here, too, we note the presence of a clearly marked sensuous ingredient, *viz.*, a fine ear for rhythm and the musical qualities of verbal sounds. The poetic endowment includes, moreover, as a principal act or a lively, sensuous imagination, a faculty that is in a manner based on a certain degree of perfection of the senses, and so may be expected to become prominent at an early period of life. If to this we add that lyrical poetry is to a very large extent the expression of erotic and kindred feelings which are known to be developed in great strength during the transition from childhood to youth, we are able, I imagine, to understand much of the daring precocity of poets. It is to be remarked that, though there are several instances of boys writing comedies, dramatic composition begins as a rule considerably later than lyrical, and this accords with the fact that dramatic conception presupposes much more objective knowledge of men and things.

The next class to claim attention is the Scholars. At first one may well

be surprised to find these so high up in our first table, for the critical faculty, judgment, is known to be late in its development. But the anomaly is only an apparent one. The scholar, the historian, and the critic are alike dependent on an exceptional power of acquisition and of memory, and this is well known to be a precocious endowment. Moreover, it is an endowment which is fairly certain to be duly noted, seeing that it is precisely the aptitude which is at the basis of school-renown. This is borne out by the fact that the class of scholars, &c, though high up in respect of early manifestation of ability, are not so distinguished in the matter of early production or of early attainment of excellence.

The next group in our combined scale of precocity is Scientists. Their high place is, I believe, largely owing to the mathematicians. The mathematical faculty is well known to be a precocious one. The fact that it is often found in the company of musical capacity suggests that there is a common mental ingredient. In each we note the play of inventive imagination on a circumscribed mass of material easily acquired, *vis.*, tone-images in the one case, and symbol-images in the other. On the other hand, the representatives of the natural sciences which involve prolonged processes of observation, &c., are much less forward.

The shifting position of novelists in our three scales is, perhaps, the most curious outcome of our investigation. Like the poet, the novelist employs as his chief mental implement the faculty of sensuous imagination. Hence the relatively high position in our first table. At the same time the novel presupposes much more in the way of knowledge of the world and reflection on its ways than the poem. Its most distinctive aptitude, perhaps, is a minute knowledge of character, a circumstance which brings it into close relation to one of the most abstract of the sciences, *vis.*, psychology.

Respecting Philosophers little need be said. That a considerable fraction should begin to write after thirty and almost as large a proportion attain fame after forty, is just what one might antecedently expect. Indeed, nowhere perhaps is early achievement so truly marvellous as in the severe domain of abstract speculation. It is not a mere coincidence, I take it, that the two most brilliant examples of this precocity, Berkeley and Schelling, are metaphysicians whose writings are so deeply tinged with the glow of a poetic imagination.

In this attempt to explain our results we have confined our attention to the intellectual ingredient in genius. But we might also take into account the emotional and volitional factor, that is to say, the specific impulse which prompts and sustains the creative activity. And by so doing we might still further illustrate the general agreement between our facts and the laws of mental development. Thus, for example, the artistic impulse, which according to our tables shows itself to be most precocious, appears also to be the one first manifesting itself in a decided form in the history of the average individual, and of the race. The child and the race alike develop a crude art before they take seriously to inquiry. How far this consilience extends with reference to the relative position of the several classes in our scheme I will not now venture to say.

Genius is precocious, then, in the sense of manifesting itself early. But what of its subsequent history? Does it soon attain the summit of its development or go on improving as long as, or even longer than, ordinary intelligence? This, as was pointed out at the beginning of this essay,

is in a measure a different inquiry and one too long to follow out here. There are special difficulties, too, in pursuing this line of research. Although it is, in a general way, an easy matter to say when a man of genius produces his first distinctly original work, it is exceedingly difficult to determine how long he goes on improving. Critics are far from agreed, for example, as to the relative value of the earlier and later work of Goethe, Beethoven, Turner, &c. It may, however, be safely asserted that early manifestation of genius is not incompatible with a prolonged and even late development. Haydn, Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Titian, Milton, Goethe, Voltaire, Gibbon, Lessing, Newton, Leibnitz, Berkeley, Mill, and other great names, are examples of such lengthy process of development. Indeed, there is much to support Mr. Galton's view that eminent men surpass ordinary men not only in superiority from the first, but also in a more prolonged development.

Such a conclusion, it may be observed, would seem to accord with what we know of the general laws of mental evolution. For if we compare the different races of man, or the different species of animals, we find that, in general, the higher the cerebral organisation attained, the longer the process of development. Men of great original power, having the most highly organised type of brain, may be expected to illustrate the most prolonged movement of mental growth.

From this point of view we are able, I think, to see the difference between the course of development of a truly great intellect and that of a precocious but stunted intelligence. That there are many clever children that never "come to anything," or at least do not fulfil their early promise, is a fact which nobody, probably, will deny. Some of these would perhaps have distinguished themselves if they had had better opportunities, or at least more ambition and energy of character. But allowing for this, one finds a good remainder of youths who appear to have had a rapid but early arrested mental development. Such an early display of quickness followed by a lengthy period of ordinary mediocrity, or even dulness, looks like a too great forwardness of ordinary human ability. In other words, the clever child is in this case not an exceptional being, but a quite average one, whose cerebral development has somehow outrun the common attainment of his years. He is like a tree that bears fruit too soon. On the other hand, the man of superb ability is precocious just because, having a finer brain to start with, he is raised above the average mental stature of his years. He rather resembles a tree which shoots at once above the surrounding trees, though it may mature and bring forth fruit later than they.

**THE CRUSADE AGAINST SILVER.**—Sir E. A. Sassoon attributes the present general depression of trade no less than the special economic difficulties by which France, Germany, Italy, America and India find themselves threatened or beset, entirely to the depreciation of silver and appreciation of gold, which has taken place since Germany's wrong-headed action gave the signal for a crusade against the inferior metal.

The belief that the fall in silver has been in any degree a consequence of over-production, he pronounces absolutely unfounded.

Irrefutable figures point to the fact that so far from silver having been

over-produced, stocks have virtually remained stationary. From Mulhall's *History of Prices* we find that whereas the stock of gold, coined and uncoined, in 1870 was 1,175 millions sterling, as against 2,715 millions sterling of silver, in 1885 the figures are gold 1,504 and silver 3,054 millions sterling. This shows clearly that the depression of silver, ascribable as it may be to its growing disuse as a money unit, and to its substitution by electroplate for art and ornamental purposes, or to other causes, can assuredly not be owing to over-production. Mr. Mulhall points out, in further proof, that "the quantity of silver is now only nineteen times that of gold, whereas in 1850 it was thirty-two times, and yet, strange to say, silver has fallen."

As regards the effect on India of the disturbed relations between the two metals, he says :

There are those who regard the vast volumes of Indian exports as an infallible barometer of benefits accruing from low exchanges. These, however, are benefits which the position of India as a tributary nation, and other economical considerations, go far to qualify. The first of these peculiarities consists in the serious injury occasioned by the adverse rate at which her silver tribute is exchanged to pay her gold obligations in England, the loss representing a sum of no less than 4,000,000*l.* per annum ; so that India's accumulations in the shape of Insurance Funds and other contingent provisions are engulfed in this ever-yawning abyss. The other striking feature is its distinctly protective nature and tendency. The extension of a nation's productive capabilities, where it can be traced to natural causes, cheapened methods of production, or to any other substantial development of resources, cannot but be a matter of satisfaction ; in this particular instance, however, one witnesses the phenomenon of a country receiving a vast stimulus to its agricultural energies in the absence of any such legitimate aids, simply and solely by the operation of the factitious disturbance of currency relations as between silver and gold standard States. Protection in any form we are sufficiently advanced to consider heretical ; *à fortiori*, in the transient and harassingly fluctuating condition in which it operates on India it is extremely problematical whether the inflated prosperity it engenders can be regarded as otherwise than ephemeral. The cotton factories, under the spur of an unprecedented shrinkage in silver (in its gold ratio) are daily driving the Lancashire manufacturers out of the field in all silver-using countries. Thus both the "land and hand interests" are enlarging the sphere of their operations under what must be characterised a delusive feeling of confidence and security, so that when the day of reaction arrives—either in the shape of an augmented employment of silver in Europe or a diminished outturn of the mines—it will bring with it widespread mischief to all forms of industrial activity.

The wealthy classes it may not concern so much to look ahead, but the effect on the wage-earning community of such a grave dislocation of their respective occupations cannot be overrated. Mr. Hope, an official of wide experience of India, recommended, in view, no doubt, of the deplorable lack of appreciation of the gravity of affairs displayed by the Home Government, direct overtures being made to the Latin Union for some international basis of action. An unofficial member, at a meeting of the Supreme Council, declared his conviction of the evil tendency of a perpetually recurring fall in silver. Sir Auckland Colvin, after pointing out that, if things are allowed to continue to drift,

fifty crores of rupees will have been withdrawn from the pockets of the people by the end of a decade—urged that “he did not see where any compensating advantage is to come to them ;” and, further, “when I am told that a currency, the value of which relatively to gold is what ours has now become, will be the source of unmixed prosperity, I cannot but hesitate to accept these glad tidings of great joy, and to inquire whether other causes have not been at work to which, in great part, the improvement of our revenues may be assigned.”

The proposal for one absolute or partial cessation of free mintage in India he entirely condemns.

Considered in the abstract, there may be much to recommend the idea—such as the necessity of controlling an unlimited coining of what may be fast becoming a generally demonetised metal, or the expediency, for State reasons, of checking a violent drop in the sale of the Secretary of State's bills on India. But then there are obvious economic reasons which militate against a step of this kind being taken, unless in a grave emergency. The disturbance to the Indo-Chinese trade, which would be very great, has also to be considered. It was also bruited about that the fixing of an arbitrary rate for Council Bills might be recommended as an accompaniment to the closing of the mints, but any such artificial expedients for maintaining silver at a given level is so obviously pernicious in principle, and would prove so vexatious in practice—encouraging illicit coining, &c.—that it seems doubtful whether any Government would seriously contemplate its adoption. What, therefore, is wanted, if Indian resources are to be permanently benefited, is that the war of standards should be brought to an end by an international agreement, having for its leading object the fixing of a reasonable relative value which the two metals are to bear to each other—the average value of, say, the last twenty-five years being taken as a basis for determining the ratio to be observed in future.

The most practicable proposal is that of the Bimetallic League.

This is, that England should encourage the idea of an International Convention by “taking her due share in the settlement of a question so vital to the well-being of the Empire and so essential to the interests of commerce everywhere.” This does not necessarily imply the adoption by England of Bi-metalism pure and simple. The bank of England has the power of placing a proportionate reserve of silver bullion to the extent of five millions sterling. This authority has been allowed, for prudential considerations, to remain a dead letter, but concurrently with the security against a serious fall in silver which an International Monetary Convention would afford, we do not see why the Bank should not revert to its former practice in this respect. The amount might be increased to ten millions sterling, as a basis for an increased issue of paper currency of a lower denomination than that now in vogue. This concession we can safely offer in return for Germany's co-operation towards the restoration of silver. By the Latin Union our support would be construed as seconding the efforts of those Powers who will only act eagerly and promptly when confident in the strength of our moral adhesion to their views. A trifling modification in our currency laws would ensure the necessary alteration being carried out without any friction. On behalf of the Indian Government, a pledge might easily be tendered assuring the unrestricted coinage of silver by every Indian mint, concurrent with the strict fulfilment of the provisions of an International Convention

which has already been referred to in an earlier part of this paper. It may not be amiss to observe that the pledge would only be—having regard to India's mono-metallism—a sort of nominal concession, but it is the moral worth of the promise that would give it a *bond-fide* force.

At the same time Parliament might beneficially grant an enquiry with a view to the appointment of an International Convention, to find suitable means for the restoration of silver to its former stability.

• A solution of the battle of the standards based on the principle of compensatory action would materially conduce to—

1. The economising of the gold supply and consequent diminution of pressure on it.
  2. The decreased wear of our gold coins (a waste of wealth not sufficiently realised).
  3. The raising to a figure that will admit of profit to producers the prices of commodities, by counteracting the serious appreciation of gold.
  4. The stimulus to our manufactures.
  5. The much-sought-for relief to agriculturists from the present unhealthy competition.
  6. The employment of a greater number of hands, and the check to overcrowding in large towns.
  7. The elimination of disturbing element in the world's currency.
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JUNE, 1886.

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FAITH-HEALING AND KINDRED PHENOMENA.—The writer of this interesting, but somewhat confused, paper compares an extensive series of instances of the cure of diseases by faith and by mesmerism, electro-biology so called, and other forms of alleged occult influence, and seeks by a process of induction to arrive at some common cause to which the effects produced are traceable. That common cause he finds to be purely subjective; entirely independent of the will of the operator or any magnetic or "biologic" influence, and arising from concentrated attention, "expectancy and reverence."

The notion that a magnetic fluid passes from the body, or that passes are of utility in producing the state, except as they act upon the mind of the candidate, was long since exploded.

About forty-five years ago an itinerant lecturer on these phenomena, who had great success in experiments, used an old-fashioned cylinder electrical machine. The "subjects" took hold of the wire. He gave them a slight electrical shock, and "concentrated his will upon them." Those that were susceptible

passed into the trance state. On a certain occasion, when trying the experiment with several gentlemen in a private room, the operator was called out just as the candidates had taken hold of the wire. He remained twenty minutes, not supposing that the experiment was being tried; on his return, to his great surprise, he found three of them as much "magnetized," "mesmerized," "electro-biologized," "hypnotized," or "psycho-dynamized" as any he had ever seen. This showed that the entire effect was caused by their own mental states.

The writer then goes on to narrate a corroborative instance from his own experience:—

About fifteen years ago I was present at a private meeting of twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, at the residence of Mr. Henry R. Towne, president of the Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company. On two successive evenings these phenomena had been explained. It had been maintained that all the results were subjective, arising from the concentrated attention, "expectancy and reverence" of the persons trying the experiment. At the close of the two lectures, after I had divested the subject of all mystery, and as it seemed, had rendered it impossible to produce reverence or confidence, I was urged to prove the theory by experiment. Accordingly eight gentlemen and ladies were requested to rise, stand without personal contact with one another or myself, close their eyes, and clasp their hands. In a very few minutes five of them passed more or less fully into the trance state, two of them becoming unconscious of their surroundings and the others exhibiting very peculiar phenomena. One of the gentlemen thus affected was a prominent lawyer of the city of New York, another a recent graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School, and the third the book-keeper in a large establishment. *Nothing* was done by the experimenter during the interval after these persons closed their eyes and clasped their hands, save to wait in silence and to require silence from the spectators.

Of the numerous cases of healing cited, we can refer to only a few. First, we have the well authenticated case of Prince Hohenlohe.

The Prince who was born in 1794, in Waldenburg, was a man of high position and broad education, having studied at several universities. When he was twenty-six years of age, he met with a peasant who had performed several astonishing cures, "and from him caught the enthusiasm which he subsequently manifested in healing the sick." I will quote two cases on the authority of Professor Onymus of the University of Würzburg. "Captain Ruthlein, an old gentleman of Thundorf, 70 years of age, who had long been pronounced incurable of paralysis which kept his hand clinched, and who had not left his room for many years, was perfectly cured. Eight days after his cure he paid me a visit, rejoicing in the happiness of being able to walk freely. . . . A student of Burglauer, near Murmerstadt, had lost for two years the use of his legs; and though he was only partially relieved by the first and second prayer of the Prince, at the third he found himself perfectly well."

Father Mathew, as is well known, was very successful in relieving the sick. In Roman Catholic countries and elsewhere, crutches, sticks and splints innumerable that have been left behind testify to

cures by the supposed efficacy of prayers and relics. It is undeniable that many faith cures have been effected at Knock Chapel in Ireland, and at Lourdes in France, and the success of Joseph Gassner, a Roman Catholic priest in Swabia, in healing the sick, is undoubted.

Another famous faith-healer, some of whose cures have been thoroughly authenticated, was Dorothea Trudel, of Manheim. Another name widely known is that of the Rev. W. E. Boardman.

He had an establishment in the north of London which is designated "Bethshan," and has created quite a sensation. There hundreds of remarkable cures are claimed of cancer, paralysis, advanced consumption, chronic rheumatism, and lameness; and the usual trophies in the shape of canes, crutches, etc., are left behind. They will not allow the place to be called a *hospital*, but the "Nursery of Faith." Their usual method is to anoint the sufferer with oil and then pray. They profess also to effect many cures by correspondence, and assert that the healing virtues claimed for French and Irish relics by Roman Catholics are not to be compared with those exercised in answer to their prayers.

To take, again, cures effected through the imagination without the aid of religious faith. The charming away of warts is well established.

"They are so apparent that there cannot be much room for mistake as to whether they have or have not disappeared, and in some instances within my own knowledge their disappearance was in such close connection with the psychical treatment adopted, that I could hardly suppose the cure was only *post hoc*. In one case, a relative of mine had a troublesome wart on the hand, for which I made use of the usual local remedies, but without effect. After they were discontinued, it remained *in statu quo* for some time, when a gentleman 'charmed' it away in a few days." He then tells of a case the particulars of which he received of a surgeon. His daughter had about a dozen warts on her hands, and they had been there about eighteen months; her father had applied caustic and other remedies without success. A gentleman called, noticed her warts, and asked how many she had. She said she didn't know, but she thought about a dozen. "Count them, will you?" said he, and solemnly took down her counting, remarking, "You will not be troubled with your warts after next Sunday." Dr. Tuke adds, "It is a fact that by the day named the warts had disappeared and did not return." Francis Bacon had a similar experience, including the removal of a wart which had been with him from childhood, on which he says: "At the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again; but the going away of that which had staid so long doth yet stick with me."

Blood diseases, such as scurvy, have been similarly cured.

At the siege of Breda in 1625, scurvy prevailed to such an extent that the Prince of Orange was about to capitulate. The following experiment was resorted to: "Three small phials of medicine were given to each physician, not enough for recovery of two patients. It was publicly given out that three or four drops were sufficient to impart a healing virtue to a gallon of liquor." Dr. Frederic Van der Mye, who was present and one of the physicians, says: "The effect of delusion was really astonishing; for many quickly and perfectly

recovered. Such as had not moved their limbs for a month before were seen walking the streets, sound, upright, and in perfect health."

The following examples show still more forcibly the part played by the imagination in bringing about the result :—

Of the famous metallic tractors of Dr. Perkins, which produced most extraordinary results, attracting the attention of the medical world, the effects of the use of the tractors being attributed to Galvanism, and of the production of the same effects by two wooden tractors of nearly the same shape, and painted so as to resemble them in color, it is hardly necessary to say anything, but the wooden and the metallic were equally efficient, and cured cases of chronic rheumatism in the ankle, knee, wrist, and hip, where the joints were swollen and the patient had been ill for a long time ; and even a case of lockjaw of three or four days' standing was cured in fifty minutes, when the physicians had lost all hope.

I have frequently tested this principle. The application of a silver dollar wrapped in silk to ulcerated teeth, where the patient had been suffering for many hours, and in some instances for days, relieved the pain, the patient supposing that it was an infallible remedy. After I had explained to the parties that the effect was wholly mental, the magic power of the remedy was gone.

In 1867 a well-known public singer was taken dangerously ill on the evening of his concert, having great nausea and intense headache ; two applications of the silver dollar to his forehead entirely relieved him, and he performed a full programme with his usual energy. Anything else would have been as effectual as the dollar which was used merely because it was at hand.

One of the most remarkable of such cures was effected by the writer himself :

In company with the Rev. J. B. Faulks (now of Paterson, N. J.), I called at a place on the shore of the Hudson River, near Englewood, N. J., to procure a boat. There was a delay of half an hour, and the day being chilly, we repaired to a house near by and there saw a most pitiable spectacle. The wife and mother of the family was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism in its worst form. She could not move, was terribly swollen, and could not bear to be touched. I said to Mr. Faulks, to whom I refer for the absolute truth of this narrative in its minutest particulars, "You shall now have an illustration of the truth of the theory you have so often heard me advance." He mildly demurred, and intimated that he did not wish to be mixed up in anything of the kind. But after making various remarks solely to inspire confidence and expectation, I called for a pair of knitting-needles. After some delay, improved by me to increase confidence and surround the proceedings with mystery, operations were begun. One of the hands of the patient was fearfully swollen, so that the fingers were as large very nearly as the wrist of an ordinary child three years of age. In fact, nearly all the space naturally between the fingers was occupied, and the fist was clinched. It is plain that to open them voluntarily was impossible, and to move them intensely painful. The daughter informed us that the hand had not been opened for several weeks. When all was ready I held the needles about two inches from the end of the woman's fingers, just above the clinched hand, and said, "Now, madam, do not think of your fingers, and above all do not

try to move them, but fix your eyes on the ends of these needles." She did so, and to her own wonder and that of her daughter the fingers straightened out and became flexible without the least pain. I then moved the needles about, and she declared that all pain left her hand except in one spot about half an inch in length.

In the same category must be classed the touchings of the King in old times for scrofula.

The power of "witch-doctors" among the Negroes of Africa both to cure and to produce diseases is as well authenticated as any fact concerning the "Dark Continent." Nor is it in Africa alone that such results attend the operations of practitioners of this class. Not long since an entire community near Atlanta, Georgia, were thrown into a state of excitement by the diseases caused by the threats of a doctor of this sort, and witch-doctors practise with indubitable success among the ignorant peasantry of various parts of Austria, Germany, and Russia.

But there are limitations to the healing power exercised in these and kindred ways. No one can restore the dead to life, give sight to one born blind, or hearing to one born deaf, where the cause of deafness is the absence of the necessary organs. No authentic account has been adduced of the cure or relief of dementia or idiocy. Another limitation is the capriciousness of success and the occurrence of relapses.

The inductions which the writer draws from the whole of the cases are the following :—

(1) That subjective mental states, as concentration of the attention upon a part with or without belief, can produce effects either of the nature of disease or cure.

(2) Active incredulity in persons not acquainted with these laws, but willing to be experimented upon, is often more favourable to sudden effects than mere stupid, acquiescent credulity. The first thing the incredulous, hard-headed man, who believes that, "there is nothing in it," sees that he cannot fathom, may lead him to succumb instantly and entirely to the dominant idea.

(3) That concentrated attention, with faith, can produce very great effects ; may operate powerfully in acute diseases, with instantaneous rapidity upon nervous diseases, or upon any disease capable of being modified by direct action through the nervous or circulatory system.

(4) That cures can be wrought upon diseases of accumulation, such as dropsy and tumors of various kinds, with great rapidity, where the increased action of the various excretory functions can eliminate the accumulations from the system.

(5) That rheumatism, sciatica, gout, neuralgia, contraction of the joints, and certain inflammatory conditions, may disappear under similar mental states suddenly, so as to admit of helpful exercise, which exercise by its effect upon

the circulation, and through it upon the nutrition of diseased parts, may produce a permanent cure.

(6) That the "mind-cure," apart from the absurd philosophy of the different sects into which it is already divided, and its repudiation of all medicine, has a basis in the laws of nature. The pretence of mystery, however, is either honest ignorance or consummate quackery.

(7) That all are unable to dispense with surgery, where the case is in the slightest degree complex and mechanical adjustments are necessary; also that they cannot restore a limb, or eye, or finger, or even a tooth which has been lost. But in certain displacements of internal organs the consequence of nervous debility, which are sometimes aided by surgery, they all sometimes succeed by developing latent energy through mental stimulus.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—By a clause in his will Benjamin Franklin left the residue of his books and papers to his grandson, William Temple Franklin, who carried them with him to London in 1790. In 1817-19 a portion of these papers were published simultaneously in London and Philadelphia, in six volumes, by the grandson, but about half were reserved for a second edition, which never appeared. In 1823, William Temple died without leaving any instructions regarding the balance. In the course of time they passed in some way into the hands of a man who had been one of William Temple's fellow-lodgers in St. James' Street, London. He kept them twelve years, offering them for sale to various authorities and persons without success, till in 1851, Mr. Henry Stevens, an American bibliophile, then resident in London, bought them. Mr. Stevens subsequently hypothecated them to a Mr. Charles Whittingham in London, whose executors put them up to sale in 1883, when they were bought by Congress and deposited in the State Department at Washington.

All this time none of these documents, except three or four letters published by Mr. Stevens to pique curiosity, have ever found their way into print. Mr. Bigelow, however, has lately been allowed access to the treasure, a series of specimens which he has published under the above heading, in the current number of the *Century Magazine*.

The following extracts may prove interesting :—

*Franklin to Mr. Maseres.*

COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION AS PRACTISED A CENTURY AGO.

" CRAVEN STREET, June 17, 1772.

" SIR : I thank you for the Pamphlets proposing to establish Life Annuities in Parishes, etc. I think it an excellent one. In compliance with your wish, pages 25, 26, I send it back with a few marginal notes (perhaps of no great importance), made in reading it, requesting it may be returned to me.

" In page 118 of Dr. Price's Book on Annuities, 2d Edition, you will find mention made of an Institution in Holland. He had that information from me.

Those Houses are handsome neat buildings, with very comfortable apartments ; some form the sides of a square, with grass plats, and gravel walks, flowers, &c., and some have little separate gardens behind each apartment. Those for men are called *Oude Mannen Huysen*; for women, *Oude Vrouwen Huysen*. I think the different kinds sometimes make different sides of the same square. There is a Chapel for prayers, a common kitchen, and a common hall in which they dine together. Two persons, such as best like one another, and choose so to associate, are generally lodged in one apartment, tho' in separate beds, that they may be at hand to assist each other in case of sudden illness in the night; and otherwise be mutually helpful.

"The Directors have also a room to meet in, who form rules for the government of the House, hear complaints and rectify what is amiss. Gentlemen are Directors of the *Oude Mannen Huys*, Ladies of the *Oude Vrouwen Haus*. A committee of two are chosen every year, who visit often, see the rules observed, and take care of the management. At the end of the year, these are thanked off, and as an Honourable Memorial of their services, their names, with the year they served, are added to the Gold Letter List on the walls of the room. All the furniture is neat and convenient, the beds and rooms kept clean and sweet by the servants of the house ; and the people appear to live happily.

"These institutions seem calculated to prevent poverty, which is rather a better thing than relieving it. For it keeps always in the Public Eye a state of comfort and repose in old age with freedom from care held forth as an encouragement to so much industry and frugality in youth as may at last serve to raise the required sum (suppose £50) that is to intitle a man or woman at 50 to a Retreat in those Houses. And in acquiring this sum habits may be acquired that produce such affluence before that age arrives as to make the retreat unnecessary and so never claimed. Hence, if £50 would (as by your table) entitle a man at 50 years of age to an annuity of £19. 3. 6. 1-2, I suppose that [in] such a House entertainment and accommodations to a much greater value might be afforded him ; because the right to live there is not transferable, and therefore every unclaimed right is an advantage to the House, while Annuities would probably all be claimed. Then it seems to me that the prospect of a distant annuity will not be so influencing on the minds of young people, as the constant view of the comfort enjoyed in those houses, in comparison of which even the *payment* and *receipt* of the annuities are *private* transactions.

"I write this in hopes you will after consideration favor me with your opinion whether (in addition to your plan, which will still have all advantages for smaller sums) one or more such houses in every county would not probably be of great use in still farther promoting Industry and Frugality among the lower people, and of course lessening the enormous weight of the Poor tax?"

*Franklin to his Wife.*

"LONDON, February 14, 1773.

"MY DEAR CHILD :<sup>\*</sup> I wrote to you a few days since by the Packet. In a box directed to Mr. Bache I sent a striped cotton and silk gown for you, of a manufacture now much the mode here. There is another for Sally. People line them with some old silk gown, and they look very handsome. There goes also a

\* The title by which he always addressed Mrs. Franklin in his letters.

bedstead for Sally, sent on Capt. All's telling Mrs. Stephenson that you wished it had been sent with the bed. She sends also some little things for Benny Boy.

"Now having nothing very material to add, let us trifle a little. The fine large gray squirrel you sent, who was a great favourite in the Bishop's family, is dead. He had got out of his cage in the country, rambled and was rambling over a common 3 miles from home, when he met a man with a dog. The dog pursuing him, he fled to the man for protection, running up to his shoulder, who shook him off, and set the dog on him, thinking him to be, as he said afterwards, *some varmint or other*. So poor *Mungo*, as his Mistress called him, died. To amuse you a little, and nobody out of your own house, I enclose you the little correspondence between her and me on the melancholy occasion. Skugg, you must know, is a common name by which all squirrels are called here, as all cats are called *Puss*. Miss Georgiana is the Bishop's youngest daughter but one. There are five in all. Mungo was buried in the garden, and the enclosed epitaph put upon his monument. So much for squirrels.

"My poor cousin Walker in Buckinghamshire is a lacemaker. She was ambitious of presenting you and Sally with some netting of her work, but as I knew she could not afford it, I chose to pay her for it at her usual price, 3-6 per yard. It goes also in the box. I name the price, that if it does not suit you to wear it, you may know how to dispose of it.

"My love to Sally and the dear Boy. I am ever

"Your affectionate husband."

*From B. Vaughan to Dr. Franklin.*

INTRODUCING DUGALD STEWART AND LORD ANCRAM.

"LONDON, August 8th, 1783.

"MY DEAREST SIR: I beg to introduce to your kind regards one of my best respected friends, Mr. Dugald Stewart, who, tho' as yet little known out of Scotland, is one of the best known men in it. He stands in the very first class of their mathematicians and literary men. He has twice at a day's warning taken up Dr. Adam Ferguson's Lectures in Moral Philosophy, and twice completely excelled him in the opinion of every one, as was proved in particular by the attendance he had while he lectured. Perhaps you may remember his father who lectured at Edinburgh in mathematics, and wrote a treatise on the Sun's distance from us as deducible from the theory of gravity. It is very poor compliment to Mr. Stewart to say that in Science it is the father who is really the Child.

"My friend travels with Lord Ancram, the son of the Marquis of Lothian, whom he represents to me as a pretty and very amiable young man. I beg you will extend your notice to him also.

"I have extreme confidence in begging your attention to Mr. Stewart, because I am sure it is in his power to repay you by the information he can give you of the literary characters in his country, and the objects they are pursuing. He is however very diffident, and is very fearful of betraying himself upon subjects which he is not master of, in which list for the present *he* reckons Mathematics, and is therefore averse to meeting M. d'Alembert on the subject, tho' he wants to see him. He is not strong in Natural Philosophy, but he understands everything in it. He burns to see you as its present Father; and



as at least *half* the time I spent alone with him in Scotland was employed in conversing about you, I believe he would not think he had been out of his Country unless he was allowed to see you at Paris."

*Franklin to his Niece, Mrs. Partridge.*

ON OLD AGE, ETC.

"PHILADA. NOV. 25, 1788.

"MY DEAR CHILD :

"You kindly enquire after my health. I have not of late much reason to boast of it. People that will live a long life and drink to the bottom of the cup, must expect to meet with some of the dregs. However, when I consider how many more terrible maladies the human body is liable to; I think myself well off that I have only three incurable ones, the gout, the stone, and old age; and, those notwithstanding, I enjoy many comfortable intervals, in which I forget all my ills, and amuse myself in reading or writing, or in conversation with friends joking, laughing, and telling merry stories, as when you first knew me, a young man about fifty.

"My children and grandchildren the Baches are all well, and pleased with your remembrance of them. They are my family, living in my house. And we have lately the addition of a little good-natured girl, whom I begin to love as well as the rest.

"You tell me our poor friend Ben Kent is gone, I hope to the regions of the Blessed or at [mutilated] to some place where souls are prepared for those [mutilated] gious. I found my hope on this, that tho' not so orthodox as you and I, he was an honest man, and had his virtues. If he had any hypocrisy, it was of that inverted kind with which a man is not so bad [mutilated] seems to be. And with regard to future bliss I cannot help imagining that multitudes of the zealously orthodox of different sects, who at the last day may flock together, in hopes of seeing [mutilated] damn'd will be disappointed, and oblig'd to rest content with their own salvation.

"By one of the accidents which war occasions, all my books containing copies of my letters were lost. There were eight volumes of them, and I have been able to recover only two. Those are of later date than the transaction you mention, and therefore can contain nothing relating to it. If the letter you want a copy of was one in which I aimed at consoling my Brother's friends, by a Comparison drawn from a Party of pleasure intended into the Country, where we were all to meet, tho' the chair of one being soonest ready he set out before the rest; I say if this was the letter, I fancy you may possibly find it in Boston, as I remember Dr. Biles once wrote me that many copies had been taken of it. I too should have been glad to have seen that again among others I had written to him and you: But you inform me they [mutilated] by the mice. Poor little innocent Creatures I am sorry they had no better food. But since they like my letters here is another treat for them.

"Adieu, ma chère enfant, and believe me [mutilated].

"Your affectionate Uncle."

*Franklin to M. St Jean de Cr vecoeur.*

PACKET-BOATS AND THE GULF STREAM.

"SIR: I have perused the foregoing m moire, and having formerly had some share in the management of the Pacquet Boats between England and America, I am enabled to furnish you with some small remarks.

"The project is good, and if carried into execution will certainly be very useful to Merchants immediately, and profitable to the Revenue of the Post office at least after some time ; because not only Commerce increases correspondence but facility of correspondence increases Commerce, and they go on mutually augmenting each other. •

• "Four Pacquet Boats were at first thought sufficient between Falmouth and New York, so as to despatch one regularly the first Wednesday in every month. But by experience it was found that a fifth was necessary ; as without it the regularity was sometimes broken by accidents of wind and weather, and the merchants disappointed and their affairs deranged, a matter of great consequence in commerce. A fifth Packet was accordingly added.

"It is probable, as you observe, that the English will keep up their Packets. In which case I should think it advisable to order the despatch of the French Packets in the intermediate times, that is, on the third Wednesdays. This would give the merchants of Europe and America opportunities of writing every fortnight. And the English who had missed writing by their own Packet of the first Wednesday, or have new matter to write which they wish to send before the next month, will forward their letters by the post to France to go by the French Packet and *vice versa*, which will increase the inland postage of both nations.

"As these vessels are not to be laden with goods, their holds may without inconvenience be divided into separate apartments after the Chinese manner, and each of those apartments caulked tight so as to keep out water. In which case if a leak should happen in one apartment, that only would be affected by it, and the others would be free ; so that the ship would not be so subject as others to founder and sink at sea. This being known would be a great encouragement to passengers.

"I send you a copy of a Chart of the Gulf Stream, which is little known by European Navigators, and yet of great consequence ; since in going to America they often get into that stream and unknowingly stem it, whereby the ship is much retarded and the voyage lengthened enormously. The directions being imperfectly translated and expressed in French, I have put them more correctly in English."

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## MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1886.

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ARCHÆOLOGY IN THE THEATRE.—We have in this paper a very reasonable protest against the modern craze after archæological accuracy of detail in the mounting of the Shakespearean drama.

Costume, the writer maintains, may be made, and should be made, intensely dramatic. The question is, how it can be made most dramatic. The answer most in favour to-day is eminently characteristic of a scientific age, and is based on a theory of historical realism.

Now it seems reasonable enough to argue that every play must needs be laid in some country and at some period, or at least must recall some country or some period more unmistakably than any other; and that, having once determined these, the stage-manager has next to do his utmost to realise them by every means possible, to spare no pains to make the scenery and surroundings of the action historically harmonious, to look on every detail as an occasion for adding a touch to the verisimilitude of the whole, and to throw himself into the arms of archæology as his best and surest friend. And this is, as a matter of fact, what we frequently see. Archæology, growing daily more popular, has made Shakespearean stage its own; and a generation that does not mind paying handsomely for historical accuracy congratulates itself on the invasion.

Modern audiences seem content to put up with long, wearisome intervals between the acts, with a complete re-arrangement of the scenes and even with an excision of many of them, if what remains be given with sufficient pomp and splendour of antiquarian display.

This theory the writer proceeds to examine, taking it as an axiom that the effect which the mounting of a drama serves to intensify

should be the effect which the drama itself is intended to produce. This axiom, however, is constantly overlooked in practice. To determine the effect which Shakespeare had in his mind it will not do to go no further than the names and nationality of the characters or the age in which they lived.

Because Shakespeare wrote of the reign of King John, we must not lightly assume that the reign of King John was associated in his mind with the same ideas we have learnt to associate with it, ideas which are the growth of three centuries of history-writing, and have been crystallised, as it were, from a vast and undefined mass of knowledge which in the sixteenth century had no existence at all. To take a crucial instance, the Great Charter, which to a modern Englishman is the prominent feature of John's reign, forms no part of Shakespeare's conception of the period as we know it from his writings; for the truth is that the notions represented in any play whatsoever written three hundred years ago must necessarily be widely different from those which would influence the writer of a similar play to-day.

The fact is that Shakespeare, so long as he secured his dramatic effect, cared little for historical consistency in the details. It may be said that we should meet the changed tastes of the day by accommodating his plays as far as possible to the passion for accuracy in historical details; but this contention challenges enquiry.

As far as the classical plays are concerned, it may at first sight seem reasonable enough. In spite of trivial anachronisms the characters in "John's Cæsar" and "Coriolanus" are Roman to the core. Yet even here there is danger in a too lavish application of the results of modern antiquarian research.

If our antiquaries are permitted to revolutionise even on the stage all the ideas of old-fashioned people, they may end by making Cæsar and Cassius unfamiliar figures to us, and with that would disappear a large part of the fascination of the drama in which they move. We cannot afford just yet to give up, at all events at the theatre, those stately white-robed immortals to whom high-sounding phrase and proud sentiment seemed pure nature. We should not, I think, hear with the same contentment that fine, old-world reproach, "*et tu, Brute?*" Then fall, Cæsar," if it came from the lips of a quaint, over-dressed starveling of the stamp offered us by Mr. Alma-Tadema and others; while a freely picturesque treatment would be altogether unbearable applied to that "woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter."

As for "Trollus and Cressida," it would be ruined, as a play, by the very touch of the archæological theorist.

Who would not a thousand times rather have Shakespeare's Grecians, togad-clad anachronisms as they may be, than any outlandish warriors from Hissarlik or Mycenæ, though the British Museum's stores of prehistoric art were never so carefully ransacked to supply precedents for their antique bravery? Before such figures as those which some of our precious vases of the archaic period show us, what ordinary theatre-goer would have ears for the play itself? and

how long would it be before we so accustomed ourselves to the grotesque sight as to realise that it was no pantomime but an English classic that was in question?

Take, again, what may be called the historical plays. The great majority of them, if carefully examined, will be found to oppose serious difficulties to the theory.

An ordinary actor will surely find it hard to thrill his audience with horror or melt it in compassion, if he has to play the part of Richard the Second with one leg red and the other green; or to inspire the character of Richard the Third with real dread so long as the tips of his shoes are chained to his knees. These particular eccentricities, it will be answered, need not be insisted on; and a dress may be devised for each part which shall be historical without being absurd; but then the inference seems to be that the costume becomes more tolerable exactly in proportion as it is less obtrusively historical, and the realistic method will be most successful just where it is least recognisable. Besides there are more serious difficulties than these to be faced. If a man take in hand the carrying out of Shakespeare's intentions, he must carry them out in Shakespeare's way, not in his own. If in any play Shakespeare's purpose was to present as complete a picture as possible of a bygone age, then by all means let us summon the resources of archæology to do him honour. Doubtless his own powers in this way were small; we know that scenery in his time was almost entirely wanting, and as for costume, his writing certainly do not give one the impression of a man "who had at his disposal," to use the words of a recent upholder of the realistic theory, "a most elaborate theatrical wardrobe, and who could rely on the actors taking pains about their make-up," but rather of one who, being obliged to trust much to his audience's imagination, is willing to help them as far as he is able. Still, whenever he points the way to a realistic and historical treatment, we may go forward with a light heart; it will not matter though we go beyond the extremest limit he ever dreamed of, so only that we are continuing the course on which he started. But if we have mistaken the signs, the further we push our theories into practice the more widely we shall miss the mark; and infallible signs are not to be found in the mere names of the characters or the period in which they lived.

Because Falstaff is young Prince Hal's comrade, it does not necessarily follow that he belongs to the fifteenth century. Who in reading "The Merry Wives of Windsor" does not place the date a full century and a half later than the only possible date for the historical Falstaff? It is a pure comedy of manners, and the chief characters must have unquestionably presented themselves to Shakespeare's mind as contemporaries of his own, such as he might meet of an evening in any Warwickshire ale-house.

\* \* \* \* \*

Falstaff and his boon companions, Shallow and Slender and Mrs. Quickly Elizabethans in the historical plays quite as much as in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and to dress them in costumes that should proclaim them undeniably and unmistakably as of the Middle Ages would be mere cruelty to the actors who played their parts, as well as felony against the poet who conceived them.

In the case of the Romantic drama the realistic theory is no less open to exception than in that of the historical drama.

When we have poetical comedies whose most powerful fascination lies in their ideal and imaginative character, treated as if they were transcripts from some dry French or Italian annalist, when we have "As You Like It" and "Much Ado About Nothing" brought to the level of the historical romance, when the highest praise that can be given to the actors is that they look as though they had walked straight out of an illuminated missal, then it is surely time to raise some protest against the theory that is at the bottom of it all.

To think of Rosalind, the very type of gracious womanhood, warm with ever-changing emotions and instinct with the charm of a half-tender, half-ironical waywardness, whose moods are as various as the "many-twinkling smile of ocean," yet always winning and always indescribably human, to think of her, we say, walking out of an illuminated missal! Possibly there were Rosalinds in the Middle Ages, but we who know them chiefly by the grotesque workmanship of the time, find some difficulty in admitting it.

Happily in the last revival of "As You Like It," however unkindly some of the characters were treated, Rosalind herself was not sacrificed to the modern passion for quaintness; but next time it may not be so, and we may have Shakespeare's most delightful heroine translated into something which in its lovely colours and archaic forms can only be likened to the figures in a painted window.

The romantic drama, as handled by Shakespeare, is purely ideal. Great part of its charms consists in its *far offness*. It is true, in some of Shakespeare's romantic dramas, especially those founded on Italian novels, strong local colouring is indispensable; but then it must be the local colouring which he himself has suggested.

Half the beauty of "Romeo and Juliet" would be lost if the representations were not pervaded by the Italian passion and romance. But there is no necessity to insist on Juliet being not only Italian but Veronese. For though Shakespeare lays the scene in Verona, that place had no special associations for him that it should be preferred above Milan or Padua.

As regards the pseudo-historical plays, no one, perhaps, would contend for great archæological precision in the mounting of "Cymbeline" or "King Lear"; yet the realistic theory, if valid, should hold good for these. But what of Hamlet?

How are we to represent this type of modern Europe, compacted of doubts and scruples and fiery impulses, astray among the incongruous surroundings of a half-barbaric Northern court?

It is here that the problem meets us with the most emphatic persistency. Shakespeare took his fables from every age and every clime, transfusing them, all to a greater or less degree with the humours of his contemporaries. He wrote, as we are often told, for all time: his greatest creations are doubtless everlastingly true; but his minor characters, which yet do so much to give body and life to his dramas, and help, by the very contrasts they afford, to illustrate and intensify, after a fashion unrivalled in any other literature the

lights and shadows of the larger natures round whom they are grouped—these are for the most part drawn from the experience of the Warwickshire yeoman's son.

Thus there are the two elements always present ; the original fable and the atmosphere with which Shakespeare has surrounded it. Sometimes one has the preponderance, sometimes the other ; but altogether to disregard either is indeed of evil precedent for a generation in which, as it is vehemently asserted, account is too often taken of the mass alone, and the rights of the minority overridden but too often by the clamorous requirements of the majority. It is all one whether, in putting the Shakespearean drama on the stage, we concern ourselves only with the historical basis, adopting to that end some antiquarian theory, either of our own fashioning or suggested by Italian novelists ; or whether we dress Hamlet in ruff and trunk hose, and Portia in a farthingale ; in either case an important element has been overlooked, and occasion for adding real force to the dramatic value of the representation has been let slip. But are there no means of reconciling the two elements ? Perhaps complete reconciliation is not possible ; but at least, if it is in any wise to be achieved, it will first be necessary to recognise the dualism of Shakespeare's plays more fully than has generally been done. And in some instances, where the problem on being fairly faced proves insoluble, stage-managers giving up the attempt to make costume dramatic, must content themselves with allowing it to be merely beautiful. For it should be remembered that all this time we have been considering only the dramatic value of costume. The æsthetic value cannot but be a secondary matter, at least in the representation of a great poetic dramatist like Shakespeare. First get the mounting to help out the action of the piece as far as possible, or at all events make sure that it does not interfere with it, and then do your best to make it beautiful. For this, no doubt, the archæologist may prove of service, but he must be kept under very careful control.

MYSTERY AND ROMANCE.—Perhaps, says the writer, there is not in all the domain of art a more curious study than that of the power of suggestion over the soul of man. It is still a debated question whether the art which dispenses with, or the art which avails itself of, this power is the greater.

Greek art allowed of no mystery, and Dante, who worked in the Greek spirit, set his scenes before the mind's eye with a graphic power which leaves nothing to the imagination. But, perhaps, the finest examples of sheer word-painting in the English language are to be found in Tennyson's "Palace of Art."

No device of the cunning artist is wanting there. The verse is of deliberate motion, like the slow rolling of a panorama, affording the successive imageries time to work their full effect. Sometimes, indeed, it stops entirely, so as to impress upon the mind the details of the scene—

"Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea.

Near gilded organ-pipes her hair

Wound with white roses, slept Saint Cecily."

Here the verse pauses. The picture of the sleeping saint is before the eye.

The spectator may contemplate it at what length he pleases; the progress of the scenery is stopped for his convenience. When he is ready to proceed the next picture comes before him—

"An Angel looked at her."

And the verse is stopped again.

• It is hardly in the power of words to paint a picture with more distinctness than this scene of Saint Cecily sleeping at her organ, and watched over by an angel. But it is clear that the effect owes nothing to the sense of mystery—of suggestion. The reader sees in his mind's eye, with sharp distinctness, the picture which the poet aimed to set there; but he sees no more. His imagination has no part to play. It lies idly by, and makes no sign.

To compare this with a passage in which the power of mystery, of suggestion, is strong, we may take the exquisitely beautiful series of pictures in De Musset's "*Nuit de Mai*," in the invitation of the Muse to the poet.

"Shall we sing of Hope, or Sorrow, or Joy? Shall we steep in blood the battalions of steel? Shall we suspend the lover on his silken ladder? Shall we dash to the winds the foam of the steed? Shall we cry to Tarquin, 'Night is come?' Shall we seek the pearl in the caves of ocean? Shall we lead the goat to the bitter ebony? Shall we lift to heaven the eyes of Melancholy? Shall we follow the hunter over the mountain crags? Shall we picture a maiden moving to Mass, a page behind her, her cheek aflame, her glance roving from the side of her mother, her parted lips forgetting her prayer, trembling to hear among the echoing pillars the clinking spur of a bold cavalier?"

Every piece of imagery here is penetrated with the power of charm, the power of suggestion. Like the image of Child Rowland coming to the dark tower, every line epitomises a romance. "Shall we lead the goat to the bitter ebony?" Behold the pastorals of Virgil and of Theocritus, the pipes of the shepherds, the songs, and the ivy-bowls. "Shall we dash to the winds the foam of the steed?" Behold Mazeppa bound on his wild horse, swept like a whirlwind through the waste. "Shall we suspend the lover on his silken ladder?" Behold the high-walled orchard-gardens of Verona, and Juliet looking from her window as the moon tips with silver the fruit-tree tops.

Like the mysterious and occult suggestions of music, the laws of association on which the power of suggestion depends, are often too dim and complex to be followed far. Like combinations of simple notes, there are combinations of simple words which act on the mind with a mysterious and unaccountable power of charm.

What reader has not felt the profound visionary effect of Wordsworth's verse—

"The Lady of the Mere

Sole sitting by the shores of old Romance;"

a verse which Southey considered to be the finest instance in our language of pure poetic charm. Perhaps he was not wrong. The word "shore" is itself a



curious instance of subtle and mysterious power. "Beach" conveys identically the same idea. But make the exchange—

"The Lady of the Mere

Sole sitting by the beach of old Romance."

How poor and pale in comparison ! What loss of the strange richness of suggestion which comes from the sound of "shore !"

Among other examples cited is Coleridge's enchanted river, the *Alph of Xanadu*, sinking

"Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea."

This, remarks the writer, is the spirit of Romance, which prefers the phantom to the statue, and twilight to full moon, and which, pushed to its last result, has produced the form of poetry of which Mr. Swinburne's "*Before a Mirror*" is perhaps the most remarkable instance.

The effect of this poem is almost identically the same as that of music. Its imagery, so far from being vivid, is phantasmal ; its words act through associations more ghostly than the scent of last year's rose, than "the song of our country heard in a strange land." The impression of its haunting power resembles nothing so nearly as the impression produced by a '*Nocturne*' of Chopin's.

As an instance of the slightness of the cause at which imagination will sometimes arouse itself, the writer quotes the following passage :

"The picture represented clouds low and lurid, rolling over a swollen sea ; all the distance was in eclipse ; so, too, was the foreground—or rather the nearest billows, for there was no land. One gleam of light lifted into relief a half-submerged mast, on which sat a cormorant, dark and large, with wings flecked with foam. In its beak it held a bracelet, set with gems, touched with as brilliant tints as the palette could yield, and as glittering distinctness as the pencil could impart"—

the whole power of which, as a piece of romantic art, lies in the bracelet :

Without the bracelet the picture is merely a study of waves and sky. It may be fine and valuable as such, full of the most rare and precious qualities of landscape ; but, whatever these may be, the interest of such a picture lies evidently in what it accurately depicts, not in what it suggests. But add the bracelet, add the power of suggestion, the mystery of romance, and the picture is now no longer a study of scenery, but a wild and mournful poem.

**INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.**—The most important part of this article is the summary given by the writer of the text of Mr. Mundella's Bill to amend the law respecting International and Colonial Copyright.

Its preamble begins, of course, by reciting the authorisation of her Majesty under the existing International Copyright Acts to direct, by Order in Council, that, as regards literary and artistic works first published in a foreign country, the authors shall have copyright therein during the period specified in the order,

such period not to exceed that during which authors of the like works first published in the United Kingdom have copyright. Having next recited the fact of the draft Convention, having been agreed to at the Berne Conference; and that without the authority of Parliament such convention cannot be carried into effect in her Majesty's dominions, and consequently her Majesty cannot become a party thereto; and that it is expedient to enable her Majesty to accede to the convention; it thereupon proceeds to confer the requisite powers. The first section indicates the existing International Copyright Acts, with which the new Act (after our usual fashion) is "to be read" and construed; and the second extends the operation of Orders in Council, formerly applicable each to a single foreign country, to "all the several foreign countries named or described therein," which will of course be the countries which are parties to the Berne Convention. Section three enacts that an Order in Council may provide for determining the country in which a literary or artistic work produced simultaneously in two or more countries is to be deemed, for the purposes of copyright, to have been first produced; and directs that in cases where the foreign country shall be deemed to be the place of production of a work, the copyright granted to such work in the United Kingdom shall be limited to the time allowed by law in the country of production. Section four is to the very sensible and valuable effect that the provisions (often needless and always vexatious) of the International Copyright Act, "with respect to the registry and delivery of copies of works," seeking copyright, shall not apply to works produced in one of the convention countries, except so far as future Orders in Council may provide. To this, however, is added the necessary stipulation that before making an Order in Council in respect to any foreign country, her Majesty in Council shall be satisfied that that foreign country has made such provisions (if any) as it appears expedient to require for the protection of authors of works first produced in the United Kingdom. The next section deals with a question much debated at the Conference—that of translations, and incorporates the decision of that body in the Bill. That is to say, it provides that the author or publisher of a copyrighted work first produced in a foreign country to which an Order in Council applies, shall have the same right of preventing the production in or importation into the United Kingdom of any unauthorised translation of the said work as he has of preventing the production and importation of the original work. This, however, is subject to the proviso that if, after the expiration of ten years, or any other time prescribed by the Order, from the end of the year when the book was first produced, an authorised translation in the English language of such work has not been produced, the right to prevent the production and importation of unauthorised translations shall lapse. The only other section which, perhaps, calls for notice is that regulating the mode by which the existence and proprietorship of the foreign copyright in any work seeking copyright in this country is to be ascertained. On this point it is proposed to enact that "an extract from a register, or a certificate, or other document stating the existence of the copyright or the person who is the proprietor of such copyright . . . if authenticated by the official seal or the signature of a British diplomatic or consular officer acting in such country, shall be admissible as evidence of the facts named therein, and all courts shall take judicial notice of every such official seal and signature as in the section mentioned, and shall admit in evidence without proof the document authenticated by it."

Why should the gentlemen who wish to enter the India Forest Department have to translate such rubbish as—

“la féodalité rasant les murailles des donjons inaccessibles et trouant les poitrines des chevaliers.”

To candidates for the Foreign Office and Diplomatic Service, the following passage was set:

“Maître Gabissol était l’aigle du barreau de Mende; aigle un peu déplumé par cinquante hivers, un peu enroué par ses longs services de cours d’assises. L’audience eut paru manquée, si l’on n’avait aperçu au banc des avocats ou dans les couloirs cette robe lustrée de vétusté, ce visage légèrement grêlé, empreint d’une bonhomie narquoise; cette toque, tantôt retombant sur les yeux, tantôt rejetée en arrière, suivant les timidités de l’exorde ou les ardeurs de la péroraison. Il traitait ses confrères, son public, les juges, les jurés, avec une aisance et une intimité qui n’étaient pas sans quelque sentiment de sa supériorité et de sa force. Les jeunes stagiaires s’amusaient de ses manies, parodiaient ses tics, ses phrases à effet, l’audace de ses métaphores, mais pas trop haut, car il avait le bec et les ongles. S’il lui arrivait d’être diffus ou prolix, les magistrats l’écoutaient avec une résignation complaisante, et il était rare que le président lui dît d’abréger. On savait d’avance le moment où il s’essuyait le front avec son mouchoir à carreaux, où, dans le désordre de son geste, ses lunettes remontant jusqu’au bord de sa toque, il profiterait de la circonstance pour savourer une prise. On pouvait prédire la minute décisive où il suppléait aux notes de sa voix, éraillée dans le haut, par une effusion lacrymatoire ou un effet de pantomime, légères taches au soleil, petits ridiculés dont on s’égayait à huis-clos et en famille, mais qui ne diminuaient pas d’un millimètre une renommée dont on était fier. Compatriotes et confrères se hâtaient de reprendre M. Gabissol au sérieux, dès qu’un étranger leur en parlait ou qu’un avocat de cour royale faisait mine de la toiser.”

Young students of French, the writer contends, cannot be supposed to know such lawyer’s expressions or intimate locutions as—

*aigle du barreau; robe lustrée de vétusté; visage grêlé; bonhomie narquoise* (in the language of the classics, *narquois* meant a sly thief, and it is only in this century that the thief has disappeared, and the signification sly or mocking has remained); *timidités de l’exorde; jeunes stagiaires; parodier un tic; une phrase à effet; bec et ongle; mouchoir à carreaux; désordre d’un geste; savourer une prise; voix éraillée dans le haut; s’égayer à huis-clos.*

“We have a right, old and young, to expect fair play: and to be useful in diplomacy, in a Government office in India or in China, it is not necessary for English youths to know such words as *simarre*, *épatant*, *patibulaire*, and *enchevêtrement*, any more than it is requisite for French boys learning English to be acquainted with the language of Chaucer—for *simarre* is the present name for the *chamarre* or robe of that period—or that of the sporting journals of the present day, to the choice expressions of which *épatant* is an equivalent.

If the boy of eighteen is not to be protected against the practical impossibility at his age of being even crammed to a thorough mastery of the languages of Louis XIV and of M. Grévy, then better give up the farce of examining him at all, and still more that of occasionally giving certificates of proficiency, where those who can form an opinion well know the impossibility, except under rare and very exceptional circumstances, of the candidate really deserving it; but if the joke is to be continued, let it at least have limits, and let the candidate be given a list of authors to read and to study, and from any one of whom he may expect his examination papers to be selected.

This is done in France for French candidates to University honours; surely it can be done for English boys who have to go up before the Civil Service Commission; and if I may be permitted to do so, I would humbly suggest to Her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners, that there is as much difference between the French of Bossuet and that of Victor Hugo as there is between the English of Addison and that of Carlyle, supplementing the suggestion by the remark, that if the splendid periods of Bossuet, Fénelon, and Massillon—to wit, the latter's description of ambition—do not constitute in their minds a field sufficiently extensive to test the knowledge of French possessed by a candidate, Alexandre Dumas the younger, Ernest Renan, le Comte d'Haussonville, Gustave Droz, Georges Sand, and Madame Emile de Guardin would supply all possible wants in the way of opposite thoughts and opinions, but equally polished modern French.

As an example of the results of the absurdity of the system followed, it is pointed out that, of 228 youths classified in the Report under Tables C and D, who were examined in French, only 73 obtained certificates, and the average number of marks obtained by all the candidates was only 92 out of a possible 280, or 48 less than the qualifying number. Thirty-four candidates for the Foreign Office got only 38 marks each above the qualification standard of 367, while the candidates for the British Museum averaged 36 marks below the qualifying standard of 150. For Woolwich and Sandhurst 130 candidates got a total of 114,899 marks out of a possible 256,000, or 13,000 odd under the qualification figure. Eighty-four candidates for the Indian Civil Service got 16,899 marks out of a possible 37,600, or 23 marks each below the qualification figure.

HEAVY POLITICAL CLOUDS.—Never till to-day, probably, have men of note in England dared to profess opinions, or to pledge themselves to actions, to which their subsequent conduct must probably give the lie, and certainly never till to-day would the public allow itself to be insulted by practices so dishonourable.

But we have lately changed all this. Not only are broken vows and recanted opinions "as plenty as blackberries," but no man lays them to heart, or thinks that they are other than the natural produce of the political soil.

We have ministers' perfidies,

"Familiar in *men's* mouths as household words,"

extenuated, jested at, by the deceivers' adherents, and unhappily not loathed or condemned by that national opinion which, if itself in a healthy state, would emphatically resent such tampering with sincerity and truth. Indeed, the public mind has been insidiously poisoned and 'made indifferent to honor and to consistency.

This deadening of the national conscience has been chiefly the work of one man. There was one man in Great Britain who, by his own solemnly and publicly recorded convictions, was restrained from doing any detriment to the Established Protestant Church in Ireland. That was the man who destroyed her.

It would be almost too tedious a task to undertake to reckon half Mr. Gladstone's apostasies and evasions.

His pretended attack upon Austria, acted to serve a temporary purpose, and retracted as soon as the purpose had been served, and a reckoning for his calumnies was likely to be demanded; his assertion that Ireland was peaceful and contented at a season when responsible ministers on both sides of the water were announcing and anxiously consulting over the rebellious feeling which was then being manifested among the Irish, and which it has since been found impossible to soothe or to overcome; his committal to prison of the leaders of Irish sedition, and his negotiation of a treaty with them while they were yet in lawful durance, and disaffection instead of being lessened was growing more confirmed and bolder. One glaring inconsistency between profession and practice followed upon another "with such rapidity of vice and woe," that it became and remains a custom throughout the land to enquire, whenever he makes a promise or gives voice to an unctuous sentiment, "By what trick will he shuffle out of this?" or, "Had we not better prepare for the direct opposite of what he has been recommending and asserting his belief in?"

The last notorious instance of this political profligacy is Mr. Gladstone's appearance as a Home-Ruler.

With characteristic assurance he has proclaimed, in the face of the House of Commons that he never at any period of his life declared what is now familiarly known as Home Rule in Ireland to be incompatible with imperial unity. It would be a waste of words to disprove this assertion. There is not a soul in the British empire which is conversant with political affairs in the mildest degree, that does not *know* this as a matter of fact—logical *finesses* can be quite put aside—that does not *know* this to be untrue. The history of the last six years, and Mr Gladstone's figure in it, have been deeply impressed on the consciousness of us all. There can be, there is, no disagreement among us as to his attitude with regard to Home Rule up to last Christmas. If he were to protest on the subject (as perhaps it might be congenial for him to do) up to Christmas next, he could not induce a man, woman, or child to believe his report. It is perfectly well known how he has spoken of Home-Rule and Home-Rulers; it is fresh in our memories in what terms he was good enough to speak of an imaginary but dreaded coalition of Conservatives and Home-Rulers; our ears ring still

with the scream in which at last election he besought the constituencies to give him a substantial majority to avert the calamitous drama which has now been produced at his own instance, and in which he monopolises all the chief parts, being Lion, Moonshine, Pyramus, and Wall.

When the leader thus sets the example of disregarding consistency in its teachings and promises, we cannot wonder if the followers also set morality at nought; and many of them have, in fact, shown a cordial disposition to follow in his footsteps.

We could hardly have imagined a front, even of brass, so shameless as that which the Chancellor of the Exchequer presents in the House of Commons. His jests, levelled at his opponents about "stewing in Parnellite juice," and kindred unjust imputations were not three months old when he had disgraced himself by not only forming an alliance with Mr. Parnell, who had furnished the juice for his sarcasm, but by consenting to belong to a Ministry which only exists by the Irishman's favour, and which dares not for its life to refuse to do his will.

But though the general sense of right is not outraged by the immorality of our demagogic ministers, private consciences have been found unable to bear with it longer. Thus retribution is at work coming from a quarter whence, perhaps, it was least expected. It wanted only the defection of some of the Prime Minister's leading lieutenants to make the disruption of his party complete and probably irremediable.

From certain revelations made since the party became disunited, it may be inferred that it is Mr. Gladstone's practice to rule his Cabinet with very rigid discipline.

When Mr. Chamberlain made, on two occasions, his statements to the House of Commons of his reasons for separating himself from the Prime Minister, he told, out of school, one or two anecdotes illustrative of the disposition required of subordinate Cabinet Ministers. The *ferula* was shaken at him more than once during his confessions; yet, spite of the overawing dominion, he managed to give some instructive views of the academic interior.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan broke his yoke from off their necks, it was naturally demanded by their countrymen why they had not, in the course of discussion, since the Ministry was formed, helped to mould the Home Rule Bill into a form less objectionable than that in which it was presented to the Legislature. Then came out the secret that the Cabinet had not been allowed to even see the draft of the Bill till shortly before the day fixed for its first reading; and as for discussion or alteration, those had not been dreamed of. When the murmurs first found voice, it was probably expected that they would be immediately hushed by the authority and address of the Premier. But he had reckoned without his host this time; he had drawn upon their tameness and inextinguishability to shame with a recklessness too outrageous for it to have a chance of success.

It is pretty plain, indeed, that the real cause of the indignation of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends has been the insolent and sudden way in which the Parnellite compact has been sprung upon the Cabinet and the country.

But there is a more admirable secession from Mr. Gladstone's rule, which never for a moment countenanced the nefarious project by which it was contemplated to maintain in power another Government of which he should be the head. The Marquis of Hartington, Earl Cowper, the Earls of Northbrook, Selborne, and Derby, Mr. Goschen and Sir H. James, refused from the first to be connected with a Government working with such means and to such an end.

Before Parliament re-assembled in January last after the general election, it became known above-ground that Mr. Gladstone was burrowing below the surface with a view to regaining power through the instrumentality of Mr. Parnell and his faction. The knowledge of the existence of such a conspiracy was enough for men who had honestly and sincerely—not with equivocation and for mere temporary ends—professed themselves opposed to the disruption of the empire. With much spirit and determination they refused to have anything to do with a Ministry which was to exist, first, by the violation of its own pledges; and, secondly, by hazarding an experiment in Government of the most dangerous kind, which even, if successful, was likely to do but little good, and if a failure, must bring us to the brink of ruin.

Mr. Gladstone had fallen through a great many levels before, but had never reached so perilous a depth as that to which he has now fallen. Though probably the unthinking multitude are not as yet falling away from him, he is much mistaken if he thinks that the confirmed defection of many of the foremost Liberals will fail to operate to his disadvantage in even the lowest strata of the community.

They may not care much for the profligacy of Mr. Gladstone's plan, but they will be much and quickly detached from him by the accounts of his increasing embarrassments with which the daily press teems, and by the knowledge that old and staunch Liberals dare no longer to countenance his wild imaginations. We cannot, at this time of writing, foresee how events may fall out; but should an appeal be made to the constituencies, we have little doubt that the *plebs* will desert him in thousands, drawn away by the "classes" of whom he has written so contemptuously.

One other consequence of Mr. Gladstone's action is that it has led the public to recognise again the importance of the Irish loyalists, who, during the last six years, had been so strangely neglected. It has recalled the fact that it is the Ulster men who contribute the largest portion of the revenue raised in Ireland; that they monopolise to a great extent the intelligence and energy of the country, that they are the portion of the population who have systematically upheld law and order.

It is consequently seen that the passion-play of Ireland, with the part of Ulster left out, is an absurdity.

As the question of Home Rule, which Mr. Gladstone has so unadvisedly raised, is likely to remain lively for many years, there is good reason for examining without delay what Ulster's capabilities are with regard to it. It is freely stated—and the idea is plausible—that Ulster may loyally and constitutionally object to be divorced from Great Britain, and to be handed over to a new government seated in Dublin. She may, so it is said, without treason, decline to send representatives to Dublin, or to recognise the validity, in respect to herself, of any law made by a Parliament sitting in Dublin though it should be assented to by the Crown. It will be for the new Irish Government to determine how the recusancy of Ulster shall be dealt with.

Should the legal view of the case prove to be anything like what is here stated, it will be proved that the Home Rule problem, which Mr. Gladstone thought that he had solved, has only now been fairly stated, and that it presents difficulties at which any reasonable statesman may well be appalled.

The writer goes on to consider the true nature of the alleged Irish hatred of Englishmen, and comes to the conclusion that it is not real aversion, but merely a fashion of general Irish ill-condition.

It is a hatred which brings Irishmen in shoals, in myriads, into Great Britain—not to punish, and destroy, and wreak vengeance (at least not openly to do so), but with their mouths running over with sugared blarney, clamouring for our favour, our patronage, and a taste of our money. Now, how does this behaviour sort with a deadly hatred, centuries old, irrepressible, ineradicable?

When an Englishman goes to Ireland, does he find himself received with a scowl? Does he find everybody fleeing from the blight of the hated foreigner? Far from it; there is no expedient for drawing alms which is not practised upon him. He is flattered, amused, lied to; his pity is challenged by all manner of tales and sights; his generosity is appealed to; he is offered any service, no matter how degrading to him who renders it, if only in exchange he will bestow a few of his loose coppers. How does this accord with the idea of a grand hatred? That the Irishmen who fawn and beg could easily be induced to cut the throats of those whom they supplicate, we can quite believe. But this only proves that they are false, treacherous, venal hounds. It is no proof of a hatred worthy of the name.

No. Hatred, as we understand it, has no place, we may rely on it, in the Irish nature. That is insincere, cruel, fawning, unscrupulous, greedy of alms, inimical to order; but it is incapable of what we mean by the word hatred.

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## LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1886.

Children of Gibeon. By WALTER BESANT	...	...	... —
Pan and Syrix. By CARYL BAITERSBY	...	...	... —
A Cruise with the Sandy Hook Pilots. By EDWARD M. CHAPMAN	...	...	... —
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**THE HYPOCRITE OF FICTION.**—In spite of his popularity with the public, the typical hypocrite of fiction—say, for instance, Joseph Surface, or Pecksniff—is, the writer of this paper contends, about as real as the sea-serpent. People believe in him, so far as they do believe in him, much as they believe in the sea-serpent, because they have been conquered by a multiplicity of detail. How can they help believing in Mr. Pecksniff when he is put before them so vividly that they would know him anywhere and can even hear in fancy the tones of his voice as he speaks of the town, where he “takes the liberty to reside,” or expresses a wish to hear the opinion of Mrs. Todgers on the subject of wooden legs?

Hypocrisy, as it exists in nature, is a very different, a much less amusing, and a much more dangerous quality than its counterfeit presentment on the boards of the stage or in the pages of a novel.

The one distinguishing peculiarity of the hypocrite of fiction is that he is a conscious and deliberate humbug. He does not believe in his own professions of religion or philanthropy, but adopts them—as the peripatetic card-sharper adopts his rustic garb and his innocent expression—in order to deceive and swindle his neighbours. It is clear that if this be the ordinary type of hypocrisy, the successful hypocrite must be a singularly clever person. He must possess in a high degree a number of qualities which, while singly more or less rare, are in combination hardly to be found anywhere. He must have insight into character, that he may gauge the gullibility of each victim; he must have wonderful tact to keep him from mistakes as the best method of approach; he must, for reasons too obvious to be particularised, have a fine histrionic gift; and he must, moreover, possess sufficient sympathy with true religious emotion or lofty moral impulse to imitate its manifestations with some decent approach

to verisimilitude. A man of this kind would have so many resources that he would be extremely unlikely to tie himself down to the very troublesome plan of making his way by affecting to hold convictions with which he had no sympathy, and conditioning his life by altogether distasteful limitations.

Now, the ordinary hypocrite of fiction is not clever. In any assemblage not composed entirely of idiots, Joseph Surface and Mr. Pecksniff would be found out in half an hour. They do not believe in their own professions, and their disbelief is so patent that they are not likely to compel intelligent observers to believe in them.

The hypocrite of real life is not a conscious humbug, but believes in himself and his professions, and this is what makes him so successful and so dangerous.

His life is, indeed, spent in two moral worlds which have very little in common, but he is a naturalised citizen of both, and feels as much at home in the one as in the other. When it is discovered that some eminent financier who has lived in the odour of sanctity, taken the chair at religious meetings, and publicly "engaged in prayer" with much unction, has been for years raising money on forged securities and appropriating to his own purposes the scanty store of the widow and the orphan which has been entrusted to his care, people all at once jump to the conclusion that his speeches and his prayers, his pious phrases and his handsome subscriptions, have been nothing but a series of clever tricks devised with the express purpose of hoodwinking the public. They cannot understand how a man who in the seclusion of his private office concocts a fictitious power of attorney on Monday morning can possibly be sincere in expressing an ardent desire for the propagation of the Gospel on Monday night. That the two actions are morally discordant is of course plain, and the perception of their discordance easily develops into a conviction of their irreconcilability save by the theory of deliberate deception. The conviction is arrived at almost instinctively, which is certainly in its favour; but it is easy to show that it is radically false. That a man's religion, if sincere, ought to affect his moral action goes without saying; but that it necessarily *does* affect it is a proposition which can never be proved except by the somewhat illogical process of denying sincerity to every lofty emotion which does not produce lofty moral conduct. As a matter of fact Religion and Philanthropy may be indulged in quite sincerely as emotional luxuries, and it does not follow that because a man really enjoys a prayer meeting and is warmly interested in the welfare of savages three thousand miles away, that his whole conduct must be inspired by love for God and for his neighbours. Human life, as it really is, does not possess the symmetry which philosophers and novelists claim for it. It is a thing of shreds and patches, and the patches are very inharmonious both in shape and colour. A fine poetic sensibility or a true feeling for ideal beauty seems inconsistent—and in any mere theoretical statement will be pronounced inconsistent—with coarse tastes and the grosser forms of vice; but when we come to the world of fact we have to admit that Byron took far too much gin and water, and that Turner never felt more at home than when basking in the smiles of the trulls of Wapping. No one because of these facts ever thinks of denying Byron's poetic insight or

Turner's artistic feeling ; but it would be quite as reasonable to deny either as it is to affirm that because a man is no better than he should be in his commercial or social relations his piety is necessarily a deep-laid delusion, and his philanthropy a carefully constructed snare.

As a rare instance of a credible representation of the genuine hypocrite, the writer cites Mr. Bulstrode, the Middlemarch banker, a man who is under the sway of a double set of impulses which, though really discordant, are made to harmonise by sophisms in which he rests as satisfactory till their inherent rottenness is forced on him by the prospect of imminent exposure.

**SOME ECONOMICS OF NATURE.**—The prodigal thriftlessness of Nature is among the commonplaces of ordinary thinkers. The Tennysonian couplet about the fifty seeds produced for every one that comes to the full fruition of its race finds confirmation every summer day, every spring time seems to teach the same truism. The countless showers of pollen spent in vain for one plant fertilised furnish a familiar example of this want of economy. But nature is not uniformly thus neglectful of her resources. In many instances a very high degree of well-calculated prudence and foresight, speaking in ordinary terms, is exercised in the regulation of the universe.

As an example of the close adjustment of ways and means to appointed ends, we may take the relationship between animals and green plants in the matter of their gaseous food.

That the animal form demands for its due sustenance a supply of oxygen gas is, of course, a primary fact of elementary science. Without oxygen, animal life comes to an end. This gas is a necessary part of the animal dietary. It supplies the tinder which kindles life's fuel into a vital blaze, and in other ways it assists not only the building-up but the physiological "breakdown" of the animal frame. Part of this "breakdown" or natural waste accompanying all work, like the inevitable shadow, consists of carbonic acid gas. This latter compound is made up of so much carbon and so much oxygen. It arises from the union of these two elements within the body, and is a result of the production of heat, representing, in this way, part of the ashes of the bodily fire. Viewed as an excretion, as a something to be got rid of, and as a deadly enough element in the animal domain, this carbonic acid is a thorough enemy of animal life. It is not only useless in, but hurtful to, the animal processes. \* \* Here, however, the system of natural economics appears to step in and to solve in an adequate fashion this question of carbonic acid and its uses. Just as the chemist elaborates his coal-tar colours from the refuse and formerly despised waste products of the gasworks, so Dame Nature contrives a use for the waste carbonic acid of the animal world. She introduces the green plants on the scene as her helpmates and allies in the economical work. Every green leaf we see is essentially a devourer of carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere. That which the animal gives out, the green plant takes in. \*      °

The green plant is the recipient of the animal waste. The leaves drink in the carbonic acid which has been exhaled into the atmosphere by the tribes of animals. They receive it into their microscopic cells, each of which, with its living protoplasm and its *chlorophyll* or green granules, is really a little chemical laboratory devoted to the utilisation of waste products. Therein, the carbonic acid gas is received; therefn, it is dexterously spilt up, "decomposed," as chemists would have it, into its original elements, carbon and oxygen; and therein, is the carbon retained as part of the food of the plant, while the oxygen, liberated from its carbon bonds, is allowed to escape back into the atmosphere, to become once again useful for the purposes of animal life.

There would thus appear to be a continual interchange taking place between the animal and plant worlds—a perpetual utilisation by the latter of the waste products of the former.

Another example of the utilisation of animal waste for the support of plant life is to be found in the part performed as manures by decomposed organic matter.

But it is anatomy, perhaps, that furnishes the most wonderful examples of natural economy.

The human head, for example, is nicely balanced on the spine. Compared with heads of lower type, this equipoise forms a prominent feature of man's estate. The head-mass of dog, horse, or elephant requires to be tied on, as it were, to the spine. Ligaments and muscular arrangements of complex nature perform their part in securing that the front extremity of these forms should be safely adjusted. But in man there is an absence of effort apparent in Nature's ways of securing the desired end. The erect posture, too, is adjusted and arranged for on principles of neat economy. The type of body is the same as in lower life. Humanity appears before us as a modification, an evolution, but in no sense a new creation. Man rises from his "forelegs"—arms being identical, be it remarked, with the anterior pair of limbs in lower life—and speedily there ensues an adaptation of means to ends, and all in the direction of the economical conversion of the lower to the higher type of being. The head becomes balanced, and not secured, as we have seen, and thus a saving of muscular power is entailed. Adjustments of bones and joints take place, and the muscles of one aspect, say the front of the body, counterbalance the action of those of the other aspect, the back; and between the two diverging tendencies the erect position is maintained practically without effort. So also, in petty details of the work, Nature has not been unmindful of her "saving clause." We see this latter fact illustrated in the disposition of the arrangements of foot and heel. One may legitimately announce that man owes much to his head; but the truth is he owes a great deal of his mental comfort and physical economy to his heels. The heel-bone has become especially prominent in man when compared with lower forms of quadruped life. It projects far behind the mass of foot and leg, and thus forms a stable fulcrum or support, whereon the body may rest. Here, again, economy of ways and means is illustrated. There is no needless strain or active muscular work involved in the maintenance of the erect posture in man. It is largely a matter of equipoise, wrought out through a scheme of adaptation which takes saving of power and energy as its central idea.

The same lesson is taught by the circulation of the blood.

Here we see the heart's left ventricle (or larger cavity of the left side) driving blood, as does a force-pump, out into the great system of arteries, which everywhere throughout the body carry the nutrient stream. No sooner, however, has the blood-stream, impelled by the contraction of the muscular walls of the heart's ventricle, passed into the great main artery (the aorta) which arises from the heart, than an economical principle of an important kind comes into play. This principle is represented by the elasticity of the arteries which bear the blood to the body. They possess a circular coating of muscle which diminishes in thickness as the vessels grow smaller and smaller, and are therefore removed from the influence of the pumping engine of the circulation. The arterial coating is itself elastic, and the whole system of these vessels is thus endowed with a high amount of resiliency. Their internal coats are smooth and shining, as also is the lining of the heart's cavities; friction being thus reduced to its minimum. The united sectional area of the branches of the dividing artery is larger than the same area of its stem, so that the collective capacity of the vessels increases markedly as we pass from the heart outwards to the minuter channels of the circulation.

The blood is thus driven through an elastic set of tubes presenting the least possible resistance to the flow of fluid through them, and economy of power is thus again witnessed in the details of the human estate. Nor is this all. That there exists resistance to the flow of blood is, of course, a necessary condition in any system wherein large tubes or arteries branch out into small tubes (the capillaries), and these, again, unite to form larger or return vessels—the veins. The problem of living Nature would here appear to resolve itself into the enquiry, how the apparently intermittent, or spasmodic work of the heart may be converted into a constant and continuous action.

If we suppose that a pump drives water through a rigid pipe, we see, in such a case, just as much fluid to issue from the pipe's end as entered it at the stroke of the pump. Practically, also, the escape of the water from the pipe takes place almost simultaneously with its entrance therein. If we place some obstacle or resistance to the free flow through the pipe, while the pump acts as before, the quantity of water expelled will be less, because less fluid enters the pipe. Just as much water will leave the tube as enters it under the two conditions of no resistance and of the presence of such obstacle to the flow. If now we substitute for our rigid pipe an elastic one, the resistance to the water-flow is diminished no doubt, but the fluid will, as before, issue in jets; that is, in an intermittent and not continuous fashion. There is "easy come and easy go" in the elastic tube, as in the rigid one where no resistance exists. The elasticity, in other words, is not called upon to act in modifying the flow because the course of the fluid is clear and open. Suppose now, that some obstacle or resistance is introduced into the elastic tube. The fluid cannot escape as readily as before, and it tends, as a matter of course, to accumulate on the near or pump side of the obstacle. The tube gives, so to speak, and accommodates the water which is forced to wait its turn for exit. Each stroke of the pump, it is true, sends its quantity into the tube, but between the strokes, the swollen and expanded tubes in virtue of their elasticity act as an aid to the pump, and by exercising their power, force the accumulated fluid past the point of resistance. There is rest in the rigid tube between the pump-strokes. There is, contrariwise, activity in the elastic

tube, due to the overcoming by its elasticity of the obstacle to the flow, and to its work of keeping the fluid moving and of avoiding distension and blockage. It is possible, moreover, to conceive of the elastic reaction of the tube being so great that the accumulated fluid will be made to pass the knotty point before the next stroke of the pump occurs. Let us imagine, lastly, that the strokes succeed one another in rapid succession, and that the elasticity of the tube is powerful enough to overcome the resistance opposing the flow of fluid, and we shall arrive at a state of matters wherein not only will the obstacle become practically non-existent while as much fluid leaves the tube as enters it, but the flow from the far end of the tube will also be converted into a continuous and stable stream.

This latter condition of matters is exactly reproduced in the circulation of the blood. There is great resistance found on the arterial side of the heart. Each impulse has to send blood into a vessel which is elastic in itself, as we have seen ; but immediately on the first stroke of the heart succeeds a second. Hence the blood accumulates on the heart's side before that propelled by the first stroke has been completely disposed of. Distension and strain of the vessel succeed, and one of two results must follow. Either the circulating arrangements must collapse, or the elasticity of the tubes into which the blood is being perpetually forced, will acquire power sufficient to overcome the resistance, and to propel onwards the amount of blood with which each stroke of the heart charges the circulation. Here the true meaning of the rapid work of the heart and of the elasticity of the arteries becomes apparent. The otherwise intermittent flow of blood is converted into a continuous stream. The heart keeps the arteries over-distended on the near side of the resistance, while these elastic tubes, so treated, discharge themselves in turn onwards, and at a rate which corresponds to that with which the force-pump action of the heart charges them from behind. And so, tracing the hydraulics of the circulation through its phases, we see, firstly, the heart over-distending the elastic arteries. We witness the arteries emptying themselves into their minute continuations, the capillaries, and through these latter into the veins or return-vessels. The economy is witnessed here in the easy means adapted for converting without complications a spasmodic flow of blood into a continuous stream ; insuring also, that the amount of blood which flows from the arteries to the veins during the heart's stroke and pause exactly equals that which enters the circulation at each contraction of the ventricle. In other words, the tremendously high pressure of the arteries of our bodies, saves at once the multiplication of bodily pumping-engines, and conserves the force of the heart itself.

The way in which the ordinary muscular movements of the body are utilised in the economy of life to favour the return of the venous blood further illustrates the operation of the same principle, as also does the mechanism of respiration.

In the spheres of digestive nervous action, again, may be found many facts proving the exercise of a constant economic surveillance of our life.

The digestive duty may be defined as that whereby our food is converted into a fluid capable, when added to the blood, of repairing and replenishing

that fluid. To this end, as is well known, the nutriment has to pass along the tube known as the digestive system, and to be subjected to the chemical action of the various fluids or secretions which are poured upon it in the course of its transit. In the stomach, for example, certain important food-principles—those of nitrogenous kind—are first selected as it were from the nutriment, chemically altered by the gastric juice, and rendered capable of being absorbed into the system. Instead of waiting for a lengthened period for the arrival of this important part of its commissariat, the body receives such food-element soon after digestion begins. The fats, starches, and sugars are, on the contrary, passed onwards to be digested in the intestine. They become available for nutrition only after several hours of digestive work. The principle of ‘small profits and quick returns’—itself an economical and commercially satisfactory mode of doing business—is illustrated in the digestive transactions of the body. That which is urgently required for the frame is quickly supplied, while the in one sense, less important foods are left for later absorption.

In this economical work the liver plays an important part. Long ago in physiological history that organ was regarded simply as a bile-making machine. The bile, thrown upon the food just after it leaves the stomach, was regarded as an all-important digestive fluid. To-day we have entered upon entirely new ideas of the liver's work. As Dr. Brunton has aptly put it, the liver is no more to be regarded as a mere bile-maker than the sole use of an Atlantic liner is to be found in the manufacture and display of the water-jets which issue from the sides of the ship as the waste products of her engine-work. The liver is really a physiological constable placed at the entrance of the blood circulation. Into it are swept digested matters. These are further elaborated and changed so as perfectly to fit them for entrance into the blood. When the functions of the liver are suppressed or rendered inactive, elements of deleterious kind are apparently allowed to enter the circulation, and thus produce all the symptoms of the body poisoning itself. This being so, we begin to see that the bile is really a mere by-result of the liver's work, as the condensed water of the steamer is the consequence of the real function of the vessel. Bile is a waste product, and as such it is discharged into the intestine and thus excreted.

But natural economics rule life's actions here as elsewhere. For the apparently useless bile, nature finds a use. It is discharged upon the food, and mingles with the half-digested nutriment. It has come to exercise a digestive or dissolving action upon fats, a function aptly illustrated by the household use of the ‘ox-gall’ to remove grease stains in the house-cleaning periods of human existence. Moreover, the bile would appear to aid in promoting the muscular contractions of the intestine, and in thus expediting digestive action. It may possess other duties still ; but enough has been said to show that the economy which rules living functions is probably nowhere better illustrated than in the utilisation of bile, as a waste-product, in the normal discharge of the digestive act.

The way in which voluntary is converted by habit into automatic action, shows, again, how the same principle is at work in the nervous system.

We have not even to waste brain-work in the conduct of our steps in

walking. We avoid our neighbours and the lamp posts without concerning ourselves about either. How large a part of our life is automatically ordered; a superficial glance at the history of the nervous system will disclose. The digestion of food; the circulation of the blood, breathing, and many other functions on the due performance and nervous regulation of which the continuity of life depends, are all discharged in this automatic manner.

There is implied herein a large saving of that vital wear and tear of which we have already spoken. Life would indeed be far too short for the safe and satisfactory discharge of the duties of even the humblest life—to say nothing of the performance of merely physical duties of existence—had we to ‘mark, learn, and inwardly digest’ every act in our daily round of labour.

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## THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1886.

Jess. By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of 'King Solomon's Mines,' &c.	...	—
Cas'alty Corner	...	—
The Wingham Case	...	—
Boys' Blunders	...	500
Traitors' Hill	...	501
Court Royal. By the Author of 'John Henning,' 'Mehalah,' &c. Illustrated	...	—

**BOYS' BLUNDERS.**—This is an amusing collection, derived from ten years' experience as a schoolmaster, of absurd blunders made by boys in translating from Latin or Greek and otherwise. We can give only a few examples. One of the commonest causes of errors is a greater or less degree of similarity between two Latin or English words, or between a Latin and a Greek word, or a Latin and an English word. Another common cause is an unintelligent use of the dictionary, while less common sources of error are to be found in false analogy, association of ideas, love of rhyme, and a desire to substitute something familiar and intelligible for something unfamiliar and unintelligible.

To the first of these classes belongs the translation of *pauper equidem* as a "poor knight." Another boy, similarly misled, rendered *ejus casu steruntur proximi* by "his relations snored by chance." A still more ludicrous instance is "those beasts of fishermen" as the equivalent of *feriæ illæ pis-catorum*.

Memory of noble sport, we are told, led one boy to turn *hic mos apud Thracas instituitur* into "they caught this mouse in Thrace."

But the following, perhaps, beats all :—

*Prometheus* (Prometheus) *fertur* (brings) *coactus addere* (an unwilling adder) *principi Limo* (to Prince Linus); *particulam* (a part) *deseclam* (follows him) *undique* (over the waves) *et* (and) *vim* (I may wish) *apposuisse* (to have placed) *insani leonis* (the mad lion) *nostro stomacho* (in our stomach).

An instance of what the writer calls Anglomaniā is furnished by "the priestesses came to him in surplices," as a translation of *Sacerdotes iverunt supplices*, "naked with fear" for "*nudaferæ*."

The derivation of Algebra from ἄλγεα grief, would seem to imply hatred of mathematics.

Anglomaniā is seen in its simplest form, remarks the *Latinist* *usque*, "and we ;" *ne mentiari*, "don't mention it"; *strident* "striding"; *pernicibus*, "pernicious."

"He helps me to go under his umbrella" as a rendering of *me juvat-ire sub umbras*, seems to fall within two of the classes of error described.

Good examples of the traps into which boys fall by following their dictionaries too slavishly are to be found in *cur pellem facitis?* "why do you hide?" *qui radius* "who spoke?" *desquamare murum*, "to scale a wall ;" and most ridiculous of all, *δακρῶν ἐξημκόρον*, "she wept 120 gallons of tears."

TRAITORS' HILL.—We have here an eloquent appeal for the preservation, from the hands of the builder, of the still lovely bit of country lying between Highgate on the east and Hampstead on the west, within four miles of Charing Cross, and including the hill called now Parliament Hill, and once indifferently, Parliament Hill or Traitors' Hill ; Ken Wood, all that remains of the great Middlesex Forest ; the Vale of Health, with its stream and brook, and an ancient tumulus, nameless and unmarked in Roque's map of London, but mentioned by Howitt, in his "Northern Heights of London," in connexion with a tradition that there, in some remote period, the Londoners defeated the inhabitants of St. Albans and that the mound contains the dust of the slain.

The paper opens with a pleasant description of the ground.

From Traitors' Hill any one who rises early enough in the morning may be rewarded with a very remarkable view.

He will see before him countless spires and towers, and a great river crossed by many bridges, an ancient castle, the masts of many ships, and miles of streets, so that, like Xeïxes, when he surveyed his multitudes, he will probably be moved to sit down and cry. There is another remarkable thing upon this hill which he will certainly omit to see, unless his eyes have been previously trained. There is, in fact, another barrow or tumulus upon its top. It is much larger than the first, but not so well defined ; yet when it has been once pointed out, the ditch can be clearly traced all round it, with what seems to have been an earthwork bridge across it.

Of the neighbouring stream and its banks we are told :—

You may gather, on the banks of this stream, anemones in April, with marsh mallow, and, later on, buttercups, with, for your still room, betony, which gives tone or a fillip to the system ; golden rod, good for open and bleeding wounds ; willow herb ; valerian ; and many other useful simples. The Apothecaries' Company used to come here, formerly, once a year for an outing and a botanical ramble, accompanied, let us hope, by a dinner at the Upper Flask or the Wells Tavern. Does the worthy

Company still continue this scientific expedition? If so, I fear they go further afield.

### Of the woods :

The cold, clear sunlight falls upon the woods, where the leaves have not yet begun to show, and the buds have not yet even lost the purple hue of mid-winter. There is colour in the trunks, a thing you may vainly look for in London squares, where the trunks of the trees are all black ; there are yellow mosses on the branches ; the sunshine seems to separate each tree and make it stand forth from its fellows.

On the slopes around, the sunlight, which shows no favouritism or partiality, falls likewise, drawing gentle undulations unsuspected in cloudy weather, and tracing over the grass curves unequalled by those of the finest mathematician. A lark sings in the sky above us. Very likely he is visible to some ; there is consolation, however, to the short-sighted in the greater mystery of such things as the song of the unseen bird overhead. From the woods arise the voices of thrush and blackbird, and what they used to call, in the old days, massively, the "Warbling of the Feathery Quire."

In the month of June if you come here again (it is much more pleasant in the month of June) you will hear the nightingale. He sings in these woods by day as well as by night, and he does not complain at all but rather rejoices loudly.

Except for the birds, it is so quiet here that one might as well be on Hamildun, which is in the middle of Dartmoor, or beside Easedale Tarn, among the mountains which rise above Grasmere, and at a season of the year before they have opened, or after they have opened, or after they have closed, the little cabin planted in the loneliness for the refreshment of the tourist and the tripper ; or, for the peacefulness of it, we might be standing on what I take to be the loneliest spot in all England, that is to say, the quaggy platform which crowns the Cheviot. It is so peaceful that the rack and worry of life fall from the mind and are forgotten ; one feels, standing here, far from the madding crowd ; one listens for the far-off tinkle of the sheep-bell on the mountain-side ; one expects to hear the singing of the mountain breeze in the ears.

On a fine Sunday morning, or on summer evenings, the slopes are crowded with people taking the air.

That is to say, they sit about upon the grass and talk ; the boys and girls laugh and make those jokes which are well known and expected, and can be laughed at readily, without the exertion of thought which a new and unexpected epigram requires ; the young men and maidens keep company soberly. They do not, as I have ascertained by the meanness of listening, make passionate love to each other, nor do they search for pretty conceits, sweet exaggerations and the feigned madness of poets in order to express and to excite the ardour of love in each other's bosom. Rather does the young man speak calmly and prosaically of his weekly "screw," and the maiden recounts the wrongs and indignities of the work-room. But in this way they somehow get to love each other, and I fear they marry too soon and have more children than is good for their happiness. As for the elders, there is more political conversation to be heard on this hill

on a fine summer evening than ever one used to hear a hundred years ago in a London coffee-house.

But it is on sufferance that the people are here. The foot of the builder is already approaching them, and nothing but money can avert his relentless march. Neither its beauty, nor its ancient or modern associations, can save the place where Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt and Coleridge loved to wander, where in an earlier generation walked Addison, Steele and Pope, and money can be obtained only by appealing to the humanity of the age in behalf of those who have no other breathing space within reach.

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## THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1886.

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EVOLUTION IN ARCHITECTURE.—One of the most striking examples of regular natural development in human art is furnished by architecture.

However remote the relation between a Gothic Cathedral and a Greek Temple may appear to the ordinary observer, the fact that the one has been evolved out of the other is a matter of simple demonstration. All the links in the chain may be supplied by reference to edifices still standing.

For the origin of the art of building in stone, as prevalent among European nations, we must look to Egypt. From Egypt the craft passed to the Greeks, and from the Greeks to the Romans. The Greeks, however, added a new feature, the pediment, and the reason for the addition is easy to find.

Egypt is practically rainless. All the protection from the climate required in a palace or temple in such a country is shelter from the sun by day and from the cold by night, and for this a flat roof, supported by walls, or pillars with architraves, is quite sufficient; but when, as in all European countries, rain has to be taken into account, a slanting roof becomes a necessity. The Greeks with their eye for symmetry, provided for this by forming the roof with a central ridge, at an obtuse angle, from which it sloped down equally on either side. The triangular space thus formed at the end of the building above the architrave was occupied by the pediment, and this part of the facade, which owed its birth to the exigencies of climate, was thenceforth regarded as so essential to the artistic completeness of the work that it was said that, if a temple were to be erected in the celestial regions, where rain would not be possible, the pediment could not be omitted.

Both Egyptians and Greeks were satisfied with bridging over the openings of doors and windows, and the spaces between columns by means of the architrave, requiring the use of large blocks of stone, but the Romans were familiar with the principle, whereby comparatively small blocks arranged in semicircular form could be made to hold together, without support from beneath, except at the two ends of the series, and, applying this principle to architecture they gave us the arch, employed by them at first from utilitarian motives, but destined to form a new element of freedom and beauty.

Thus the pediment and the arch resulted from the pressure of new and external circumstances.

The disintegration of the Roman Empire brought into play an entirely new set of forces, and prepared the way for the wonderful series of beautiful and ever varying creations known by the name of Gothic architecture.

What was it that inspired the mediæval builders in the production of forms of so much beauty often in times when all other arts were dead ?

One consideration may help us. The periods of the Gothic styles (including those which led up to the styles to which the term is sometimes restricted) are precisely those which are called the *dark ages* ; and in the successive changes through which the art passed in those ages can we not perceive a *yearning for light*—light in a threefold sense—religious, artistic, and physical ?

First, moral or *religious* light. An upward tendency now begins to manifest itself. There is an evident disposition to make the buildings appear as if springing up from the earth, instead of resting upon it. In the temples of antiquity, all the principal lines are horizontal, in agreement with the surface of the earth ; in the mediæval buildings the tendency of the prevailing lines is to assume a vertical position, pointing heavenward.

2. Artistic *lightness*. The Greeks and Romans appear to have paid little regard to economy of material in the construction of their public edifices. Many of their works seem to rely for their effect chiefly upon their massive grandeur. But the Gothic architects seem to have been distressed with the weight of the material in which they worked. They found means, from time to time, to diminish its weightiness, in appearance at least, by diapering, moulding, and tracery.

3. *Physical* light. Under the semi-tropical skies of Southern Europe, little regard had to be paid to this blessing, beyond providing against its excess. On the removal of the centres of civilisation northwards the openings for the admission of the light of day became objects of solicitude, and thenceforth the windows are the principal parts of the wall in which they are pierced.

In tracing the course of the new development, we may conveniently take the examples to be found in England, where Gothic architecture ran its course with greater regularity and for a longer period than on the Continent.

After the withdrawal of the Roman legions the strength of the walls was the first care of the early builders, and windows and doors were reduced to the narrowest dimensions. Hence the heavy character of the Romanesque style, represented by Saxon and early Norman works.

There are no complete buildings remaining that can be pronounced with certainty genuine Saxon works ; but the Saxon Churches are described as low, small and mean, with very thick walls and floors sunk below the level of the ground. For four hundred years this state of things endured. But two interesting features relieve the period—the triangular-headed window, and anticipation of the pointed arch, and the insertion of a small pillar in the centre of some windows, the forerunner of the mullion.

Towards the end of the tenth century a first step was made in a new direction by raising the central portion of the building above the roof, in the form of a low, square tower, which served as a lantern for the admission of light. In the eleventh century the upward tendency became more marked.

The buildings generally were more lofty, and the tower especially was heightened. The splaying of windows—a device evidently brought about by the desire to obtain the maximum of light through the narrow openings in thick walls—now became general. The early Norman buildings retain in general the Romanesque character of massiveness, but efforts to relieve this are apparent in the rich carving of doorways, the occasional wreathing or other decoration of heavy supporting pillars, and the use of light arcades for mere ornament. The circular section of the pillar is no longer strictly adhered to, but hexagonal and octagonal pillars are freely used, and sometimes four shafts are combined into one pillar, the commencement of the clustered form so conspicuous in later styles. But the most important invention of this period was the buttress, which rendered it possible to raise the height of a wall considerably without the necessity of adding uniformly to its thickness.

In the twelfth century architecture began to develop well-defined Gothic forms. The pitch of the roof had been raised, till the pediment had grown into the gable ; and another important change was the introduction of the pointed arch, possibly introduced from the East.

Pointed arches had long been used in Oriental buildings, and they are even found in Assyrian remains. The intersection of arches carried to alternate pillars in ornamental arcades—a form frequently met with in Norman buildings—produces a perfect pointed arch. But whatever was the immediate cause of the adoption of this form, it is an expression in a high degree of the principles which governed the development of the art in the middle ages. It marks a distinct advance in the pursuit of light, in all the three senses mentioned above. Not only is the central portion higher than that of a semicircular arch,

but the construction is such as to suggest that the support of the pillar is carried upwards through the impost into the arch itself, instead of the force being directed downwards, as in the Roman arch.

For a century the pointed and the round arch were used indifferently in the same building ; but in the thirteenth century the pointed form was finally established. A further change now becomes apparent, a desire to rely for beauty on the form and arrangement of constituent parts.

This is evidenced by the deeply cut mouldings, in continuous lines, strongly marking out the construction, which are so noticeable in what are called "Early English" buildings. More lightness is also obtained by means of clustered pillars, moulded arches, tracery in the windows, and especially by the use of buttresses. The buttresses first used to give additional strength to an already substantial wall, were completely altered in form. Instead of being, as in the Norman period, broad and flat, projecting but slightly from the surface of the wall, they were now placed with their breadth at right angles to the wall. They were also lightened by being divided into stages, and divided in their lower parts by arches. By this arrangement the weight of the roof and upper portions of the building was transferred to points outside the walls, and this enabled immense progress to be made in the light-seeking principle by leaving a much larger portion of the sides of the building available for windows.

The succeeding varieties of style show a steady progression on the lines thus established.

The simple pointed arch was formed by describing it from two centres instead of one ; by using more centres, trefoils and quatrefoils were obtained, and the intersection of the circles produced the cusp, another form of point. Points now appear everywhere ; buttresses are prolonged into pinnacles, and towers are surmounted by spires. Ribs under arches and vaults are multiplied, to distract the eye from the weight of the material which they appear to support. Horizontal lines and divisions gradually disappear, or are broken up, until in some cases there is no line to mark where wall ends and roof begins. Even the beautiful geometrical forms of the fourteenth century had to give way to the perpendicular, which in the fifteenth century reigned supreme.

As an example of the highest development of Gothic art, the writer refers to the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge.

On entering the chapel the prevalence of the upward principle is at once apparent. On either side innumerable vertical lines lead the eye upwards from the richly decorated ground panels to the gorgeous walls, which are of crystal, for the stonework is seen only as the framing of the glass, as the division between the windows. The light of day is not admitted plain and undivided, to show up fresco or canvas, but, resolved into its constituent colours, it is forced itself to paint, in rainbow tints which no surface pigment could produce, the chief events connected with the religion of the worshippers. First we see depicted the scenes of old Bible story. Past these pictures—through them—the lines flow up, and show us the corresponding incidents and revelations of the New Dispensation. Type is succeeded by antitype, and the dim teachings of the Law are seen perfected in the clear light of the Gospel. Still upward fly the lines. Drawn



in dull, heavy stone as they are, they cannot lead us up to heaven, but, having helped to point the way, they divide into branching curves, and bound our upward vision with a canopy or roof of spreading fairy fans. This roof is really a vault of solid masonry, in some places more than three feet thick, yet there is not a single pillar to indicate that it needs support from below. Not an inch of the material is hid, but by simply chiselling its surface the ponderous mass is completely veiled by the cobweb texture of the tracery. To appreciate the solidity of the structure, we must ascend and inspect the rough upper-surface of the stone. Only then do we become sensible of the weight of the huge blocks, some of them weighing over a ton, which, by the masterly system of vaulting, are made, simply by the force of their own gravity, to bridge over the awful abyss beneath. To find the source from which the enormous weight of this roof derives its support we must go outside the building and examine the buttresses which flank the building on either side. The strength of these is not apparent at first sight, for the lower parts, of course the most massive, are masked by connecting walls, and the intervening spaces thus enclosed are utilised as chantries, leaving only the upper and lighter portions visible.

During the fifteenth century there appeared unmistakeable signs that the reign of the upward pointing principle was drawing to a close.

Arches were depressed, right angles abounded, and square-headed windows were used, not only in situations where they might be convenient or appropriate, but in such important positions as the east end of a cathedral, as at Bath Abbey.

The perpendicular style was peculiar to England. On the Continent the fifteenth century gave birth to a variety of "after Gothic" styles, mostly remarkable for extravagance and want of taste, and which speedily disappeared before the classic form which had already been revived in Italy.

Before the end of the seventeenth century the triumph of the Italian School was complete; and the predominant feeling was that we had been travelling along a wrong path, and should return to the point at which the art was left by the Romans.

**THE WONDER-WORKING PRINCE HOHENLOHE.**—Mr. S. Baring Gould, in this paper, takes an opposite view to that entertained by Dr. Buckley, whose article is noticed by us elsewhere, of the genuineness of the cures said to have been worked by the famous Prince Hohenlohe.

The fame of the alleged miracle, it is stated, lasted only for a single year, 1821, after which nothing more was heard of the man's miraculous powers.

The case which first brought him into notice was that of the Princess Mathilde of Schwazenberg, who had been a cripple since early childhood, and after being treated unsuccessfully by the best medical men in Vienna and Paris, had been placed under the care of Dr. Heine. To her the Prince introduced Martin

Michel, a peasant of Berlin, who, believing himself to have been cured of a rupture by faith, had for some time gone about healing others of various diseases, by his prayers and the faith of his patients.

The result of her interview with Michel is described in the Princess's own words.

The peasant knelt down and prayed in German aloud and distinctly, and, after his prayer, he said to me, "In the name of Jesus, stand up. You are whole, and can both stand and walk!" The peasant and the Prince then went into an adjoining room, and I rose from my couch, without assistance, in the name of God, well and sound, and so I have continued to this moment."

That the Princess was cured is no less certain than that the whole town believed a miracle to have been performed. Dr. Heine, however, gives a different account of the cause of her recovery. According to him she had gradually improved under his treatment till she was nearly able to walk, when she saw Michel. The Prince and the peasant, in fact, stepped in and snatched the credit really due to the doctor.

The peasant Michel now fell into the background and was forgotten, and the Prince stood forward alone as the worker of miraculous cures. The local papers published marvellous accounts of his success. The blind saw, the lame walked, the deaf heard.

Among the deaf said to have been relieved was the Crown Prince of Bavaria, who himself, in a letter written shortly after, however, says only that he heard better than before.

Herr Scharold, an eye-witness, who was City Councillor and Secretary, has recorded other cures.

"The Prince had dined at midday with General von D——. All the entrances to the house from two streets were blocked by hundreds of persons, and they said that he had already healed four individuals crippled with rheumatism in this house. I convinced myself on the spot that one of these cases was as said. The patient was a young wife of a fisherman, who was crippled in the right hand, so that she could not lift anything with it, or use it in any way; and all at once she was enabled to raise a heavy chair, with the hand hitherto powerless, and hold it aloft. She went home weeping tears of joy and thankfulness.

"The Prince was then entreated to go to another house, at another end of the town, and he consented. There he found many paralysed persons. He began with a poor man whose left arm was quite useless and stiff. After he had asked him if he had perfect faith, and had received a satisfactory answer, the Prince prayed with folded hands and closed eyes. Then he raised the kneeling patient; and said, "Move your arm." Weeping and trembling in all his limbs the man did as he was bid; but as he said that he obeyed with difficulty, the Prince prayed again, and said, "Now move your arm again." This time the man easily moved his arm forwards, backwards, and raised it. The cure was complete.

Equally successful was he with the next two cases. One was a tailor's wife, named Lanzamer. "What do you want?" asked the Prince, who was bathed in perspiration. Answer: "I have had a paralytic stroke, and have lost the use of one side of my body, so that I cannot walk unsupported." "Kneel down!" But this could only be effected with difficulty, and it was rather a tumbling down of an inert body, painful to behold. I never saw a face more full of expression of faith in the strongly marked features. The Prince, deeply moved, prayed with great fervour, and then said, "Stand up!" The good woman, much agitated, was unable to do so, in spite of all her efforts, without the assistance of her boy who was by her, crying, and then her lame leg seemed to crack. When she had reached her feet, he said, "Now walk the length of the room without pain." She tried to do so, but succeeded with difficulty, yet with only a little suffering. Again he prayed, and the healing was complete; she walked lightly and painlessly up and down, and finally out of the room; and the boy, crying more than before, but now with joy, exclaimed, "O my God! mother can walk, mother can walk!" Whilst this was going on, an old woman, called Siebert, wife of a bookbinder, who had been brought in a sedan-chair, was admitted to the room. She suffered from paralysis and incessant headaches that left her neither night nor day. The first attempt made to heal her failed. The second only brought on the paroxysm of headache worse than ever, so that the poor creature could hardly keep her feet or open her eyes. The Prince began to doubt her faith, but when she assured him of it, he prayed again with redoubled earnestness. And, all at once, she was cured. This woman left the room, conducted by her daughter, and all present were filled with astonishment."

The genuineness of the cures was, however, called in question by the writer of an anonymous pamphlet, "*Das Mahrchen vom Wunder*," and by another anonymous writer, Dr. Paulus.

Among other cases, the former writer cites the following:—

"A girl of 18, who was paralysed in her limbs, was brought from a carriage to the feet of the prophet. After he had asked her if she believed, and he had prayed for about twelve seconds, he exclaimed in a threatening rather than gentle voice, "You are healed!" But I observed that he had to thunder this thrice into the ear of the frightened girl, before she made an effort to move, which was painful and distressing; and, groaning and supported by others, she made her way to the rear. "You will be better shortly,—only believe!" he cried to her. I, who was looking on, observed her conveyed away as much a cripple as she came.

"The next case was a peasant of 58, a cripple on crutches. Without his crutches he was doubled up, and could only shuffle with his feet on the ground. After the Prince had asked the usual questions and had prayed, he ordered the kneeling man to stand up, his crutches having been removed. As he was unable to do so, the miracle-worker seemed irritated, and repeated his order in an angry tone. One of the policemen at the side threw in "Up! in the name of the Trinity," and pulled him to his feet. The man seemed bewildered. He stood, indeed, but doubled as before, and the sweat streamed from his face, and he was not a ha'porth better than previously; but as he had come with crutches, and now stood without them, there arose a shout of "A miracle!" and all pressed round to congratulate the poor wretch. His son helped him away. "Have faith

and courage!" cried to him the Prince; and the policeman added, "Only believe, and rub in a little spirits of camphor!" Many pressed alms into the man's hand and he smiled; this was regarded as a token of his perfect cure. I saw, however, that his knees were as stiff as before, and that the rogue cast longing eyes at his crutches, which had been taken away, but which he insisted on having back. No one thought of asking how it fared with the poor wretch later, and, as a fact, he died shortly after.

"The next to come up was a deaf girl of 18. The wonder-worker was bathed in perspiration, and evidently exhausted with his continuous prayer night and day. After a few questions as to the duration of her infirmity, the Prince prayed, then signed a cross over the girl, and, stepping back from her, asked her questions, at each in succession somewhat lowering his tone; but she only heard those spoken as loudly as before the experiment was made, and she remained for the most part staring stupidly at the wonder-worker. To cut the matter short, he declared her healed. I took the mother aside soon after, and inquired what was the result. She assured me that the girl heard no better than before.

"In her place came a stone-deaf man of 25. The result was very similar; but as the Prince, when bidding him depart healed, made a sign of withdrawal with his hand, the man rose and departed, and this was taken as evidence that he had heard the command addressed to him."

At the Julius Hospital, Prince Hohenlohe experimented on twenty cases at the invitation of the physicians and was unsuccessful in all of them.

At Bamberg, where a commission was appointed to investigate his claims, he was equally unsuccessful. Thence he proceeded to the Baths at Brückenau, where he was said to have worked extraordinary cures, but no details of the cases were forthcoming. From Brückenau he went to Vienna, where he was unfavourably received, and thence he departed to Hungary, where his mother's relations lived. There he made no direct attempts to heal the sick who applied to him, but gave them cards on which a day and hour were fixed, and a prayer written, and exhorted them to pray earnestly at the appointed time, and promised to pray for them. But this also was discontinued, owing to the want of results, and the Prince relapsed into a quiet unostentatious life.

MADAME DE FLORAC.—Mr. Schutz Wilson, under this title, gives us a delightful analysis of one of the most loveable of Thackeray's female characters, prefaced by some critical remarks on the form of the novel, which will bear quoting.

Story-telling, principally as a narrative of events and adventures, is one of the oldest of the arts, and springs originally from the mystic East. The Arabian Nights may be taken as a type and specimen of the later and more complex production of the teeming fancy of the Oriental story-teller; but there is a quite enormous difference between a story told merely for the sake of the story itself, and a story told with a view to display and illustrate character. Thus

in *Don Quixote*, the adventures which occur to the nobly mentally diseased Don are invented only in order to exemplify the character and mental characteristics of the ingenious gentleman of La Mancha. "Why, the story is everything," says Mr. Walter Besant, when speaking of the novel. It may, however, be permissible to argue, even against so high an authority, that in the works of the greatest novelists story is only used as an auxiliary to higher purposes. The mere story is a lower thing than the noble novel. The faculty of the story-teller ranks below the qualities of the great novelist. "The excitement of wondering what will happen next" is an excitement which can only move us the first time that we read a novel, or even a romance. Those great works which we read again and again have another and higher interest above that of story. Let us turn next to the question of *plot*. Festus says,\* speaking of his own book, "It has a plan but no plot. Life has none;" and this saying is true of all great novels. The novel which depends solely upon plot is a novel devised for vulgar readers, and can, by critics, be read only once. There is, in the writing of some novels, a barren ingenuity which constructs cunningly an artificial and elaborate plot; but once read, such works are done with, Life has no plot; and the great novelist describes only that procession of events which could, or would, occur in real life. He does not depend upon the surprises of artfully combined and startling events which shall be unfolded with a view to exciting the mind of a dull reader. The great novelist seeks to delight and not to amuse. He does not care to startle. He despises the trickery of construction, and relies upon nobler and more permanent sources of interest.

A picture of human beings as they are, of the flow and current of human life as that may probably exist, suffice to the master of the craft. A novelist, who is dramatic in dialogue and in narrative needs not much drama in action. Mr. Shorthouse, who illustrates his theories through the rare and delicate merits of his "*John Inglesant*," argues strongly in favour of "a species of literature which, I think, has not hitherto had justice done to it, but which I believe to be capable of great things—I mean Philosophical Romance." More imagination is required for the production of a true novel than is needed for any sensational fiction. It may be maintained that none of the great world novels, those which are a permanent and a royal possession of European literature, are dependent upon plot. There is no plot in "*Don Quixote*," in "*Gil Blas*," in "*Wilhelm Meister*," in "*The Vicar of Wakefield*," in "*Robinson Crusoe*." The question is one between great art and trivial artificiality. In Defoe, in Addison and Steele's "*Sir Roger de Coverley*," in Fielding, Smollett, Scott, Sterne, Miss Austen, nay, even in George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë,\* there is no reliance upon mere "plot." Jean Paul ignores plot, as he despises form. Miss Ellen Watson says, finely, "It is from reflections of this sense of man's relation, not to this world only but to the universe, that great writers produce great works; and the more vivid this sense, the greater power descends on him who writes. Without it, knowledge, wit, art, may be said to produce a body, they

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\* When, in *Silas Marner*, that awful incident occurs in the Church assembling in Lantern Yard, and when, after an appeal to the Bible, the lots declare that the innocent man was guilty, the occurrence is not melodramatic, but psychological; and it is employed to illustrate the state of Marner's soul. When, in *Jane Eyre*, the episode of Rochester's wife is introduced, it is done, not for the sake of melodramatic effect, but with a view to elucidate the positions and the characters of Rochester and of Jane. In neither case is the object sensation, or merely striking effect.

may even produce a mind, but *never a soul*." The true humorist, the writer who sees human life in large relations, is indifferent to plot. The writer who relies wholly or mainly upon plot does not command the higher faculties of the creator.

If we feel moved to institute any comparison between humour and earnestness, we shall perhaps decide that humour is the more mundane, earnestness the more spiritual feeling. To take an illustration from the drama, compare the dialogue between Mephisto and Frau Marthe Schwerdtlein, and that between Faust and Gretchen. Schiller, with his narrow intensity, had no humour. "In Memoriam" has none, and does not need it; but the great novelist must combine humour and earnestness, must have wit and must command pathos. Who, after twenty readings, can read again Jeannie Deans's address to Queen Caroline without feeling the old hysterical choking in the throat, without feeling tears in the eyes? The novelist must interpret for his readers those occult feelings, thoughts, impulses, which render human beings such mysteries to each other. He must supply adequacy of temptation according to its individualism, to the character that fails, or falls. He must know idioms and manners; and must possess those "energies of indignation and scorn which are the proper scourges of wrong-doing and of meanness." He must work in a mental condition of *clairvoyance*, which pierces through outer shows and husks to the living nature, to the beating heart, to the often complex motive within.

Thackeray never relies upon plot; but he does revel in his insight into character. There is, in some writers, not of the first mark, an amalgam of story and of plot, which in consequence of the undue stress laid upon secondary means of effect, seldom rises to the dignity of true and noble art. In melodrama, the aim is at effect for effect's sake: but how poor is such art when compared with true tragedy or comedy! An elaborate structure of convoluted and entangled incident is a thing mean and worthless when contrasted with the loftier art which uses incident as life uses it. Natural occurrences, resembling those which happen in the ordinary current of actual life, form a sufficient basis for the novel of a great writer in his craft.

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## TEMPLE BAR.

JUNE, 1886.

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Paston Carew, Millionaire and Miser. Chaps XIX.—XXII....	...	...	...	...	—

**TO MILLICENT, FROM AMERICA.**—The letters from America collected under this title are, Mr. Wedmore says in a note, real letters, though they were not all addressed to the young lady in question. Some of them were hardly worth printing; others contain really valuable information or criticism. Speaking of New York, the writer says:

It seems to me less concentrated than London—that is, a stranger, even staying in a good part, somehow has a poor part brought more under his eyes, if he goes anywhere, than he would in London. Perhaps that is because the Elevated Railway—a very good substitute for the Underground, as far as mere travelling is concerned—has distinctly deteriorated two of the great “avenues” throughout the greater part of their length. And partly too, perhaps, because the squalid and the temporary is often very near to the magnificent and the lasting—is not hidden behind, in back streets, as in London, but is right in the front also. Near the wharves—where are some of the older quarters—the clearly-outlined red-brick houses, with green shutters, give a Dutch character, due to the old Dutch settlement. You might be in one of the simpler and less beautiful parts of the Hague. The more bustling parts of New York strike me often as tawdry and nondescript. The architecture is big, but the advertisements are bigger. The really finer parts—of which Fifth Avenue is certainly one—have a tiresome uniformity of street plan, with a great variety of house-building.

“Central Park” recalls Hyde Park scarcely at all. It has a little of the Bois, and a little of the Prater. On Sunday afternoon, in the part called the

Mall, I heard a very excellent band perform admirably all sorts of music, from a waltz of Waldteufel to the *Agnus Dei* of Mozart's 12th Mass. The "better classes" were absolutely absent ; and what is striking indeed about the New York population, in the popular resorts, is that it is so little American. French, Germans, Irish, Italians, by the hundred, and half a dozen Yankees. What are these among so many ?

• The true New Yorker—at all events the official New Yorker—who exercises humble functions, does appear to me an eminently, even an appallingly respectable person. If you admire a particularly good-looking and well-mannered man in a bluish-grey tunic and a becoming hat, he turns out to be a policeman. At the wharf, my cabin friend and I addressed ourselves to an exceedingly dignified, property-holding, middle-aged gentleman, as to where we should find a cab-driver. He was himself a cab-driver, and mentioned his price with a quiet professional reticence of bearing, like a consulting physician casually naming the sum in which you are indebted to him. It was high, but after a slight endeavour it became clear that the question was not arguable. It would have wounded his feelings too deeply had we suggested that he should cheat us a little less. The waiter at a good hotel is respectful to you, as to an equal with whom he happens to have business. You contract to eat, and he contracts to enable you to eat, and you both of you fulfil your contract.

Referring to Longfellow's house, in Boston, he says :

The house is a large grey-white wooden house—a " frame house," as they call it—of two storeys. His study was in the front, so that he had from it daily the view we got from the gate. And owning the land just in front, across the public road, he kept it unoccupied and free too of trees, that the view might be the fullest. It is cleared meadow land ; and trees a little to the right hand and the left lead the eye over the length of the meadow to its end, where amongst brown water grasses, and a little marsh land, the Charles River, quiet and slow, gleams in the landscape. The moisture of the river and its occasional overflow keep the field of a fresh green.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is the house that Washington occupied during the War of Independence, so that it has a double interest. Its rooms are large ; its colouring chiefly light, which is necessary when you remember that a deep piazza entirely surrounds it, and somewhat overshadows its windows. There can hardly be a more beautiful " colonial" house. It was built in the middle of the eighteenth century : much of its material being brought from England—especially the interior wood-work, which is of the most dignified domestic classic, so to say—in the best Georgian manner. Mrs. Dana showed me the portraits. There is a very sweet and animated head of the Mrs. Longfellow of nearly forty years ago, by my dear friend Mr. Healy ; a very good picture of Longfellow in middle age, by another American, Alexander ; and a later portrait by Ernest Longfellow, of his father as an elderly man. This is a likeness his family think excellent, and it is to be reproduced for the book of " Memoirs," which is soon to appear.

On the study table stands a black-wood inkstand, on a plate on which is inscribed, " This inkstand was Samuel Taylor Coleridge's." It was a present to Longfellow, though there was no particular appropriateness in his possession of it, for Coleridge had never influenced him, nor had they too much in common,



Coleridge, great as he was, being obscure and intricate where Longfellow was at least limpid and simple.

All the manuscripts of Longfellow's poems are kept in half-bound volumes, the lowest row in the book-case. I remembered George Eliot's manuscripts at Charles Lewes's, and Dickens's at South Kensington. Longfellow's work seems to have been as easy and flowing at the end as it was at the beginning. I handled the "*Golden Legend*," carefully—you and I know why—and I saw the first thing and the last. Dickens's writing got fuller and fuller of corrections as time went on, and he felt the fatigue of work. And though the later stories of George Eliot, at the Lewes's are in the original manuscript, we cannot make the comparison all through, for "*Adam Bede*," which is the very clear one, is not the really original manuscript, but a neat copy which she made to send to Blackwood. That was how she began.

#### Of Oliver Wendell Holmes :

I saw him on a sunny "fall" afternoon ; the view from the window being of an occasional rowing boat on a stretch of placid water, and in the distance the long thin line of Cambridge, its flatness and its spires ; the foliage near the shore, and the occasional factory chimney with its faint wreathed smoke. He talked a good deal about Boston society ; said that there were divisions as complete, practically, as any in English—"but you have stone walls, and we wire fences, and the fences are quite as effective, though they are not so visible." He asked me what was the thing that struck me most in America. I said, the artistic finish of the Americans : a sensitiveness to excellent form, so great as to be almost exacting. I ventured to tell him that the American daintiness of taste allowed them to care more for how a thing was done than what it was that was done ; and that all the recent successes in Literature bore me out in that. I told him I thought masses of people in Boston said things with a neatness we could not approach ; but that, in painting, the Americans had still a great deal to learn from the English, and were learning from the French instead. He answered, not in the least dogmatically, that when he was in England, long ago, he didn't think English artists particularly imaginative or original. He had seen, he thought, a *Virgin and Child* of Sir Joshua's, and it had nothing of "the ideal lift." I said, of course, that I could well believe that, but that in landscape the whole French school, which the Americans copied, was founded on what was only a fragment of our own. He talked delightfully for an hour, and told two or three stories with a good deal of imitative action. The briskest man I ever saw, I think, at seventy-six, and with a mind the most alert.

#### Of Howells :

Howells is a genial, downright, matter-of-fact, and withal satirical person—just now in the very fullest possession of his means, writing and talking with the utmost neatness, without the slightest effort. He talked much of books : praising Björnson greatly, and even unduly, as I was afterwards told—other people, almost as clever, do not discern in him half as much as Howells does, it seems. He recommended me to read Miss Murfree's '*Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain*,' the Tennessee Dialect being not very baffling, much less baffling than the Scotch of Sir Walter. He agreed with me very much when I praised Thomas Hardy. We spoke particularly of '*Under the Greenwood*

'Tree,' and 'A Pair of Blue Eyes.' Still I can never forgive him for underrating Dickens. We spoke of Zola, and when I extolled the 'Page d'amour,' he said it was certainly immense as a piece of pathos; though he sometimes doubted the motive a little—thought it a little forced—questioned whether the woman *would* have been quite so much in love with the doctor; whether the contest between her love for her child and the doctor would really have been quite so stubborn. "But in the matter of love, one can never say," and anyhow it was immense as pathos. We spoke of the theatre. I explained what I could about Sims, Jones and Sydney Grundy. Gilbert he knew the best of our dramatists. He always read Gilbert's librettos with delight.

Emerson's house is thus described :

'Tis a simple squarish two-storeyed house, chiefly white, in a bit of green garden almost without flowers, but planted with a few trees which he loved. We saw the rooms he chiefly lived in—parlour and study communicating. It is characteristic perhaps of Emerson that the dining-room was not one of these rooms, though no doubt he dined occasionally. In parlour and study everything is as he left it. The study has one great book-case from floor to ceiling, crowded with grave, elderly, somewhat decayed-looking books. There is the set given him by Carlyle, and in the parlour Strange's print after Guido's "Aurora," which Carlyle gave young Mrs. Emerson in 1839, with the giver's inscription on the back, very genuine no doubt, but perhaps a little laboured. What interested me really most in Emerson's study were the portraits of the people he profoundly believed in—Art coming to him, it seems, in this way only—as the record of men. A tiny bronze or bronzed statuette of Goethe is in the middle of the mantelpiece—the Goethe of old age, about when Eckermann first knew him, kindly, weighty, and very much all there. The Arundel Society's reproduction of the Giotto Dante—the only Dante portrait I like to believe in—hangs in the parlour. In the study, again, is Samuel Cousins's print after Washington Alston's portrait of Coleridge in middle-age, benignant and comfortable, and with the "suffused tenderness" which Washington Alston's portraits are said always to display, and a portrait of Sainte Beuve, with the expression of a man making a very keen and unwelcome diagnosis. Emerson read German with difficulty, Mr. Sanborn told us—French with ease, and Sainte Beuve very much. The furniture of the rooms is of the simplest and most ordinary. The plain black rocking-chair, in which he wrote, is placed still by the round table which served as his desk.

The friend who came away with Emerson after Longfellow's funeral told the writer that Emerson had then lost much of his memory. Some hours after the funeral he said : "That was a beautiful soul whose funeral we were at to-day. I forget his name. But he was a beautiful soul."

GUSTAVE DORE.—The starting point of Dore's career, says M. Kratz, was the part he took, as a schoolboy, in the reproduction of the fête of Guttenburg in honour of the master of his school.

The original fête, with its fantastic procession of the industrial corporations of Strasburg, had produced a great impression on

Doré, then a child of eight ; and when it was proposed shortly after to celebrate the schoolmaster's fête day, he suggested its reproduction. The scheme was, with one accord, pronounced wild and impossible by his school-fellows, but Gustave offered to take charge of the whole affair and be responsible for everything.

The affair was a great success :

Four chariots drawn by some of the school boys were filled with the representatives of the four corporations. Gustave himself was at the head of the glass-stainers, got up as a mediæval artist, in a Rubens hat and paper ornaments. His brother Ernest commanded the painters' association, and Arthur Kratz (afterwards a distinguished man, and Doré's life-long friend and companion), personified the chief cooper.

Whilst marching round the Cathedral Square they would stop now and then to work at their different trades : the gardeners made bouquets and flung them to the crowd ; papers were issued from the printing press, and Doré made sketches of the people, and when some one recognised a striking likeness, it was realized that he was making real drawings.

They finally drew up before the Professor's house and presented him with their four banners. These were perhaps the most marvellous of Doré's achievements, for all the insignia upon them had been drawn from memory. The printer's banner displayed presses and papers, the coopers' all their old craft symbols, and on his own he had painted the ancient lantern of the "*Peintres verriers*" in the form of a star with coloured glass points, and at its base a well-known stained-glass window of the cathedral.

No wonder, after this, that people began to believe Madame Doré's constant assertion that her son was a genius.

Nothing, however, could have seemed less likely to inspire the wonderful flights of fancy that afterwards characterised his pencil than his peaceful monotonous home life. Nor were his subsequent experiences more eventful. His own family were his chosen companions, his studio, and his fireside his favourite resorts. At nine years of age he was sent to the Strasburg College, and thence to the Lycée Charlemagne in Paris.

Long before his school days were over he had begun to illustrate Balzac, Rabelais, and Eugène Sue ; he paid for his own tuition by illustrating comic journals, but it never entered into his head to take lessons in drawing, and, although at one time he half lived in the galleries of the Louvre, he was never seen to copy the smallest work.

Nor did he ever copy faces or figures. At the age of seventeen he took rank as one of the best designers of his day. But his ambition was to be regarded as an artist.

Unfortunately he was fed, at this time, with an immense amount of injudicious flattery, which led him to discontent and disappointment with more

reasonable criticism and truer friends, and to disregard advice that would have placed him ultimately on a higher level. He believed that his exceptional genius emancipated him from treading the uphill road of preliminary study. He could not bear the idea of working upon fixed principles. All that he could be got to do was to hunt up old engravings from masterly originals, learning them as it were by heart, and copying them from memory.

Of his painting from memory wonderful stories are related, as also of his rapidity of execution.

It was in the summer of 1854 that he made his first public appearance as a painter. But no notice was taken of the two pictures which he exhibited in the Paris salon.

His power of sustained work was marvellous. For a whole year, it is said, he did not sleep, on an average, more than three hours out of the twenty-four. Yet he never owned even to a headache.

In the winter of 1854 and spring of 1855 he painted four large pictures, but they remained unsold, connoisseurs saying that he lacked "school."

He clung persistently to his own conviction that genius is in itself all-sufficient. He did not believe in the apprenticeship of art. He did not, or would not, believe in the hard fact that no profession can be a legitimate success which has not been learnt through legitimate means.

In 1868 he came to London, and instantaneously achieved an immense popularity. In France he was merely acknowledged to be the greatest illustrator of his time.

A few years ago it was said to a distinguished French amateur then in England, "Come to Bond Street and see the pictures of your greatest living painter." And this was the reply, "What? Doré our greatest painter? You mean *your* greatest painter. He is our greatest illustrator; but a painter—never! He is neither greatest nor great; indeed we never knew he was a painter at all until you told us so."

Fame in a foreign land, however, brought him no satisfaction.

Well received as he was everywhere, the hero of dinners, balls, and fêtes, he was always longing for the old home life in the Rue St. Dominique. His love for his mother was absorbing; and at the age of forty he lived with her just as if he had been a child. After her death he described himself as most unhappy and heart-broken. In a pathetic letter to his friend, Canon Harford, he writes, "Work does not console me—nothing consoles me; for I am alone, alone, alone, without family and almost without friends. Existence has no longer any charm for me, for I have had the improvidence not to know how to build up a home for myself, and some one to lean upon. Without that life is but a cursed and absurd thing."

Only a year later, his own funeral took place from the Rue St. Dominique.

The address spoken over the grave was by Alexandre Dumas, and amidst the last expressions of reverence and regret were these remarkable words, "In France, in France alone, people often passed ironically, or what is worse still, indifferently before those grand canvases of which the composition and the idea were always majestic." Doré suffered horribly from not having been understood. Who was wrong? He who suffered, or he who did not understand? The painter who aspired to the applause of the world, or the passer-by who refused it to him? °

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## THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1886.

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A ROMAN GENTLEMAN UNDER THE EMPIRE.—The Roman Gentleman under the Empire to whom we are introduced in this interesting paper is the younger Pliny, and the portrait is constructed from the materials supplied by his own delightful letters.

"What is doing at Como?" "What of that delightful country-seat of yours, with the unfading greenery of its cloister, its impenetrable plane-trees, the grassy banks, flower-studded, of its little canal, the lake lying beneath you, subservient to all your needs?"

So writes Pliny to his friend Caninius Rufus ; and in another letter to the same friend he writes :

"Are you studying, or fishing, or hunting, or all three? They may all be managed at once beside our dear Como. For the lake gives you fish, and the surrounding forest game, and the deep quietude invites to study. . . . Ah me, I envy you ! It exasperates me to think that I cannot have what I long for as sick men long for wine and baths and running water."

Surely, in these and similar passages, we have conclusive proof that the popular theory that the feeling for landscape beauty is of modern birth, is erroneous.

Caius Cæcilius, who afterwards received by adoption from his uncle, Pliny the Elder, the name of Plinius Secundus, was the son of another Caius Cæcilius, who died when he was a mere lad, leaving him under the guardianship of the distinguished General, Verginius Rufus, the same to whom, on the death

of Nero, the troops by acclamation offered the imperial purple, and who refused it, and who again refused a similar offer on the death of Otho, thus drawing down upon himself the wrath of the army who caused him to be arraigned on a capital charge.

He escaped death, and retired from Rome, to be recalled and made consul for the third time under Nerva, in 96.

On the very day of his investiture he met with a fatal accident through his foot slipping on the marble pavement, and died, after lingering some months, in great suffering. Pliny, in a letter to Romanus, thus refers to the event :

"He has gone full of years and honors, as even his enemies admit ; but we,—how can we help mourning and missing him as a figure of the by-gone time? And I, in particular, who loved him in his private as much as I admired him in his public capacity, who lived next door to him, who was left in his charge, to whom he was a living monument of my own father's love for me, I must needs weep as though his death had been premature ; and yet mayhap it is wrong to weep at all, or to call that death which is rather the end of this great man's mortality than of his life. . . . I think of Verginius, I see Verginius, in my vain yet vivid fancy I hear him speak, I address him, I hold him by the hand. It may be that we have, and that we shall yet have, other citizens who will be his equals in valor. We can have none who will rival his glory."

Pliny the Elder, the young Pliny's maternal uncle, was a man of extraordinary capacity and universal acquirements.

Soldier, sailor, statesman, and courtier, beside being the author of seventy-five books of natural history and political and military memoirs, many of which have come down to us, he was at this period in the full prime of his laborious life.

The younger Pliny, who always writes of his uncle with great reverence, has left us a tragic account of his end. The narrative will be familiar to most of our readers, but it will bear repeating.

He was not yet eighteen, when, on a certain sultry noontide late in the summer of the year 79, anxiety was excited in the sea-side villa at Misenum, where the elder Pliny was then commanding the Roman fleet, by a singular spectacle, visible on the further side of the lovely bay. The high lands of the opposite shore were, in those days, barely distinguishable one from another. The fatal cone, with its gracefully sloping sides and the delicate amethystine tints the æsthete loves, was not there, and all the fair hills alike were occupied and tilled to their summits and bright with vines and corn. From one of these, however, which proved only too soon to be Vesuvius, a dense column of smoke was now discerned, spinning upward, and spreading itself abroad when high in heaven, into the semblance of a gigantic parasolpine. The four-oared galley, which served the admiral as a species of light cutter, was ordered to be manned at once, and the enthusiast set forth, tablets in hand, to investigate and take notes of so unparalleled a phenomenon. He gave his nephew permission to accompany him, but the youth declined, on the score of some writing which he had to finish.

There is no need of repeating here for the thousandth time, in all its ghastly particulars, the tale of what followed. The elder Pliny went to his death, as the world knows well; and "the mood," to quote his nephew, "of mere philosophic curiosity in which that voyage was undertaken gave place to one of sublime self-devotion." He pressed on, though the very shore appeared to shudder and recede as he drew near it, intent upon reaching the point from which all others were flying, and on carrying encouragement, and if possible aid, to friends whose frightful danger became every instant more and more apparent. He effected a landing, with difficulty, not far from Herculaneum; and, if we detect a touch of stoical affectation in the elaborate dinner toilette which he made in the quaking villa of his friend Pomponianus, and in the assumed cheerfulness of his behaviour during the evening, there can have been none, it would appear, about the profound slumber into which he afterwards fell, and from which the awe-stricken servants dared not arouse him until the court into which his bed-chamber opened was so filled by the horrible ashen snow, which had now been falling for hours, that his escape seemed doubtful. He might almost as well have been left to die in his first heavy sleep. He quitted the house along with its other occupants, all having first tied pillows over their heads to protect them from the continually dropping pumice-stones. Their hope was that they might yet be able to reach the boats, and put off from the wreck-laden shore; but the fragile philosopher sank down, at no great distance, suffocated, apparently, by a sudden burst of sulphurous vapour from the now flaming mountain-side, and the slaves who were supporting him fled in terror. Two days later, when the horrible darkness which had engulfed the devoted region was beginning to clear, his body was found, undisfigured, lying as if out-stretched for peaceful slumber, and the suspense of those whom he had left so lightly was at an end.

The above details are taken from a letter written by Pliny to the historian Tacitus, who wanted the particulars for his history. In a second letter, also written at the request of Tacitus, he describes what befel himself and his mother at home in their villa.

Unable to sleep through the first night, owing to the incessant earthquake shocks, he had sat down early on the morning of the 25th August, in the court between the villa and the sea, and called for his books.

"Was it courage or mere *braggadocio*?" he says. "I was only seventeen. I told them to bring me a volume of Livy, which I proceeded to read with the utmost coolness, and even to make extracts, according to a plan which I was following." His mother came and sat beside him, with the speechless patience of a brave woman in extremity; but the average reader will doubtless feel more sympathy with the indignation of the "gentleman from Spain," who was visiting at the villa, and who did his best to dissipate both the apathetic resignation of the lady and the insensate security of the boy.

The earthquake shocks were now increasing in violence every moment; the shore upon which they looked began to broaden out, from the awful recession of the whole body of water, and deep-sea fishes were seen sprawling upon the sands, while a wall of dense blackness, incessantly riven by blades of tortuous



flame, "like lightnings, only greater" and revealing a background of active fire, moved slowly toward them from the further side of the bay. "Then that friend from Spain said sharply and with authority, 'If your brother, lady, and your uncle, boy, is yet living' (he was dead, as we know, hours before), 'he certainly desires you to be saved. If he is dead, his last hope was that you would survive him. Why, then, do you not quit this place?' And we answered that we could not, we dared not, take measures for our own safety, while still in doubt about his." The Spaniard appears to have washed his hands of them at this point, and made off for a place of possible shelter, and the mother and son were soon fain to follow. The darkness was close upon them now, and the sea seemed yawning. Capri was already hidden, and the projecting point of Misenum. "Then my mother began to entreat, to command, me to save myself. I was young, and could fly. She was too old, she said, too unwieldy. She would die happy if she had not to think that she had caused my death as well. But I answered that I desired not safety apart from her, and I flung my arm around her, and compelled her to hasten her steps. She yielded, but sadly accusing herself, all the while, of being a drag upon me. Ashes had been falling for some time, but not very thickly. Now, however, on looking behind, I saw that impenetrable blackness close upon us, pouring over the land like a deluge. 'Let us turn aside,' I cried, 'while we can still see, lest we stumble and be trampled under foot by the great crowd of fugitives!' And we had scarcely sat down when darkness swallowed us up; not the dark of a cloudy and moonless night, but that of a tight room when the lamp has just been extinguished. We could hear the shrieks of women, the sobbing of children, the clamor of men. Some called their little ones, and some their parents, and some their wives. They sought and recognized one another by the voice only. Some mourned for themselves, and others for their friends. In very terror of death, some prayed for death to come. A good many invoked the gods, but the greater number concluded that the gods themselves were no more, and that the last eternal night of prophecy had settled upon the world."

The letter goes on to describe the slow lifting of the pall of darkness from the desolated land. The next day Pliny and his mother, who had returned to the villa, got certain news of the elder Pliny's death.

Among Pliny's friends was Corellius Rufus, of the same family as the Verginius already mentioned, perhaps his younger brother. His letters to the ladies of the family, after the heroic death of Corellius, are full of chivalrous tenderness and devotion.

There is the letter in which he recommends to Corellia Hispulla, the daughter of the deceased, a tutor for her son. "It would be hard to say whether I more loved or revered the very saintly and weighty character of your father; and you yourself will be ever dear to me, not for your own sake only, but for that of his memory. Needs must, therefore, that I should desire, and strive also as much as in me lies, that your boy should be like his grandfather. And on the whole, though his father and uncle were prominent men, and their father was widely known and esteemed, I would rather he resembled his maternal grandfather." The mother was young, no doubt, for the child in question was evidently her

only one, and, up to this time, she had kept him always with her. But now Pliny strongly recommends her to place him under the care of a certain Julius Genitor, whose manner and method may be thought a little severe, he says, by contrast with the lax fashions of the time, but his eloquence is in universal repute. "And then there are such obscure depths and secret hiding-places in the life of man! You may accept me as guarantee for Julius about all these. Your son will hear nothing from this man which will not profit him. He will learn nothing which he had better never have known."

Of his chivalrous generosity we could desire no better proof than that furnished by his conduct in reference to the contract made by one of his freedmen for the sale of his share of an estate on Lake Como to another Corellia, the sister of Rufus, at a great sacrifice. The agreement was made without express authority; but Pliny would not recede from it.

He is much attached to Corellia, both for her brother's sake and because she was his (Pliny's) mother's most intimate friend. Her husband, Minutius Fuscus, is also a valued friend of his own. The last time he was in those parts, Corellia had told him of her strong desire to own some land upon the lake. "I offered her," he says, "anything of mine, at her own price except my paternal and maternal estates. These I could not part with, even to Corellia. So when this legacy fell in I wrote her that the farms of which it consisted would be for sale, and Hermes was the bearer of the letter. She said that she wanted my share immediately, and he promised it to her. You see, of course, that I must sustain the man, who in fact acted just as I should have done myself. I hope the co-heirs will not be vexed at my having sold separately, which, however, I had a perfect right to do. They are not obliged to follow my example. They are not bound to Corellia as I am, and may consult expediency where I can think only of affection."

We are glad to know that the lady in question fully appreciated Pliny's generosity, and that her hurry to conclude the bargain was not sharp practice, but mere feminine impatience to have what she had set her heart upon. Here is Pliny's last word upon the subject, in the shape of a little note to herself, so handsome, so neatly expressed, and so entirely modern in tone that we must give it literally and in full :—

"It is extremely honorable in you, my dear Corellia, to request and even require so imperiously that I would permit you to pay me for those fields after the rate of ninety thousand sesterii, the whole estate \* (at which rate a twentieth part has already been sold at auction), instead of seventy thousand, on which we agreed. But I, on my part, "request and require" that you would look a little to my honor in this matter, as well as your own; and that, for this once, you would suffer me to oppose you in the same spirit in which I usually obey."

Writing of the death of the daughter of his friend, Fundanus, Pliny says :

"She was not quite fifteen, but she had the composure of a matron, the discretion of an old lady, while yet she was full of girlish graces and virginal

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\* Say the difference between four thousand and three thousand dollars,

modesty. How she used to cling to her father's neck ! How shyly, yet affectionately, she would salute us, her father's friends ! How she loved her nurses, her masters, her tutors !—every one for the service which he rendered her. How diligent and how clever she was in her studies, how refined and restrained in her amusements ! how patiently, quietly, heroically, she bore her last illness ! She obeyed her physicians, she encouraged her father and sister, and, as her strength declined, she still kept them up by the buoyancy of her spirit. All this lasted until the very end. Neither the tedium of illness nor the fear of death itself could break her down. . . . She was betrothed ; the wedding-day was fixed ; we had been bidden. What a change from joy to anguish.

The following is one of his loving letters to his second wife, Calpurnia :

"My longing to see you, Calpurnia dear, is incredible. I account for it, first, by my love ; and secondly, by the fact that we have so seldom been separated. This is why I lie awake so far into the night, meditating upon you. This is why, in the hours when I have been used to see you, my very feet carry me to your apartment, only to turn away again from the vacant threshold, sad and sick at heart, like a man who has been shut out. I never forget my trouble save when I am in the Forum, engaged upon the cases of my friends. You may fancy what sort of a life I lead, when my rest is in labor and my solace in anxiety."

Among delightful bits of word painting in the letters are Pliny's description of his villa at Laurentum, on the Mediterranean, which is thus summarised by the writer of the article :

It was a long, low structure, fronting the Mediterranean shore, and set close to the water's edge, which has advanced about half a mile since Pliny's day. From the entrance-hall at the back, which was approached by a driveway through closely set shrubbery, you passed on through a "D-shaped court," surrounded by pillars, and a second hall, to the chief dining-room of the mansion, which projected over the sea from the centre of the front, so that, as Pliny says, "you heard through windows, open on three sides, the lapping of the waves, and looked back through the long vista of halls and courts and entrance porch to the woods in the rear of the villa, and the Alban hills beyond." The wing of the mansion which extended along the Mediterranean leftwards from the state dining-room was only one storey in height, and terminated in a library, with book-shelves and cabinets built into the wall, and "curved into an apse, so that its windows might take the sun all round." The wing which ran backwards toward the woods, at a right angle from the first, contained the rooms appropriated to the slaves ; "but they are so nice," observes the master, with honorable pride, "that they might serve for my guests as well." On the other side—to the right, that is to say, of the projecting *triclinium*—came a group of living or reception rooms : first a *cubiculum politissimum* ; \* then a *pida* which might serve either for a parlor or a small supper-room, "exceedingly bright, with sunshine and a broad sea-view ;" behind this two small suites of parlor and bedroom, "sheltered from all the winds." Then came the elaborate arrangement of baths indispensable in the house of a Roman gentleman ; then two

\* A *cubiculum* was any room furnished with couches. If it were merely a bedroom, it was usually called a *cubiculum nocturnum*.

towers, with delightful rooms in the upper stories; then a tennis-court, and a garden "sweet with violets" and surrounded by walks bordered with rosemary and box, and *pergole* wreathed in vines. These charming pleasure-grounds were again embraced and sheltered on two sides, for on the front they were open to the sea, by what Pliny evidently considered the great architectural feature of his mansion,—a long colonnade, with an arrangement of casements which could be closed on the side from which the wind blew, so that it was always pleasant to walk there, and which, by the style of its architecture, was really, he opines, more suitable for a public work than for the modest dwelling of a private individual. Where the cloister abutted on the sea, there was a third tower, with an apartment reserved for the master's sole behoof, where he could shut himself up to his favorite studies, and feel "as if he had retired from the villa itself."

A further proof of Pliny's appreciation of landscape is to be found in his description of the scenery in Umbria.

"The outlines of the landscape are most beautiful. Imagine a sort of immense natural amphitheatre, a broad plain surrounded by mountains, which are clothed to their summits in magnificent old woods. . . . The summer climate is balmy. There is always life in the air, but they are breezes rather than winds which blow there. . . . The meadows, which are starred with flowers, produce clover and other herbage of the sweetest and most tender quality. They are watered by a multitude of small streams, tributaries of the Tiber, which is still navigable where it divides my fields, and, though shrunken in summer, is quite equal in winter and in spring to taking my produce to the city. The view of the site from the mountain above is enchanting. You seem to be gazing upon some exquisitely composed picture rather than upon solid land.

"The villa crowns the summit of a low hill, and the ascent is so gradual that you make it unconsciously. Far behind are the Apennines."

In the year 103 Pliny was appointed by Trajan Governor of Bithynia. His letters from that province are official communication to the Emperor, and have been preserved, along with Trajan's replies, in the tenth book of the collection. They are profoundly interesting to the student of history, and raise our already high opinion of the character of both Governor and Emperor.

They show Pliny ever anxious, as we might have expected, to further the interests of the provincials; cautious and conscientious almost to a fault in administering their affairs. He will not, even in the smallest matter, act upon his own responsibility solely; and Trajan, whose wise answers reveal a singular breadth and liberality of mind as well as great practical good sense, appears almost vexed sometimes at being so incessantly referred to. Pliny is full of enthusiasm about all matters connected with the sanitary improvement and external decoration of the cities of his province, and Trajan shows himself wisely indulgent, the friend of all true progress. Only when Pliny begs to have artists and skilled laborers sent from Rome, that the works in question may be accomplished in the highest style. Trajan very properly insists that he shall make use, as far as possible, of local talent and of native craftsmen.

Especially interesting and especially instructive is that part

of the correspondence which refers to the Christians and the proceedings against them.

When Pliny has fortified his anxious mind by seeking the Emperor's direct advice on the weighty matters of the theatre to be repaired at Nicæa, and the baths to be rebuilt at Claudiopolis, and the introduction of water by an aqueduct into Nicomedia, he ventures, with a somewhat more than usually apologetic preamble, to request more specific directions concerning the course he is to pursue with reference to that large and rapidly increasing secret society, whose members call themselves Christians. Are they to be condemned, he asks, without distinction of age and sex, and are they to be pardoned if they show themselves repentant? (*Deturne penitentia venia*. And strangely indeed the employment strikes us of the very phraseology so soon to be appropriated to the uses of what was then the party of the future !) Must these people be punished merely for the name they bear, whether or no it may have been associated with acts of insubordination? Pliny professes to have mixed himself up in this perplexing matter as little as possible, and says that when complaints were lodged against members of the sect, or society, in question, his custom was merely to ask the accused if they were Christians. If they assented, the inquiry was repeated twice, accompanied by a threat of torture. If they confessed a third time, *they were ordered to be taken away*. "For I considered it my duty," says Pliny, "to punish them for their inflexible and positively vicious obstinacy, without reference to what they said..... There was presented to me," he goes on, "an anonymous document, containing the names of a great many who denied that they were or ever had been Christians. These men I summoned, and if they invoked the gods, and offered wine and frankincense to your likeness, which I had caused to be placed among the images of the gods for this very purpose, and if they also cursed the name of Christ, I considered that they ought to be let go. *They say, however, that those who are truly Christians cannot be coerced into doing any one of these things*. There were those who admitted that they had once been Christians, some three years ago, and some more, but none so many as twenty ; and these did curse the Christ. However, even these protested that the sum and substance of their offence had been that they were accustomed to meet together on a certain day, before light, and sing a hymn to Christ as it were to a god, and take a sort of oath (*sacramentum*), not for any wicked purpose ; but that they would never commit theft, or adultery, or violence of any kind, or break their word, or abuse a trust ; and that after the ceremony I have described they separated, meeting together only to take their food at a common table, quite promiscuously, but without any improprieties ; and that they had desisted from doing even this after that edict of mine, issued in accordance with your command, for the suppression of *hetairias*. I thought it the more needful on this account that two female slaves, who were called *ministra*, should be examined by torture ; but even so I found no proof of anything more than an insensate and depraved superstition. I therefore suspended the inquiry, and hereby refer the matter to you."

Once again he apologizes, on the ground of the rapid spread of this infection among all sorts of people, and that, not in the large towns only, but among the rural population. On the other hand, he adds, it is undoubtedly

true that a great many deserted temples have lately been re-occupied, and solemn services restored where they had been intermitted for a long time. The sale of victims for sacrifice has also become much more brisk, and on the whole it seems to the optimistic governor that everything is ready for a great revival, if only a *locus penitentiae* be offered to the erring.

No one can fail to detect the resemblance between Pliny's tone with reference to Christianity and that in which a modern conservative statesman, of a mild disposition, might speak of Nihilism, or any other secret and presumably dangerous organization of to-day. Is there anywhere, at this moment, a reigning sovereign at once philosophic and secure enough to emulate the temperance and magnanimity of Trajan's concise reply ?

"I fully approve, my dear Secundus, of the course which you have pursued toward those who were accused before you of being Christians. It is not possible to lay down a rule which shall be applicable to every case ; but, in general, it is not advisable for you to seek out these men. If they are actually accused before you, and the accusations established, they must be punished, of course. But if they deny that they are now Christians, and substantiate their denial by invoking our gods, then, whatever suspicion may attach to them in the past, they are, by all means, to be pardoned. Anonymous accusations are not to be received in the case of any offence whatever. They furnish the worst possible precedent, and are not in harmony with the spirit of our time.

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GEORGE MEREDITH'S NOVELS.—Whether or not the list of great novelists of the nineteenth century closes with the name of George Eliot, it is at all events clear, the writer thinks, that the peculiar literary condition of the modern novelists' craft has been unalterably fixed by Thackeray and George Eliot, and that no author can now claim the highest rank unless he possesses that analytical gift which turns some novels into psychological treatises and others into studies in pessimism. No one better understands this than Mr. George Meredith.

After all, however, is not the primary gift of the supreme novelist the capacity for telling a story? And is not the neglect of this fact the cause why so many novels are such hard reading? Only in the second place must come the instinct of psychological analysis.

For the first is creative, spontaneous, original, while the second is introverted and critical. When the scalpel of the anatomist makes mock at the wonder of life, as though it were something so ordinary that it can be divided upon the dissecting board, there is usually the attendant spirit of cynicism, if not of scepticism. What analysis has destroyed, that synthesis must restore; and if the creative gift be absent all the ideal elements disappear.

The relative importance of the creative and the critical faculty has been differently estimated in past ages. In the present age most importance is clearly attributed to the critical gift.

If we take the supreme works of our modern novelists, the *Esmond* and *Vanity Fair* of Thackeray, the *Adam Bede* and *Romola* of George Eliot, while their chief merit is that they have added to the inevitable analysis the synthetic elements of a new creation of characters, their chief value for us is their keenness of insight into the springs and levers of human action. Directly a novelist lifts himself from the common herd it is in virtue of a certain psychological power which works not so much by intuition as by ratiocination. Hence it is that nothing pleases the fastidious taste of a public that has grown too wise to enjoy and too refined to admire, except the patient unweaving of that complex web of sentiment and thought and volition which makes up the whole of human existence.

The influence of Thackeray seems to have bequeathed to thoughtful novelists the fatal gift of a positive incapacity for enjoyment.

Thackeray, as is well known, attempted to construct a picture of society and of human nature in which the heart was conspicuously omitted. Those who have felt the fascination of his artistic power have imitated him also in his treatment of humanity. No one, it would appear, ever acts with spontaneous simplicity except silly girls and little children. For the rest, humanity has to bear the burden of its reasonableness, and to give up with complacent resignation the faculty of being ingenuous or single-hearted. For there is no action in which analysis cannot discover the confluence of discordant motives; it is forgotten that at the time when the action was performed there was no consciousness of discord, but only the singleness of some predominant purpose. Hence the touch of cynical bitterness with which the panorama of human activity is surveyed. For, clearly, if we look deep enough there is nothing we say or do which does not bear the suspicion of some low and crawling motive. The fault, however, lies with those who insist on looking with such microscopic severity, the upper levels of feeling being untouched by the baseness of our composite nature. It is one of the tendencies of psychological analysis to breed cynicism and to belittle the dignity of energetic action. Meanwhile the joy of living expires in the sustained effort to disclose the springs on which it depends.

Another special characteristic of Mr. Meredith is a certain desperate cleverness, which, though undoubtedly a source of fascination, often fills the reader with a profound despondency.

Nothing is so disintegrating as cleverness. Genius is inspiring, because it is full of a collective sympathy, but cleverness is always isolated, repellent, obstructive. The clever man is never otherwise than self-conscious, and self-consciousness is a constant source of irritation. Never does Mr. Meredith lose himself in some generous overflow; over all his creations perches the inevitable shadow of the author, as though it were some ill-omened bird adding its hoarse chorus at the end of each paragraph. The cleverness is not always of malice prepense; it may readily be allowed to be the natural gift of a man who has also made its exhibition the chief solicitude of his literary life. But cleverness it is and ends in being; rarely enough does it ascend into genius, just as it equally rarely descends into the homeliness of commonplace. And though it is welcome enough to certain moods—when the mind is weary, for instance, of the daily newspaper or the Sabbath sermon—it is chilling to the mood of receptivity or intuition.



Mr. Meredith's cleverness is especially exhibited in his style. He is the artist of epigrams, a meaner sort of artistic work, which exhibits all the defects of conscious purpose, and is consequently never easy or flowing.

If we desired to describe the author's view of life by a significant phrase, we should call it essentially the view of the middle-aged spectator.

Long ago have the rosy illusions of youth been got rid of; the prevalent colouring of experience is the middle point between black and white. There is some of the benevolence also of middle age, a benevolence which is not wholly sympathetic, but largely motivated by cynicism, the benevolence, let us say, of Montaigne rather than of Herodotus. A good-natured tolerance of follies, combined with a merciless exposure of frailty; a humorous smile at delinquency with the corners of the mouth turned down at the shifts and evasions of hypocrisy; laughter and tears, not indeed spontaneously welling from a full heart, but of that gentlemanly sort which conserves the rule of *μηδὲν ἄγαν* a shrewd, self-controlled attitude throughout, with a remarkable discernment of all the various shades of grey—such are the endowments of the middle-aged spectator.

The character of Adrian Harley in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, is instanced as admirably representing the habitual posture of the author.

No author is more capable of giving such sudden shocks of coarseness as the reader is subjected to in Mr. Meredith's novels.

Sometimes, though perhaps rarely, the gorge rises at sentences of an almost incredible indelicacy, at other times we have a whole chapter filled with such offensive rubbish as the "Dinner Party at Richmond" in *Richard Feverel*. Are such interludes surprising? Psychologically no, though we have a right from an artistic standpoint to expect otherwise. The revulsions from a stained pitch of critical analysis are often found to reach lower and more shameful levels than are possible to contented commonplace.

The problem of the future novelist, the writer thinks, is to combine the most searching analytical power with the gift of narrative, a task which seems a formidable one, when we compare contemporary writers who can tell a story without being able to draw a character with those who can analyse motives without being able to compose an interesting fiction. In Mr. Meredith's case we have works which represent different stages in the effort to combine the obstinate elements. In the *Egoist* and the *Tragic Comedians* the analysis seems to end with itself. In *Diana of the Crossways* we seem to breathe a new atmosphere. There is the same analytical power, and as much or more cleverness; but there is the life we feel and know, the same warm and palpitating flesh, the same human, throbbing, inconsistent heart of which we are conscious.

It is not easy to over-estimate some of the elements which form Mr. Meredith's character as a novelist.

The novels may require diligent study, and it may be difficult to defend some of them on the hypothesis that the primary task of a novelist is to amuse. But Mr. Meredith, though sometimes obscure owing to the sudden transitions of his thought, is never really dull. He may not be interesting in the ordinary sense of the term, but he is eminently stimulating and suggestive. He possesses a wonderful gift of fancy, and is not devoid of the saving grace of humour

But though the imagination may sometimes be perversely irritating, it is often brilliant, and at times felicitously illustrative. It is never quite the imagination of the poet, despite the author's ingenious volumes of verse; for it is never instinctive, entralling inevitable. But there is the acute penetrative insight of the philosopher and the imagination of a matured and inventive critic.

Mr. Meredith has a theory of the novel which he puts in the forefront of his latest work.

"The forecast may be hazarded that if we do not speedily embrace philosophy in fiction, the art is doomed to extinction. Instead, therefore, of objurgating the timid intrusions of philosophy, invoke her presence, I pray you. History without her is the skeleton-map of events; Fiction, a picture of figures modelled on no skeleton-anatomy. But each, with philosophy in aid, blooms, and is humanly shapely. To demand of us truth to nature, excluding philosophy, is really to bid a pumpkin caper. As much as legs are wanted for the dance, philosophy is required to make our human nature credible and acceptable. Fiction implores you to heave a bigger breast and take her in with this heavenly preservative helpmate, her inspiration and her essence."

All of which means that the highest culture is necessarily philosophic, and that as civilisation progresses each art must have its roots deep within the soil which is cultivated by psychologists and metaphysicians. Whether Mr. Meredith has thoroughly learnt his own lesson is questionable.

Certainly he has here and there a truly psychologic insight, but as often as not his philosophy seems to consist in aphorisms such as were extensively popular in the time of the Seven Wise Men, before the true era of Greek philosophy began. He has a strange fondness for these aphoristic utterances, which at their worst are assuredly better than Mr. Tupper's proverbs, and at their best have some of the concentrated wisdom of Raconian maxims. In *Richard Feverel*, for instance, there is the recurring burden of the "Pilgrim's Scrip," a series of sagacious apophthegms which is supposed to be composed by the hero's father; and in *Diana of the Crossways* we have the quotations from the diaries and the brilliant sayings of the gifted Mrs. Warwick. It is, however, true to add that *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* is itself a truly philosophic study, being in its essence a treatise on methods of education.

It is impossible to attribute to Mr. Meredith the gift of style of that fine literary spirit and impalpable charm, which George Eliot possessed but rarely, and which makes Thackeray's *Esmond* so supreme a novel. But it would be unjust not to recognise the true

artistic feeling with which he places his characters in an atmospheric background of nature.

To the question how much of Mr. Meredith our children will read, the writer replies :

Perhaps two or three novels at most—*Evan Harrington*, *Richard Feverel*, and *Diana of the Crossways*. Even these we can hardly imagine entering into their life, as *Romola* and *Adam Bede* have into ours. For towards Mr. Meredith we always must have a certain reserve ; he does not come into the heart, we are still out of doors. Yet his is a powerful mind, full of philosophic culture. Some of his sayings will not leave us, even though the total impression be forgotten. This is just what might be expected in the case of a clever student of life, whose analytic power has been fostered at the expense of constructive art.

PICTURES IN LONDON AND PARIS.—M. Theodore Child contrasts the English, very unfavourably with the French, painting of the day.

The whole theory and practice of painting is subordinated to the longest and most difficult of all arts, that of learning to see ; and few English artists have learnt to see. A strong intellect is the inseparable condition of the strong artist ; but, to judge from their work, the majority of English painters might be supposed to be singularly patient and singularly unintelligent.

Take landscape painting, a branch of art in which the English are reputed to excel. At the head of this category is Mr. Vicat Cole, whose " Sultry Hour " is a charming vision of sunshine and foliage and velvety turf. But compare this picture with Mr. W. L. Picknell's " Sunshine and Drifting Sand," (No. 209), or with the small landscape, " Noonday in Champagne," by M. Barau, No. 109, in the Paris Salon ; or with Mr. Alexander Harrison's " In Arcadia," also in the Salon. Charming as is Mr. Vicat Cole's vision of noonday heat, one feels that he has not seen it with the intensity and individualism of the three other artists who have coped with the same problems of light and colour ; indeed, Mr. Vicat Cole hardly seems to have been conscious that there was any problem in the case. He has painted his pretty country lane prettily and sincerely as he saw it, but his vision was incomplete, and his rendering of the scene is only approximate, and a long way from the real truth of nature. In the Academy, the Grosvenor, and elsewhere, one finds landscapes by Mr. Keeley Halswelle, who delights to paint turbulent conflicts of clouds and mountain peaks, and Scotch lakes dotted with rocks and jagged boulders. Mr. Halswelle's pictures form striking and brilliant arabesques, rich in colour, and of a certain harmonious splendour. Mr. Halswelle has found a new note in Scotch landscape ; his work is personal and vigorous enough, even if it be somewhat lacking in distinctness and delicacy. But the great defect is the want of air, of distance, of the sensation of immensity. Often Mr. Halswelle's pictures present the curious spectacle of a sort of sectional plan, in which we see foreground, mountains, and clouds represented in superposed planes—an illusion due to the insufficient observation of aerial perspective and relative values. In the landscapes of Mr. R. W. Macbeth, of Mr. B. W. Leader, and Mr. MacWhirter, there is more trickiness and *chic*

than observation. But it is needless to multiply instances of the superficial and commonplace vision of the landscape painters; in genre, marine, and portrait painting the same defect will have to be remarked. The English painters seem to depend for success solely on the interest of their subject, on the expression of their figures, and the mere prettiness of their scenes. The purely artistic qualities of sight, drawing, and colour trouble the repose of but few.

Mr. W. Q. Orchardson is one of the most originally talented of all the Royal Academicians, yet the stripling who has spent but three months in a Parisian studio could give him a score of hints worth knowing.

It is ignorance of the significance and charm of values and of colour that explains the glaring and garish aspect of most modern English painting.

In the first place, it may be remarked that paint is not colour. Gavarini shows himself to be a colourist by means simply of oppositions of black and white, and the whole secret in both cases lies in the relations of value. By value we mean the quantity of light and shade contained in a tone. Expressed by drawing or engraving, the signification may be readily apprehended: such and such a black will have, with relation to the unit of light represented by the white paper, more value than such and such a grey. Expressed by colour, value is an abstraction no less positive, but less easy to define. By an operation of analysis, any given colour may be decomposed into a colouring principle and an element of light or dark, and so, scientifically, we come to consider a tone under the double aspect of colour and value. In violet, for instance, we have to estimate not only the quantity of red and blue by which the shade of the tone may be infinitely varied, but also the quantity of light and strength which causes it to approach the unit of lightness or darkness. The interest of this examination lies in the fact that a colour does not exist by itself independently, inasmuch as it is modified by the influence of a neighbouring colour; nor has a colour in itself either virtue or beauty. Its quality comes from its surroundings, or, in other words, from its complementary colours. Thus one can give to colour various acceptations by means of contrasts and favourable combinations. To colour well is either to know scientifically or to feel instinctively the necessity of these combinations, but to colour well is also and above all to know how to arrange the values of tones. If you destroy in a picture by Veronese or Titian or Rubens this exact relation of the values in their colour you will have nothing left but discordant "illuminating," without force, delicacy or rareness. In proportion as the colouring principle diminishes in a tone, the element of value predominates. If the colouring principle disappear almost absolutely, as in the pictures of Rembrandt, for instance, there remains on the palette a neutral principle, very subtle and yet real—as it were the abstract value of things which have disappeared; and it is with this negative colourless principle of infinite delicacy that the rarest pictures are sometimes produced even in modern times. Witness that marvellous and masterly portrait of Sarasate by Mr. Whistler, which was exhibited last year in Suffolk Street, and which is now one of the wonders of the Paris Salon. No happier example could be found than this portrait to illustrate the difference between the artist and the

mere picture-painter ; between delicate observation and superficial looking ; between drawing a silhouette as it stands out sharply in the concentrated light of studio, and painting a figure as it stands on its legs enveloped in the ambient air.

The problem for the colourist is how to choose colours and combine them in exact, beautiful, and reasoned relations. The colours may be deep or light, rich or neutral, frank or broken, and finally of different values. Nor is it necessary to use much colour, in order to be a colourist. Velasquez coloured marvellously with the saddest tones. Grey, black, brown, and white tinted with bitumen have sufficed for the production of many a masterpiece.

Among English portrait painters, Mr. Child criticises merely Mr. W. B. Richmond who, he says, has no personality or eye of his own, and has studied painting in pictures and theories to the exclusion of nature. Mr. Sant and Mr. Phil Morris are satisfied with mere prettiness. Mr. Oules and Mr. Pettie aim at strength, massive modelling and physiognomic expression, brought into relief by the aid of strong lights and bitumen backgrounds. The portraits of Mr. Frank Hall, painted in the same style, are much superior ; but the portraits of Mr. John S. Sargent are deserving of still higher esteem.

It is comparatively easy to get anatomy and construction and the illusion of solidity by exaggerated shadows and contrasted lights ; the means are coarse and obvious, and they are those of the scene-painter and of the painter of the *trompe l'œil*, very skilful in their way it is true, but less wonderful and less charming than the simple and delicate means employed by Velasquez of old or by M. Henner, for instance, or Mr. Whistler in his portraits of his mother, of Carlyle, of the "Girl in White," and of Sarasate. Here the modelling and solidity of the sitters are rendered by a mysterious touch that defies analysis ; the local tones are graduated and blended so delicately that at first sight the flesh seems to be almost of one and the same colour, as it looks in nature ; and yet the finest details of form are expressed : the anatomist can distinguish the structure of the frame beneath the flesh ; the physiognomist perceives the character of the individual ; the draughtsman acknowledges the perfection of the drawing, and the colourist enjoys the caressing harmony of the whole. Mr. Sargent is a most gifted and skilful painter ; his various portraits in the London exhibitions are far above any of the portraits by English painters ; his portrait group in the Paris Salon is equal in skill to any of the French work of the year -- most delicate, simple and masterly painting. There is only one criticism that I have to make on Mr. Sargent's work, namely a tendency to pretentiousness in the posing of his models, an effort to force attention by some eccentricity of costume or arrangement altogether unworthy of an artist of his skill.

In wandering through the rooms of the Academy and other great picture exhibitions now open in London, Mr. Child was painfully struck by the light way in which the majority of the exhibitors

treat their art, and by the curious astonishment of the crowd in the presence of mere prettiness or ingenuity.

I do not say that this love of mediocrity is peculiar to England. Painting is not a mystery ; a man of average intelligence can learn to paint with a certain degree of excellence, just as he can learn conic sections or soap-boiling. And so there are multitudes of painters, both in England and France, who produce coloured images for the delight of the crowd. There are bad pictures in abundance in Paris as well as in London ; the only difference is that the bad pictures in France are painted better than the bad pictures in London, because the French painters can get better technical teaching than their English rivals. The critic has absolutely nothing to say about these bad pictures ; they have their *raison d'être*, inasmuch as they satisfy the demand of an artistically ignorant public for coloured wall ornaments. Many of these wall ornaments to which I refer are the products of academic brushes. But why mention name ? These painters, doubtless, do the best they can ; they earn, I am told, splendid incomes ; they even receive the honour of knighthood and of Royal patronage. This is only just : they are themselves of the majority, and they paint for the joy of the majority ; but their simple minds have never comprehended the multiplicity of problems which the great painter has to solve, the intelligence, the subtlety of analysis and the delicacy of rendering which he must put into his work. The appreciation of these qualities demands, it is true, a certain initiation on the part of the spectator, a natural sensitiveness of eye, intensified by observant exercise, which it is impossible to ask of a modern democratic public. Those who have not studied pictures and sculpture, those who have not reflected over the arts of the painter and the statuary, can have but a superficial enjoyment of their works. They are naturally satisfied with the gross and the approximate, and the mere resemblance delights them ; but the efforts of the great artist remain unintelligible to them, and the results he obtains are at best only half understood. The artist who respects himself and his art will paint first of all to satisfy himself, happy if he find a score or two contemporaries who really appreciate him. It is from this point of view alone that criticism seems to have a *raison d'être*, in that one intellect can deal with the product of another intellect. The critic can examine a work of art from the standpoint of the artist, and from the standpoint of truth, and pronounce it accordingly to be admirable or the reverse.

To his strictures on English painters, Mr. Child allows that there are many exceptions.

Mr. Alma Tadema, for instance, deserves his European reputation for delicate *virtuosité* ; Mr. H. W. B. Davis is an excellent painter of cattle and landscape ; Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has an idea of *facture*, and his " Flower Market " in the Grosvenor Gallery is a charming piece of sure and delicate painting, and by far the most artistic genre picture I saw in any of the exhibitions ; Mr. Alfred Parsons figures worthily on the line, both in the Salon and in the Grosvenor. Amongst the landscapists, genre and marine painters, one may single out the names of Messrs. David Murray, Napier Hemy, E. A. Waterlow, Clausen, John R. Reid, Edward H. Fahey, W. L. Wyllie, J. T. Shannon, W. H. Bartlett, Hamilton Macallum, William Logsdail, Chas. H. M. Kerr, whose little portrait in the Academy is an excellent piece of painting, and W. H. Margetson, whose two portraits and whose picture of " Hagar and

Ishmael" in the Academy are skilfully handled and not without distinction. All these young men seek to avoid the deadening conventionality and monotony of the great men of Burlington House, and in their bright and vivacious study and rendering of Nature they do not neglect to take advantage of the hints that may be had from observation of continental work.

The writer gives an interesting account of the organisation of the French Salon :

Since 1881 the organization of the Salon has been in the hands of the artists; the State lends the vast premises of the Palais de l'Industrie ; but neither the Government, nor the Fine Arts Department, nor the Institute any longer interferes with the freedom of the artists to manage their own affairs. In 1881 the painters, sculptors, engravers, and architects formed themselves into an association destined to represent and defend their interests, to organise the annual exhibition known as the Salon, and to render aid and assistance to the members of the society in all cases of need. All who have once had works admitted to the Salon may become members of the society on condition of paying an annual fee of twelve francs, provided, of course, that they are Frenchmen, for the association is nominally and effectively the "Société des Artistes Français." At present the society numbers upwards of two thousand five hundred members ; its general management is in the hands of a committee of ninety, renewed every three years by election of the members of the different sections of painting, sculpture, engraving, and architecture. The annual exhibition takes place from May 1 to June 30 ; it is open to the productions of French and foreign artists ; the number of works that may be sent is limited to two in each section ; the admission of works is pronounced by a jury elected by a relative majority in each section of the members of the society belonging to that section ; these juries also award the recompenses in the different sections—namely, the medal of honour, the first, second, and third class medals, and the honourable mentions. The works of artists, who have once obtained a medal, are henceforward exempt from examination by the jury of admission. The jury, on receiving each work, gives it a number, 1, 2, or 3, or no number, according to their estimation of its merit, and in accordance with this indication the functionary charged with the material hanging of the pictures distributes the wall-space, entirely without regard to the nationality of the painters. A picture marked No. 1 has a right to the line ; No. 2 may be hung on the line if there is room ; No. 3 will be skied, and the rest hung as convenience may direct. But in reality it is often materially impossible to abide strictly by these indications, and considerable latitude has to be left to the judgment and tact of the functionary who manages the hanging under the supreme direction of the jury. An attempt, however, is made to remedy misfortune, and at the end of May the Salon is closed for a few days for the operations of awarding the recompenses and rehunging the pictures. By means of this *remaniement* a picture that was badly hung during the month of May will have a chance of being well hung during the month of June.

Of the Royal Academy, on the other hand, he says :

The Royal Academy appears to me to be a sort of club of gentlemen who paint ; every year they open the doors of their palace to artists who are not members of the club and offer them hospitality ; but far from giving even

illustrious guests the best places and sacrificing themselves as polite hosts should do, these gentlemen of the Academy multiply themselves eightfold in order to take up more room, occupy themselves the chief seats at their banquet, and bid their guests place themselves as they can in the seats of no honour. Thus we behold the unparalleled spectacle of the livid and decrepit Herbert parading his vague and impotent daubs on the line, while Carolus Duran, a guest of the club, is "skied." This is not the only case of similar want of politeness of the Royal Academicians towards their superiors who have done them the honour of accepting their hospitality.

Paris Mr. Child pronounces to be simply the artistic capital of Europe. The works to be seen in the London exhibitions admit of no comparison with those exhibited at the Salon. Not that French art is alone worth considering. Of late years foreign works have been frequently among the great attractions of the Salon, and French artists have taken valuable hints from foreign artists.

Paris is the artistic capital precisely because the glory that the Parisians dispense is within the reach of all who are strong enough to win it ; because the Salon is a tournament of art where all that are worthy may come and tilt for fame ; because the atmosphere of Paris is redolent of the zeal and enthusiasm of art ; because Paris has the best art schools, and because art is held to be a matter of superior interest both in the talk of its salons and in the cackle of its cafés ; because, in short, artistic competition in Paris is keener than it is in any other city and success more difficult to achieve, and therefore more valuable and more significant.

What is it that, after the first bewilderment is over, we remark about the oil paintings at the Salon ?

Singular variety, complete toleration, disappearance of all trace of schools—in short, individualism subordinated to one main condition, namely, the study and imitation of nature. There are still some belated classicists, still a few Romanticists who seem quite as antiquated, but the living art movement of the day is that which is characterised by sincerity in presence of nature and extraordinary sensitiveness of eye, especially sensitiveness as regards colour and the subtle and delicate modifications of form and colour enveloped in ambient atmosphere. The immediate influences which may be traced are those of Manet, of the impressionists, and of the so-called "plein air" school ; but in reality these influences are only developments of a more profound influence, that, I mean of the great modern French landscapists of 1830, Flers, Cabat, Dupré, Rousseau and Corot, who started with Anglo-Flemish inspiration and ended by creating a style of their own.

Corot was the first to break free from old traditions ; but the influence of Rousseau has been far stronger than that of Corot.

Rousseau was a very complex artist ; the repertory of his sensations, if I may so express myself, was immense ; he saw a thousand things in nature that the Dutch landscapists had not seen. His rendering of nature is as perfect, as precise, and as dogmatic as that of the Dutch painters ; and at the same time it is more varied, more subtle, and more universal.\* Rousseau's landscape bears the same relation to the work of Ruysdael or Hobbema as modern descriptive



French prose bears to the prose of Rousseau or Voltaire : the terminology is more minutely graphic, the observation more rare, the palette infinitely richer, the colour more expressive, the construction even more scrupulous. Every part, detail, accident, and relation seems to be more keenly felt, more scientifically reasoned out. Rousseau's faculties of analysis were marvellous and, thanks to their indefatigable and practical exercise, he has the credit of having almost alone invented the *formule* and the pictorial vocabulary which now serve the modern French painters. For landscape has invaded everything, and broken down the ancient barriers. There are now fewer categories of painting than there were formerly. Historical painting, genre painting, still life, and even portrait painting run into each other ; for although M. Bonnat and others still continue to paint against a meaningless background of cross-hatching or bitumen, the tendency of the progressists is to paint the portraits of people in natural light and in some possible or habitual *milieu*. • • • • •

Open air effect, diffused light, real sunshine, have assumed in all kinds of painting an importance which they have not enjoyed before at any period in the history of art. The modern French painters seek absolute and textual truth ; their aim is to give us by their pictures exactly the sensations of a real vision of human nature or of that more mysterious nature which is not human. In modern French fiction, as in modern French painting, the process is observation of nature, selection and composition. The artist starts from the sensation and not from the idea, and whether he be a writer, a painter, or a sculptor, what he seeks above everything is the vivid pictorial impression, the presentation of the facts or the events which contain their own morality. In life and in nature there is no morality, no conclusion, no rounded story. *C'est comme ça, et voilà tout.*

**A PLEA FOR THE PLAYWRIGHT.**—While admitting that, for the present, and for an indefinite time to come, the English drama must pay as a business, if it is to flourish, or even exist, as an art, Mr. Archer questions whether English managers do for the furtherance of English dramatic art all that they might do without pecuniary sacrifice. He doubts whether they are even always sensitive to what the public really demands, and whether they recognise the fact that demand can be created, or modified by supply.

Premising that, artistically, the chief end of management should be to present to the public a series of healthy and worthy English plays, old as well as new, but especially new, rather than adaptations from French plays, he proceeds to show how little the great English managers have done in this direction.

Mr. Irving, for instance, during eight years of management, has produced one new play—*The Cup*. Mr. Wilson Barrett has, indeed, deserved well of the English drama, having produced Mr. Bronson Howard's best play and discovered Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. H. A. Jones. But latterly he has succumbed to the temptation of imposing his own crude conceptions on the playwrights who work for his theatre.

Mr. Bancroft, during five years of management, produced one new play. Messrs. Hare and Kendal have produced two original plays by Mr. Pinero and one by Lord Tennyson, and a host of revivals and adaptations from the French.

Mr. Archer proceeds to show how it is that the work of the leading modern French dramatists is wholly unsuited for an English public. The moral, he says, is that the manager who persists in rushing to Paris for his novelties is altogether behind the age.

When he wants a new play let him go to Mr. Pinero, or Mr. Bronson Howard, or Mr. Grundy, or Mr. Jones, or Mr. Sims, instead of to Dumas, or Sardou, or Ohnet, or Dennery; he is much more likely to get the article he requires in London than in Paris. When a Frenchman produces a play which is obviously suited to the English stage, let us have it by all means; but it is short-sighted foolishness to scramble for foreign productions, four out of five of which are totally unavailable, while the very thing we want is being produced at home, and would be produced much more freely but for the forced and futile foreign competition. A Jones in the hand is worth two Sardous in the bush—that is the proverbial philosophy of the matter.

The history of the Court Theatre and of the present management at the Haymarket proves that, from a business point of view, new plays are better than revivals, original plays than adaptation.

Messrs Clayton and Cecil have revived play after play with scant success—*New Men and Old Acres*, *All for Her*, *Play, Engaged*, &c., &c.—and have produced some adaptations—*Honour*, *Devotion*, *The Opal Ring*, &c.—with still less acceptance. Their successes have been made with new and original plays, such as *The Parvenu* and *Young Mr. Winthrop*; while their faith in Mr. Pinero, unshaken by the failure of *The Rector*, has enabled them to strike a richly auriferous vein in *The Magistrate* and *The Schoolmistress*. Messrs. Russell and Bashford, commencing with a semi-success in *Dark Days*, next displayed a total lack of managerial instinct in permitting *Nadjesda*, a crude American melodrama, to flaunt its tedious repulsiveness on the Haymarket stage. Revivals of *Engaged* and *She Stoops to Conquer* left them still deeper in the slough of despond, from which at last *Jim the Penman*, a new and original English play, seems to have rescued them.

The mention of *Jim the Penman*, which went the round of the theatres before the misfortunes of the Haymarket management afforded an opening for it, leads the writer to say a word for the great unacted.

Among the piles of unacted plays by unknown authors which litter the manager's room in every popular theatre, there are doubtless some which, like *Jim the Penman*, require only a fair hearing to make the writer's name and fill the manager's treasury. It is true that the amateur playwright is, as a rule, a hopeless phenomenon, and that much reading of amateur plays is apt to induce a cynical and even misanthropic habit of mind. Men who, in their ordinary walks of life, are perhaps capable and intelligent beyond the average, when they are seized with the itch of dramatic authorship, seem often to be

afflicted, as a concomitant symptom, with a peculiar childishness or even imbecility. Out of the thousand manuscript plays (a low estimate) which we may suppose to be at present languishing mute and inglorious either in the unknown authors' desks or in the vasty receptacles of the managers, there are probably no more than ten which would repay presentation. Out of these ten, perhaps, three or four are by men of genuine talent who, given fair opportunities, would prove effective recruits to our little squad of militant playwrights; not a large number certainly (I am anxious not to make my estimate over-sanguine), but sufficient to affect for the better conditions of dramatic authorship in England. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Even now the coming playwright, the man whom in the year 1900 or thereabouts we shall greet as the English Augier, may be knocking idly at stage-door<sup>o</sup> after stage-door, his pockets bulging with rejected manuscripts. He will come—I had almost said as a thief in the night, but that would suggest adaptive tendencies from which I trust he will be free. At all events, it behoves the astute manager to be eagerly on the lookout for the coming man or men, if only on the purely selfish ground that the first discoverer of a new power is generally able to exploit it, for a time at least, greatly to his own advantage.

It will be said, and I believe with truth, that no intelligent manager now-a-days fails to read, or at least to "sample," every manuscript which comes in his way. But the manuscripts of unknown authors are as a rule opened with an unfavourable predisposition. Managers read to reject, rather than to accept. At the first sign of crudity and inexperience the play is cast aside as impossible; and many good plays are declined because they conflict with some preconceived notion on the manager's part as to what the public wants. Most of these prejudices are pure superstitions. The public wants to be amused and interested—in short, it wants good plays—and if it gets one it does not inquire too curiously as to the precise formula after which it is compounded. It is quite true that only a very few plays by entirely untried authors are ready to be put on the stage just as they are, dramatic writing not being a craft in which masterpieces can be produced by men who have served no apprenticeship. The object of the alert impresario should be to recognise the promise of inexperienced writers and to afford them the opportunity of acquiring experience. French managers are fully alive to this principle. In how many cases has the author of a promising but crude first attempt been introduced by a discerning manager to one or other of the recognised master-playwrights of the day, with whom he has collaborated either on his own theme or on others! Here, if such a thing is attempted at all, it is the manager himself (in no sense a master-playwright) who insists on collaborating with the young author—a proceeding, by the way, which is strictly forbidden by the regulations of the French Dramatic Authors' Society. Again, if a discriminating manager finds traces of ability even in a quite impossible play, might he not reasonably send for the young author and say, "This attempt won't do, my friend; but suppose you write me another play, avoiding this or that error, fulfilling this or that condition, keeping in view the requirements of such and such an actor or such and such an audience"? Some effort of this kind to foster rising talent would surely be politic financially as well as artistically. Yet when was an English manager known to make the experiment? It would demand no outlay save that of brains; and, given a

little discernment on the part of the manager, it would be far more likely to lead to success than a blindfold scramble for unwritten French plays. Management would become more of an art, less of a game of chance ; thus losing its charm, no doubt, for some managers who would probably say, with the pyrotechnic page in Mr. Pinero's farce, "it's the 'orrid uncertainty wot I craves after."

• Finally Mr. Archer asks : •

Might not some intelligent manager subserve his own profit as well as the public interest by an attempt to open up and utilise such a middle way ? Might he not start a theatre with the expressed intention of producing new plays by English authors, known and unknown, putting them on the stage economically yet appropriately, so that a comparatively short run would recoup his outlay ? Might he not deliberately refuse to exploit successes to the very last gasp by running them without interruption for three, four, or five hundred nights, adopting instead, the principle of frequent alterations of programme, and so, it may be, enabling a good play to live for ten years, instead of one ? Might he not, in carrying out such an enterprise with spirit and ability, rely upon the active support of at least an intelligent minority of the public, who would recognise and do their best to reward his efforts to advance the best interests of the English stage ?

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## THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

JUNE, 1886.

"The Old Order Changes." Book IV., Chaps. I.—V. By W. H. MALLÖCK ... —  
The Political Future :

I. A Liberal View: The New Questions and the New Constituencies.

By J. A. DOYLE ... .. —

II. A Conservative View: Prophecy and Politics. By W. J. COURT-

HOPE ... .. —

Théodore Agrippa D'Aubigné. By P. F. WILLERT ... .. —

State-and-Rate-Paid Education. By EARL FORTESCUE ... .. —

The Academy and the Salon. By WALTER WILLIAMS ... .. —

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF NORTH WEST CANADA BY THE HUDSON'S BAY TRADE-ROUTE.—This article is a plea for the development of the old Hudson's Bay Trade-route, by means of railway communication from Winnipeg and Regina, on the Canadian Pacific line, to Port Nelson on Hudson's Bay, and the substitution of ocean steam ships for sailing vessels between Port Nelson and Liverpool.

The distance by railway from Winnipeg to Montreal, the present port of departure, is 1,425 miles, and that from Regina, the capital of the North-West territory, to the same place, 1,781 miles; while the distance from Winnipeg to Port Nelson by the proposed line is only 650 miles, and that from Regina to Port Nelson only 700 miles, thus showing a saving, in favour of the new route, of 775 miles in the one case and 1,081 miles in the other, and as compared with the New York and Halifax routes the saving is much greater.

The distance from Liverpool to Port Nelson by sea is 2,996 miles, as compared with 2,787 *via* Belle Isle and 2,990 *via* Cape Race, to Montreal, and 3,100 to New York,—differences which may be considered unimportant.

The saving in cost of transport by the proposed route is estimated at five shillings a quarter in the case of wheat and from £3 to £4 per head in the case of cattle.

There remains the question of the navigability of Hudson's Bay and Strait, and the fact that these waterways have been traversed by large numbers of sailing vessels for nearly three centuries, with but trifling loss, would be conclusive, were it not for the fact the strait is closed by ice for eight or nine months of the year.

The writer, however, argues that the experience of numerous other ports shows an annual close season to be consistent with a large trade.

The railway from Winnipeg to Port Nelson has already been authorised by the Canadian Government.

THE REVIVAL OF COMMON SENSE.—In the opinion of the writer, Nonsense has been in the ascendant in England for certainly the last quarter of a century. During this period, it is not the fools, but the wise men, not the ignorant, but the erudite, the able, the eloquent, the gifted, the renowned, who have been its great apostles and advocates.

Now that Mr. Matthew Arnold proclaims from the housetops that Mr. Gladstone is not a statesman at all, the most modest may begin to take heart and have the courage to profess the faith that is in them. Why a child of sweetness and light should have waited all these years to strike so good a blow on behalf of Common Sense, Mr. Austin cannot say.

I, and others, have said the same thing several times, and for several years, but only to be set down as very prejudiced persons; and even had we been silent, something must be forgiven to the natural timidity of people who go about the world knowing themselves to be labelled as "stupid." Instead of their being rebuked, ought they not to be consoled with for having been deprived, for so long a time, of the evidence to character, the testimony in favour of their understanding, Mr. Matthew Arnold might have given them? I, for one, I confess, feel it very hard to have been deprived, during the most valuable portion of my life, of that perfect self-esteem I should have enjoyed had I only known Mr. Arnold shared my opinions. Nothing can recall for me these long and humiliating years, during which I was right, without knowing it.

It is not in the sphere of politics alone, Mr. Austin fears, but also in that of literature and literary criticism, in that of art, in that of social philosophy and social sentiment, that Common Sense has been at a discount and Nonsense at a premium.

Indeed, it would be a strange thing if men who uniformly talked nonsense and acted nonsensically in respect of politics, judged sensibly in respect of literature; if persons who admired the wrong politicians did not likewise admire

the wrong books, go into ecstasies over the wrong poems, fall prostrate before the wrong pictures, gush over the wrong theories, and expatiate brilliantly on the wrong remedies for social disorders.

The most convenient and comprehensive example Mr. Austin can think of is the well-known and much-respected paper, the *Spectator*. It has discoursed weekly of everything under the sun, and with striking sincerity, earnestness and ability; yet it has always seemed to him that much, if not most, of what is written in the *Spectator* is nonsense. But there is hope.

It would be unreasonable to expect the *Spectator* to be converted to perfect sanity all at once, or to ask it should roundly confess the god of its idolatry to be not a proper object of political worship after all. But may we not begin to hope that, having discovered Mr Gladstone's crowning treatment of the Irish Question—which, whatever former friends and supporters may say in order to exculpate their own past, is the legitimate and was the inevitable sequel to his previous treatment of it—is a violation of the fundamental principle of statesmanship, viz., the safety of the Commonwealth, the *Spectator* will gradually, if we only give it time, come round to the opinion of Mr Matthew Arnold, that, whatever may be the gifts and however fascinating may be the personality of Mr. Gladstone, he is, at any rate, not a statesman, but the last person in the world to be followed as a guide through the labyrinth of politics, from which those alone safely emerge who have got the key provided by the simple directions of Common Sense.

It is gratifying, at all events, to note how many persons of distinction and influence, including, according to Mr. Gladstone himself, almost the whole of the "classes" that possess in a striking degree education and reasoning power, have already bidden farewell to the nonsense of which for so many years they were the sponsors if not the parents.

It is not open to question that Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain between them have carried off the cream of the reasoning power of the Parliamentary followers of Mr. Gladstone; nor will any one doubt that an analogous secession from his authority has taken place in the electoral body.

But how came it that so large a portion of the thoughtful part of the community divested themselves of common sense, and became apostles and propagators of the nonsense of which Mr. Gladstone was the champion, seeing, too, that, as far as reason and just observation was concerned, they have always the same reason as now for suspecting his judgment?

That reason was his constant advocacy and habitual glorification of Nonsense. If we recall for an instant his most celebrated phrases, they all of them bear the specific character and quality of Nonsense. It is now many years since Mr. Gladstone declared that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas. I ask anyone who has not parted with his own common sense, whether this was not a striking specimen of political nonsense. It necessarily

meant that if Irish ideas entailed the non-payment of rent, save as estimated by "prairie value," involved the establishment of social tyranny by the mechanism known as boycotting, and required the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, those consequences must be bravely accepted. Mr. Gladstone's Government of Ireland Bill goes a long way towards bravely accepting them; and because it does so, Mr. Matthew Arnold has discovered that Mr. Gladstone is not a statesman, and thousands of people have shared in the discovery. But how was it they did not make the discovery when he proclaimed the principle on which he has since acted? If to apply the principle be a violation of common sense, surely to proclaim the principle, and for a "statesman" to proclaim the principle, was equally a violation of common sense?

There have been other men than Charles II whose conduct was saner than their speech; but no one can say that Mr. Gladstone has acted more wisely than he has talked.

The record of his doings in South Africa, Egypt, and Central Asia is there to rebut that palliating plea. Indeed, it would have been impossible, notwithstanding his surprising gifts of speech, for what he said respecting Egypt to be as nonsensical as what he did in it. Whether we regard his language or his conduct, its distinguishing feature has been brilliant, attractive, and demonstrable Nonsense.

Mr. Gladstone did not, however, invent all the political nonsense that has been so widely accepted as sense of late years; for, except in detail, his mind is receptive, rather than productive of ideas.

He can expound nonsense, elaborate nonsense, expatiate on nonsense, in a manner to defy all rivalry, but the nonsense he expounds is almost invariably somebody else's nonsense. He has always held passionately other people's opinions; more passionately, indeed, than they themselves did. Hence the facility with which he has discarded opinions once passionately held, promptly adopting others, to be held with equal passion. He has, so to speak, absorbed all the floating nonsense of the age at one time or another, and at one time or another reproduced it, with the due exaggeration to be expected from a born rhetorician.

The authors of the nonsense, of which Mr. Gladstone has been so brilliant an exponent, were the people, of whatever class, whose disposition it is to substitute, in the practical affairs of life, emotion for judgment, intuition for experience, theory for induction, sentiment for reason. It was long supposed, especially abroad, that common sense is the special characteristic of the English people, but when England acquired this reputation, its affairs were controlled and directed by what is called an aristocracy. That is a state of things which, whether it was good, bad, or indifferent, has passed away. It was a very different state of things from what has existed during the last few years.

It will be allowed that an aristocracy is pretty sure to conduct public affairs in accordance with the dictates of common sense. There are many reasons why it should be so.



In the first place, an aristocracy is little prone to enthusiasm, save on great occasions, and when its own order, or the State it identifies with its own order, is menaced. Now enthusiasm may be a good thing, or it may be a bad thing, according to circumstance. But everybody must perceive that absence of enthusiasm enables people to judge practical questions coolly and with a clear judgment. In the second place, an aristocracy, which is the outcome of the past, will necessarily be inclined to study the past, or, in other words, to shape its conduct by the teachings of experience rather than to rely on the promptings and suggestions of abstract theorizing. When Mr. Matthew Arnold says one of the marks of the English aristocracy is an inaccessibility to ideas, should he not rather have said that it rejects ideas, which are not sanctioned by appeal to experience, and which come before it with no better credentials than a vague hopefulness and untested promises? Another cause, it seems to me, that tends in no small degree to foster the common sense of the aristocracy is that its members are, for the most part, made familiar in their youth with the literature of ancient Rome, which, both by its ideas and by its style, is eminently calculated to strengthen the judgment and to make men value reason above all other things. Finally, something must be allowed for the selfishness, born of secure well being, which indisposes an aristocracy to welcome suggestions that, usually crude alike in substance and in presentation, are not as a rule conceived with the view of bettering their own condition.

Directed by such persons, English policy abroad, and English polity at home, were naturally moulded by the dictates of common sense. As politicians, they were not infallible. But, at any rate, their appeal was always to reason, to experience, to judgment, in brief to common sense; and if they invoked passion, it was to use it as ancillary to common sense.

The transfer of political power to the middle classes, which followed gradually upon the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, handed over the management of public affairs to persons with whom common sense is not the household genius that it is with the aristocracy.

In the making of money, and in providing for their material comfort, the middle classes of England, no doubt, defer to the teachings of common sense. But the person who has failed to observe that they are, in other respects, sentimental rather than rational, must have but small acquaintance with them. Sentiment is an excellent thing, when acting within its own proper sphere. But it may do a good deal of mischief, if it intrudes itself into the domain of reason, and more mischief, still if, in doing so, it fancies itself to be acting reasonably, and to be the rightful occupant of the territory it has usurped. This is pretty much what the sentimental English middle classes have done. Politics essentially appertain to the domain of reason, to the area over which common sense should rule singly and supreme. The middle classes, on entering this area, brought their sentiment, and too often their sentimentality along with them; and the result has been that they have invariably mistaken Nonsense for Sense, whenever Nonsense came clothed in the congenial colours of sentiment. Unlike the aristocracy, they have no old traditions, no love of stability, no bias on behalf of experience, to steady them. Their education is not only of the most imperfect, but of the most flimsy kind. The wise temperance, the measured logical

style, of the great Latin writers, are but little known to them ; the more emotional and shapeless literature in their own tongue with which they are best acquainted favouring the loose and desultory bent of their own minds. Finally, there is ample room in the world for them to "rise," and to better their condition ; and they naturally welcomed any policy which promised to add to their own influence. That they should lose sight of the State altogether is not surprising ; since, for a just conception of the State, reason aided by experience, and judgment abetted by tradition, are indispensable.

To summarize the contrast, the Aristocracy had for their chief end the stability and glory of the State ; and the means they employed for promoting that end were such as recommend themselves to reason and are sanctioned by experience. The Middle Classes have given little or no thought to the State and its necessities, but have concerned themselves mainly with the aspirations of individuals and "interests," and the weapons they have employed to further these aspirations and interests are sentiment and *a priori* theories.

Aiding the middle classes in the substitution of emotion for judgment, sentiment for reason, in the practical affairs of life, have been a number of writers—philosophers, historians, essayists, poets—ready to welcome any idea, thought, or theory that wears the aspect of novelty.

The audience they for the most part address, consists of the middle classes ; and they not unnaturally have been influenced by those for whom they write. Moreover, it is so much easier, and, I dare say, pleasanter, to advocate novel ideas than to defend old ones. Besides, there is, and must be, a certain literary monotony in upholding truths that have long been known to be such. The space, so to speak, occupied by Common Sense is limited. The area over which Nonsense can disport itself is illimitable ; a great advantage to persons with ready pens or fluent tongues, and a desire to be constantly using these. Furthermore, it must be admitted that there is a great deal of Nonsense, even in politics, which is very captivating. Fancy is always a pleasing quality ; though I, for one, am in favour of confining it strictly to the realm where its charms can do no one any damage. Generosity again, and trust, and hopefulness, are most engaging characteristics. But, in politics, they may easily lapse into the sentimentality that obscures the judgment, and thence into the Nonsense that ruins the State.

Many persons, among them of course Mr. Gladstone, believed the nonsense from which they have been suffering, to be sense, but unfortunately many persons also tacitly endorsed the nonsense without being duped by it ; and they it is who are now mostly returning to common sense.

Mr. Goschen, it is true, must be acquitted of having given any sanction to the propagation of Nonsense ; but the result of his refusing to do so has been a position of singularity and loneliness. Nor, perhaps, would it be easy to cite passages of explicit Nonsense from the speeches of the Marquis of Hartington. But Lord Hartington, for years, lent the authority of his reputed common sense to the nonsense of his Chief. His responsibility for the long reign of Nonsense

seems to me to be very heavy indeed, though I do not question for a moment that he thought he was doing right. Political Opportunism was not invented by Gambetta. The first Whig was the first Opportunist; and, acting in the spirit of Opportunism, though Lord Hartington never really approved the ends or admired the methods of sentimental middle-class Liberalism, he has actively aided and abetted the men who based on it their ideas, their arguments, and their legislation. To name Lord Hartington, is to name one who represents tens of thousands of Englishmen who have equally called themselves Liberals, in order (and I can quite understand their motive) that they might not be called Conservatives, but who just as little as Lord Hartington believed in the ways of sentimental Liberalism. They themselves did not talk nonsense, think nonsense, or directly advocate nonsense. But they consorted, and acted, and voted, with those that did, allowing themselves to be dragged by their more convinced and energetic companions along a course whose direction they distrusted; and they were obliged continually to rack their brains for arguments to justify their own position. In fact, when sentimental Liberalism had once imposed its ideas upon the bulk of the Liberal Party, and the Liberal Party had got for its chief so eloquent, so zealous, so popular, and so "fascinating" a leader as Mr. Gladstone, everybody who nominally belonged to it, and could not bring himself to leave it, was forced to cast about him for reasons, or phrases, or excuses, which should directly or indirectly support, corroborate, or defend the Nonsense upon which it was based, and should serve to glorify still further the personage who was its popular champion. To suppose that the Liberal Party consisted, during all these years, only of persons who had a sort of instinct and natural preference for Nonsense, would be, indeed, only another form of nonsense. Such, no doubt, was far from being the case. But the ruling spirits of the Liberal Party unquestionably had this native taste and appetite for nonsense; and those who had it not, had to affect it, or, at any rate, silently to tolerate it.

Another powerful auxiliary which till lately Nonsense has been able to command is the *Times*.

It is observable that all persons active in public life are very chary of saying anything about the *Times* except in the way of commendation.

One night, when Delane had just left a certain dinner-table to go down to Printing House Square, the host, turning to Disraeli, then a comparatively young man, asked: "What do you think of Mr. Delane?" Lord Beaconsfield looked cautiously round the room and then made the following reply: "Mr. Delane has gone, and has left his character with us. But I am not aware that he is dead; and, therefore, I will reserve my opinion." This was a humorous way of conveying the conclusion the speaker had come to, that a man who wants to succeed had better not offend the *Times*; for, if he does, the *Times* will ignore his speeches, his writings, his pictures, or whatever it may be, as long as it possibly can, and, when forced to allude to them, will do so as slightly as possible; frequent mention in the *Times*, and most of all friendly mention, being the most valuable of all advertisements for persons seeking notoriety.

Mr. Austin, however, does not mind whom he offends, provided

he believes he may do some little good by saying what he thinks, and this is what he says of the *Times*.

Now I, for one, have no admiration too warm to express for the literary ability and the dogged pertinacity with which the *Times* has, during the last few months, done battle for the interests of the realm, and, to stick to my text, for the cause of Common Sense. Yet, if the issue of that battle be still doubtful, it is in no small measure because of the long course of tergiversation pursued by that able and powerful journal; because of its hesitating and ambiguous tone in past times on almost every subject under the sun; because of its watching the wind and boxing the compass, and systematically subordinating every consideration to the one supreme object of not being proved wrong by the event. I will not say that other powerful journals have not, in some degree, caught contagion from its example, and that there is not a growing tendency for editors to imagine that their highest duty is rather to seem than to be right, to be prophets rather than arbiters of our fate. But the *Times* has for half a century been the great offender in this respect. Whatever happened, the *Times* was bound to have foreseen what would occur, in order, I suppose, that it might enjoy the credit of having caused it to occur. What an ambition! But, acting in obedience to it, the *Times* has over and over again promoted the cause of Nonsense; not, as a rule, with zeal, and never with faith, for, indeed, knowing the nonsense to be nonsense; but tolerating the nonsense, writing as though, after all, there was something to be said for the nonsense, and afraid to dissociate itself utterly from nonsense, since, in a nonsensical age, nonsense might possibly triumph.

For once, the *Times* has committed itself up to the hilt, and on behalf of Common Sense in politics. Cynics will, perhaps, say this is the most conclusive proof I could possibly adduce of the coming revival of that quality. I prefer to hope that, having once pledged itself plainly and irretrievably to support a cause it knows to be right, but which has not yet won, the *Times* will in future not cause honest men to lament that much ability may go with little consistency and no courage.

To the ranks of the timid and the trimming in the great army of nonsense must be added the servile, the genuinely modest, who are too humble to think for themselves, and the fatalists, who allege, as their excuse, homage to the spirit of the age. But what is the spirit of the age?

The spirit of every age is what the great spirits of the preceding age have made it, or omitted to make it. Let us take courage, then. Even if we cannot rescue our own generation, we may, perhaps, save the one that is to come after it.

During the last thirty years, Mr. Austin maintains, the Conservative Party has been, on the whole, the Party of Common Sense. It may have been the stupid party; but, on the whole, the stupid people have been right; and even the clever people are now beginning to find that out. But shall we never be rid of such idle phrases as Conservative and Liberal? If we are still to have parties, is it impossible to constitute a party of Common Sense?

It would by no means consist of any one particular Party now in existence. The present so-called Liberal Party would furnish it with numbers of most valuable recruits ; while in the ranks of the present so-called Conservative Party, there are not a few persons that have of late shown a marked disposition to adopt the creed and talk the language of Nonsense, not so much, I imagine, because they give an inward assent to Nonsense, as because they consider it to be a "paying" quality, and have grown tired of doing battle for the Common Sense that always seems to be in a minority.

To such persons as these we shall certainly not be indebted for any real and lasting Revival of Common Sense. The party of Common Sense must likewise be the Party of Honest Men ; for it is no use our discerning what is right, like the Athenians, unless, like the Lacedemonians, we practise it. Any one will be qualified to belong to the Party of Common Sense who reasons from experience, and mainly from experience of human nature as shown alike in history and in daily life, and who has the courage of his convictions. He need not be erudite ; he does not require to have fulness of knowledge, but only fulness of understanding ; the very opposite to the men of whom I have met not a few in this strange time, who seem to know everything and to understand nothing. Neither will the Party of Common Sense have need of rhetoricians ; indeed, if a man have a gift that way, I think he should be looked on with suspicion, unless he have the conscientiousness to curb and chasten it, and to use his talent of ready utterance solely as a vehicle for clear statement and orderly argument, speaking, in a word, appropriately rather than copiously. No man who has got anything valuable to say, and knows what he has got to say, speaks at great length. The very length of the speeches delivered in the House of Commons and upon political platforms, are an outrage on common sense. They are mere rhetorical displays, and, for the most part, very sorry rhetorical displays. Again, no man who wishes to convince reasonable people by reason, interlards his discourse with flourishes and declamation. "*Clarescit urendo*," says Cicero of the orator : the proper interpretation of which I take to be is, that the orator becomes more clear and lucid to his audience by reason of the inward fervour of his convictions. Modern orators seem to imagine it means that a speaker distinguishes himself by creating a fierce heat and raising a great smoke ; a process by which, in reality, he only at once inflames and darkens the senses of those around him.

To such a Party, a Party of plain, unadorned, honest Common Sense, I should say the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Sir Henry James, and the tens of thousands of Liberals of whom these politicians are only the more perfect and conspicuous type, would naturally belong. Lord Salisbury would naturally belong to it, and so would Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Iddesleigh, and others. But if Montagu and Capulet are still to go on biting their thumbs at each other, in consequence of something that happened in the seventeenth century, then the Revival of Common Sense will not be of long duration, and we must resign ourselves to falling again very shortly, as far as politics are concerned, under the melancholy domination of Nonsense.

## GENERAL NOTES.

**British Candour vs. French Politeness.**

A great nobleman of the Court of Marie Antoinette was once staying at Woburn, where a bottle of some exquisite old wine was sent for from the cellar. The French Duke took a glass of the precious liquid, and, in answer to a question, announced with an immovable countenance that it was "*par-fait*." The Duke of Bedford then tasted it, and immediately got up spitting and spluttering, roaring out, "why d—n it, it's castor oil."—*Temple Bar*.

**The Social Condition of Tailors.**

The social condition of tailors is improved. The late Mr. Poole was received in illustrious circles; once he complained, in answer to a question, that the company in a Great House was a "little mixed." "Why hang it," said his customer, a distinguished masher, "you didn't expect to meet all tailors." Poor Mr. Poole died of a bad fit, which an unfeeling dramatist declared was a very proper end—for a tailor.—*Temple Bar*.

**Royal Gallantry.**

"A Court Chaplain," in his "Reminiscences" tells an interesting anecdote connected with the presentation of his wife (Mrs. Wilkinson) to William IV.

"I may mention here a curious incident that happened at my wife's presentation to William IV. She was a very pretty girl, though I say it, and had been asked by the noble editor to have her portrait taken for the 'Book of Beauty.' She was duly presented at the drawing-room by her mother, and was handed off by her grandfather, General Sir Thomas Dallas, a great friend of William IV.

"'Halloa!' said his Majesty, 'who's that, Dallas?' 'That's my granddaughter, sir.' 'Hum, here, come back, my dear!' said the king. 'I must have another kiss. It's only you and I, Dallas, who have such granddaughters,' and the blunt old sailor gave her no mere salute of ceremony, but a real good smack!"

**Moody's Soul.**

Moody never neglected any opportunity in preaching. He went into the city to insure his life, having done so he said, "I have insured my wretched body, but who is to insure my miserable soul?" A matter-of-fact clerk answered, "Our Mr. Thompson of the Fire Department will see after that."—*Temple Bar*.

**A Briton Legend.**

"When Christ, St. Peter, and St. John arrived in the land of the heathen, they had to remain there longer than elsewhere, because the hearts of men were hardened, so that they still worshipped idols, springs, stones, and trees. They bought a small house with a paddock attached, and a cow to supply them with milk and butter so long as they should remain in the country. Every day they went out to preach the gospel and the law of the true God, leaving the cow to pasture in the paddock. But the cow was a rover, and strayed into the neighbours' fields so often that the owners were bidden to sell her, or they would suffer for it. So one day Christ said to St. Peter:

"'To-morrow it is the fair day at La Roche. You must take the cow and sell her, and buy one that is not a rover.'

"'Very good, master,' replied St. Peter.

"Next morning St. Peter put a halter round the neck of the cow, and took her to the fair. The cow was a beautiful creature, her udders full of milk. No sooner had she reached the stand in the fair, than a buyer came up, felt her, looked in her mouth, and asked the price.

"'Twenty crowns,' replied St. Peter.

"'Bah! that is too much. You cannot have been long at the fair. Say fifteen crowns, and I may listen to you.'

"'No! I must have twenty.'

"'Seventeen, and a bargain.'

No! no! the cow does not go for a *liard* less than twenty crowns, I tell you.'

"'It is a high price, but I like the cow, and if there is no drawback—'

"'None, only she is somewhat of a rover.'

"'Rover! Then I will have none of her,' and the buyer went his way.

"Another came, and after a little bargaining, said that he would take the cow at twenty crowns if there was no fault, but on learning that she was a rover, he also went his way. In like manner a third came, and a fourth, and others, but all went away when they found that the cow was a rover.

"It was nearly sunset when St. Peter returned home with the cow. Christ, who saw him coming, asked:

"'Why! how is this? You have not sold the cow.'

"'As you see, master.'

"'Was it a bad fair? The cow is a good bargain at twenty crowns.'

"'The fair was a good one, and many people wished to buy the cow.'

"'Why, then, is she not sold?'

"'When I said that she was a rover, they all went away.'

"*Vieux sot!* In this country no one tells the faults of a cow at a fair till she is sold and he has the money."

"I did not know that," replied St. Peter, "or I could easily have sold the cow."

Thus the preaching of the gospel is not to stand in the way of a good bargain, according to the custom of the country. No doubt, the parable of the unjust steward is a favourite in Brittany.—*Temple Bar.*

#### The King of Hanover and the aged Vestal.

There is a poem, says a writer in *Temple Bar*, written in ridicule of the fears of Protestants with respect to Catholic Emancipation. The alarmists were proclaiming that faggots would again be in use.

"And Huskisson, who goes the coals to screen,  
Will count how many pecks can burn a Dean."

Canning added the following four lines—

"Yes, Deans shall burn, and warming by the fire,  
With face averted from the funeral pyre—  
*Irreverent posture*—Harrowby shall stand, &c.  
And hold his coat flaps up with either hand

Ernest, King of Hanover, followed the example of Lord Harrowby, in his treatment of a foolish elderly lady who came to one of his balls dressed *en enfant*.

"His Majesty, as he went along, spoke a few words here and there to some favoured lady, but when he came to his great white figure, drawn up stiff and motionless, he bent his piercing one eye forward, satisfied himself that it was the white porcelain stove, and, rearing round, turned towards it that part of his body which an Englishman is said never to expose to friend or foe, and deliberately pretended to warm himself."

Soon after the S——'s first baby was born Mrs. S—— went upstairs one evening and entered the room where her darling lay asleep. There she found her husband standing by the side of the crib and gazing earnestly at the child. As she stood still for a moment, touched by the sight, the tears filled her eyes, and she thought, "Oh, how dearly Charlie loves that boy!" Imagine the shock to her feelings when he suddenly turned toward her and exclaimed:—

"My dear, it is incomprehensible to me how they can get up such a crib as that for two dollars and a half."

In the *Microcosm*, an Etonian monthly published when the Right Hon. George Canning was a student in Eton College, there is an article, of which Canning was the author, on "The Art of Swearing," in which the following occurs:—

"I remember to have heard an honest Hibernian divine, whose zeal for morality would sometimes hurry him a little beyond the limits of good grammar or good sense, in the height of declamation declare that '*the little children that could neither speak nor walk ran about the streets blaspheming.*'"

There was a famous character in Cincinnati in its earlier days whom we will disguise under the name of Walter Ferguson. Ferguson was of a convivial nature, and often indulged too deeply in the flowing bowl. He staggered home one time in the wee sma' hours, and was met at the door by his wife. Bracing himself against the door-jamb, he said: "Mrs. Ferguson (hic), do you know what is the matter with me?"

"Yes, Mr. Ferguson," his wife replied—

"you are drunk, sir, very drunk."

"Mrs. Ferguson (hic), you are correct," said he. "You guessed it the first time."

#### Pine Forests and Thunder storms.

IN the course of one of my early pedestrian wanderings I climbed the Weissenstein from Soleure during a violent thunderstorm, and was much surprised at finding myself in fine weather under a bright blue sky before reaching the inn on the summit. The storm was still raging, but I had left it behind me. A sea of clouds, with every wave-top silvered by the sunbeams, extended away to the horizon, and on one side it continued to bombard the flanks of the mountains; every flash was followed almost immediately by crashing and rattling thunder, showing how small was the distance from the hottest centre of activity. This continued for some hours without any perceptible change of position. I never before nor since have observed a similar persistence of the position of a thunderstorm.

On reaching the inn, which stood in the middle of a rounded knoll of bare limestone, I noticed that it had no lightning conductor, though such conductors and paragrêles were unusually abundant in the neighbourhood of Soleure. On remonstrating with the landlord concerning the danger of this he told me that there was no need of such things up there, though they might be useful below. This aroused very vigorously my scientific self-righteousness (I was then twenty-two years of age, and of course knew everything), and I deplored in the usual fashion the sad consequences of popular ignorance.

On the following morning I descended on the side where the bombardment of the night before had taken place, and discovered a forest of pines just about the spot where the storm so persistently lingered. Could it be that the innkeeper really knew more about the distribution of storms on his own mountains than I who had read so recently and diligently the voluminous treatises of Becquerel and De la Rive, and Faraday's "Experimental Researches"? I was compelled to answer "Yes," for here in this pine forest on the mountain flank were millions of bristling points performing a similar function to that of the fork that collects the sparks from the plate or cylinder of an electrical machine, and conspiring to hold the surcharged clouds immediately over them, thus leaving the summit of bare rounded limestone as free from thunderclouds as I had seen it.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## Dark Radiation.

IN *Belgravia* of March 1885 is a paper entitled "Another World down here" (reprinted in "Science in Short Chapters"), in which I venture to suppose that the great gap between the tremblings of matter which produce our sensations of light, and those which we perceive as sound, may be bridged over by "another world, or several other worlds of motion, all lying between our world of sound and our world of light and heat," and that such intermediate movements would become sensible provided we had instruments capable of taking up and sensifying such movements. I further showed that insects possess sensory structure that are neither ears nor eyes, but intermediate organs, suggesting the hypothesis that they live in another world quite different from that which is presented to our senses.

I have just received from Professor Langley a copy of his communication to the Academy of Sciences "Sur des longueurs d'onde jusqu'ici non reconnues." This is a preliminary paper describing general results of researches still in progress, in which the bolometer is applied to the examination of obscure radiations from terrestrial non-luminous objects, reaching as low as to the radiations from ice cooled below the freezing point. These, to quote the words of the author, indicate that "la grande lacune qui existait, entre la vibration la plus basse connue de la lumière, et la vibration la plus haute du son, a été en partie comblée."

My readers will naturally ask how he could examine the heat radiations from ice. All bodies radiate heat, and what we commonly call "cold" surfaces being merely such as are less warm than those we are accustomed to handle, their radiations may be examined by opposing them to bodies that are of a still lower temperature. Prof. Langley placed his bolometer between such bodies, and thus examined the predominating radiations of the warmer towards the cooler.

These rays were thus shown to be not merely less refrangible than the red rays of the spectrum where visible luminosity ceases, but to be much less refrangible than the "infra red" invisible rays already recognised.

The spectrum was thus greatly extended beyond the red end of Newton's original spectrum of light rays.

This result, translated into the language of the undulatory theory, was a demonstration of the existence of wave-lengths twenty times longer and twenty times less rapid than the longest and slowest of Newton's spectrum. This is a very considerable stride, seeing that the uttermost extension of the invisible spectrum demonstrated to exist previous to Langley's researches only a little more than doubled the greatest wave-length of Newton's spectrum; fifteen to seven.

When, however, we speak of bridging over a portion "of the great gap that existed between the lowest known vibrations of light and the highest of sound," we must not forget that, so far as we at present know, the great

gap between the velocity of transmission of the waves of sound and the waves of light is not narrowed at all. Those who are puzzled with the ether hypothesis explain this as due to the physical difference between the oscillation of the light-bearing ether and sound-bearing matter.

Those who, like myself, believe that all we know concerning physical energies is due to activity of ordinary sense-exciting matter, must admit that we have a vast deal to learn before we can explain the inner mechanism of the universe. — *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Everyone but the most belated of country cousins will have seen the Academy and the Grosvenor before these lines can reach the reader. Everyone will have said his or her say, and the Australian cricketers and Ascot will have succeeded to the colloquial place abandoned by sculpture and painting. How are these arts, "and how do they stand," especially as compared with literature? To do Painting justice, she is much more flourishing than Poetry, though that is not saying very much. There are young painters of all sorts coming forward; there is Mr. Reid, with plenty of sentiment, and imagination, and force, and with no drawback but a tendency to look at the world through a brown-green glass. How odd it is that so many artists appear to see the world either through coloured glass or in a tinted mirror! The French obviously, as a nation, use a mirror, in which "a common greyness silvers everything," as Andrea del Sarto says. Mr. Ruskin has reproached them with this practice, which the curious may see illustrated in the study of a model in the Grosvenor Gallery, which Mr. Browning calls Joan of Arc. Poor Joan! she has had no luck. We burned her at Rouen, Chapelein sang of her, Voltaire made an obscene jest of her, and now, behold her in the Grosvenor Gallery, surrounded by a greenish-black landscape! Mr. Orchardson, again, sees more yellow than the general public is privileged to behold in nature, just as Turner did near the close of his career. Mr. Pettie sees things red, more or less, and Mr. Herbert, as Diderot said of Greuze, finds them dove colour. Lionardo saw things black, and Rembrandt saw them brown, and several painters see more grass-green, a most unpaintable hue, than seems strictly natural. But these peculiarities of vision, illustrating, as they do, the ambiguous nature of the evidence given by the senses, must not withdraw us from a general view of the state of British Art. In addition to Mr. Reid, we find Mr. Corbett suddenly developing a delightful skill in landscape, and Mr. Farquharson displaying versatility and energy, and Mr. Carter rivaling the best portrait-painters, and being rivalled by Mr. Shannon, while Mr. Britten and Mr. Mendes have found nooks of art all their own, and Miss Anna Alma-Tadema demonstrates the hereditary character of genius. Then Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Onslow Ford show that our sculpture need not be content only with



Mr. Hamo Thornycroft as a young proficient; indeed, this art, with very little encouragement, really has revived.

How happy it would be if Literature displayed equal vitality! But we look in vain for such a cluster of young men of talent and promise in literature. As to Poetry, who can name a bard under thirty-five (we might put it higher) who is even readable? Eagerly, with the undying gift of hope, we look through the crowds and multitudes of new volumes of poetry. All the land is barren, from Dan even to Beersheba. Feebleness, platitude, imitation, these things are the main of our staple verse:—of the work that answers in rank to the essays in painting of our least famous artists. Perhaps one exception should be made. There is a tiny book with a very uninviting name, "Galeazzo: a Venetian Episode," by Percy G. Pinkerton (Venice: F. Ongania. London: Sonnenschein & Co.). It is but a pamphlet of seventy pages, stitched in a white cover. Moreover the book is almost wholly concerned with Venice, which Mr. Pinkerton admires with a devotion like Mr. Ruskin's. This seems poor matter for poems, and yet there is great charm and skill in Mr. Pinkerton's landscapes in rhyme. With two or three sketches in Miss Mary Robinson's tiny volume, "An Italian Garden" (Fisher Unwin), they are the most pleasant metrical impressions from nature one has seen for a long time. For example, take from "A Sunset in Venice" these stanzas—

I drift as in a dream  
Down the blue stream  
By oozy beds of weed and shell and  
slime;  
And Gigio, when he breaks  
The water, makes  
A lazy sound that fits the silent time.

Or take this, from "Venice in Autumn"—

Here all is sad, and still, and grey;  
Wide water-fields around me lie;  
Cool mirrors that for miles away  
Reflect the pale October sky.

Where at the city's boundary  
Trees crowd and garden bushes spread,  
Wan slanting sunlight fitfully  
Brightens their blots of brown and  
red.

Or touches, at the ocean-rim  
Afar, some ochre-tinted sail  
Of speeding boat, where Chioggians  
swim  
Out to the Adriatic gale.

It is like a sketch of Miss Clara Montalbo's done into rhyme.

These little things are very good in their way. The right thing, the usual thing, for criticism to do now, is to ask the author for something grand, and moral, and passionate, and human. When he has done his best to please criticism, it is then customary to ask why he does not give us his little Venetian

barcarolles, in which he is really accomplished? Every writer in verse who is heard at all is treated in this diversely consistent manner. Nor is the versifier alone in his misfortune. The notable recipe for all critical writing is to complain of the work under review, because it is not something else, in which case,—ah then, it would be excellent.—(Andrew Lang in "Longman's Magazine.")

#### The Oat at Suakin

I remember when I was in Alexandria after the bombardment, being astonished at the congregations of cats that one surprised among the ruined houses. For the Egyptians, though they may not worship the little animal now-a-days, have an inordinate liking for them, a relic, perhaps, of an old-world sanctity. They are to be seen everywhere, not one at a time, but in half-dozens, and in the less frequented parts of the town as many as twenty may be seen in a waste corner basking an afternoon conversazione. When, therefore, the British shells knocked down the houses of Alexandria and the inmates fled, the cats found themselves homeless and friendless, and they gathered together in pathetic assemblies upon the débris of the shattered walls. How gaunt and dreadful they were! Charitable folk used to collect scraps for them, but the sufferings of the creatures must have been very great, and doubtless, if the truth were known, very few of the Alexandrian cats lived through the momentous crisis of British occupation without sharp apprehensions of cannibalism. All day long they prowled among the rubbishy heaps of fallen masonry or sat about in groups pathetically mute and most unnaturally regardless of passers-by. In Suakin also they are utterly callous to their surroundings, but there the similarity ceases. For in their case indifference is begotten of a preposterous prosperity. So consequential are they that they do not move out of the road, and the Arab when he stumbles over them swears at them but never molests them. The bazaars are full of them, and they fight and make love in the thoroughfares in broad daylight as if it were the most natural thing in the world for cats to do so. Till then I had thought Grimalkin was a nocturnal beast. For in Europe we are accustomed to see them sleepy and lazy all day, and to hear them noisy and active at night. But this is only, apparently, a geographical accident. In the Soudan, at any rate, cats are diurnal and go to bed at sunset, while in Suakin in particular, where the people live so largely upon fish, and the refuse of their meals lies in heaps at every corner, the feline tribe have assumed much of the importance and something of the demeanour of dogs. They lie under the stalls or sit upon the bedsteads—which, after Oriental fashion, stand in the open air—as if in charge of the premises and property. For one thing there are very few dogs. It is true they are unclean beasts to the Moslem, but perhaps the cats have made it impossible for any dog of spirit to exist. Indeed, such an endless multitude

of them is enough to break the heart of even an English terrier. But physically they have deteriorated into the merest travesty of their race. They are absurdly small and proportionately meagre, with sharp noses, flat thin heads, and very short fur, while the shoulder-blades stick up above the level of their backs in the queerest fashion. So when I came back to England I was at first surprised at the very large size of all the cats I saw, their extraordinary plumpness, and the thickness of their fur. So, by-the-way, too, with the flies, which in Suakin, as everywhere else in the Red Sea, are in infinite myriads, but they are only half the size of the British insect. One more peculiarity of the Soudan cat and I have done with it. It does not care for waggails. Such, at any rate, seemed the case, for I have seen these birds, which are curiously numerous, running about on the roofs after insects without paying the least attention to grimalkin, while she, though opportunities perpetually offered for pouncing upon them, never even looked at the waggails.—*Phil. Robinson in the "Contemporary Review."*

#### Among the Coral Islands at Suakin.

If I had to be a fish I should like, I think, to live near Suakin. It is the paradise of the finned people. I went out one day to some coral islands some dozen miles down the coast—where was to be seen the exasperating sight of three-and-twenty steamers laden with stores and materials of war riding idly at anchor all together, waiting for orders to go home again with their freight, and meanwhile costing the nation our Government knows what per day—and we went into the shallows for shells and coral. What a strange phase of natural history it was, this island that we visited. An acre or so of surface overgrown with tall harsh grass, among which I found no fewer than seven different plants. Who sowed the seeds of them? Its one inhabitant was a lark, which the captains of the idle fleet thought was a quail, and daily bombarded with their guns. But though they harassed it they never brought it to bag, and it was there, alive and cheerful, when I visited it at home. The water nowhere shoaled gradually up to the island, which was a solid coral block, for its edge was fringed with boulders of madrepore-work in every stage of growth, so that we guided our boat into a narrow water-way between the upstanding pillars, and then we splashed ashore. All round the island the insects were hard at work building up their beautiful fabrics, and at all distances from the surface we could see them, the corals of our museums, and such specimens too as no museum contains. Here and there, rooted to the sea-floor, some of the great mushroom-headed columns had grown up above the tranquil sea, and on one of them sat a pair of grand white-headed fish-hawks, with one eye each for us and one for the fish that thronged below. Close by, branching out over a space of many feet, were glorious plants of tree-coral, and each of them was swarming

with strangest creatures. With handsomely we might have filled a boat in an hour with little crab-like things, queer fishlets and marine miscellanies, to which I have no intention of venturing a name. But I made one notable capture, a sea-lamprey, a snake-like thing a yard long, exquisitely white with handsome maroon blotches and bars. I brought it home for the British Museum, and they told me they had "a large series" of them. So they had. I saw them in their bottles in a dungeon underground in Cromwell Road. And I left my bottle with the rest, half regretting that I had carried the creature in my own hand all the way from Suakin to South Kensington. But it contents me to surmise that perhaps the other bottles that I brought home filled with quaintest nondescripts picked up among the corals may have contained some things which even the experts of the British Museum could not name off-hand. But in the life, the amazing swarm of happy existences in the beautiful reef in the Red Sea was a sight never to be forgotten. I sat down on a lump of violet coral, and in the water below, as still and clear as a block of crystal, saw such visions of beauty that I was perpetually exploding in ejaculations. Now I have been to the Seychelles, and that was very wonderful, but not more so than Suakin. The water was in places literally alive with fishes of incredible brilliancy of colour and grotesqueness of form. I had between my feet at one time, engaged in what seemed a mortal combat, a creature about six inches long, that looked like a shaving off a bar of silver, and what appeared to be a walnut with fins. And all the time other things were popping in and out of the crevices of the corals, and dodging round my ankles and heels—pale blue fish with azure bars, yellow ones with black spots, red ones, green ones, white ones. Sometimes by suddenly pulling up a spray of the dead bleached coral, one of these lovely creatures would be found entangled in it, but in a minute the heat had frizzled the dainty transparent fish into an ugly little brown rag. The coral, too, was of all colours from bluish pink to damask red, from lavender to deep purple, with every kind of queer intermediate tint. But what was the use of pulling them up? Exposure to the sun killed the insects, whose bodies and the gelatine-like substance they work under gave the surface their charm of apparent colour, and the pieces we prized most as they came up out of the water for their pre-eminence of tint soon assumed a hideous uniformity of decaying brown, like smashed toadstools, and smelt abominably. Here, too, I saw alive that wonder of the deep, the giant clam, the shell of which is sometimes used as a font. The colossal mollusc was closed, and it would have taken a corps of sappers to uproot it, a Nasmyth hammer to smash it. Once get a hand inside those huge valves, and nothing but amputation or dynamite would set you free again. So that, after all, bewildered by potentialities and embarrassed by the

multitude of possible prizes. I carried away nothing except my lamprey, a few bottles filled with nameless odds and ends, and a pocketful of little shells of strange beauty. Yes I did, though, or I should not be writing all this; for I carried away straight from the coral island itself such a lesson in the ways of Nature—her appalling deliberation, her inevitable achievement—as I shall never forget. What does a continent matter, more or less, to a Worker so patient and so pitiless? Yet one more word about coral. I have read somewhere, as an explanation of the name of the Red Sea, that "it abounded in red coral," and there is no doubt of it that a red coralline material, of very rich tint and resembling in substance a number of little tubes disposed regularly side by side, exists in prodigious quantities. Moreover, for several miles from the present beach—indeed right away to the foot of the hills—the "sand" is chiefly composed of pulverized coral and shells. Close under the surface, for miles together, lie beds of these materials fossilized and the soldiers digging their ditches round the camps turned up immense quantities of huge clam shells and coral-lumps, with which they decorated their earth-works and fortifications generally. I remember counting on a sand bank, upon which the men had written the name of the "H. Redoubt" in large fossils, no fewer than twenty-five varieties. Coral is the building material of the Red Sea towns, and though it is bleached white, it is worth noting—for the sake of those who cherish the remembrance of the Hebrews' miraculous passage—that if the waters of the Red Sea were to recede, the prevailing tints of the fresh-growing coral would probably be red. On the Jeddah side a very curious black coral is found at the depth of fourteen fathoms, and the long sticks of it that I brought home with me have a polish on them as fine as that on jet. —(*Phil. Robinson in the "Contemporary Review."*)

#### World-Literature.

When we look at the Egyptian monuments, ornamented with their beautiful hieroglyphic inscriptions, when we examine the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, as it were embroidered with cuneiform writing, we may recognize even there the rudiments of a world-literature. Those ancient Egyptian and Babylonian scribes were thinking, not of their own time and their own country only, when busily engraving their primitive archives; they were thinking of us. They believed in a future of the human race, and, call it weakness or strength, they wished to be remembered by those who should come after them.

Such a belief in posterity marks indeed a new period in the growth of the human mind, it heralds the dawn of a new life. At first man lives for the present only, from day to day, from year to year. The first real step in advance is a regard for the past, so far as he knows it, a worship of his ancestors, a belief in their continued existence, nay, even in their

power to reward and to punish him. After that belief in a distant past follows a belief in a distant future, and from these two combined beliefs springs the first feeling of humanity in our hearts, the conviction that we are by indissoluble bonds connected with those that came before us and those who will come after us, that we form one universal family on earth. As these feelings grow up slowly and gradually in our own heart, so they required long periods of growth in the history of the world, but among the most favoured races they asserted their powerful influence at a very early time.

Let us look first of all at the Egyptians, who seem to me to possess the consciousness of the most distant, an almost immeasurable past. They did not adorn their temples with inscriptions for their own pleasure only. They had a clear idea of the past and of the future of the world in which they lived; and so as they cherished the recollections of the past, they wished themselves to be remembered by unknown generations in times to come. The biographical inscription of Aahmes, a captain of marines of the eighteenth dynasty, is addressed, as Champollion says, "to the whole human race" (*l'a-a en-ten ret neb, loquor vobis hominibus omnibus*). A monument in the Louvre (A. 84) says: "I speak to you who shall come a million of years after my death."

These are the inscriptions of private persons. Kings, naturally, are still more anxious that posterity and the world at large should be informed of their deeds. Thus Siseak I., the conqueror of Judah, prays in one of his inscriptions at Silsilis: "My gracious Lord, Amon, grant that my words may live for hundreds of thousands of years."

The great Harris Papyrus, which records the donations of Rameses III. to the temples of Egypt together with some important political events, was written to exhibit to "the gods, to men now living and to unborn generations (*hememet*), the many good works and valorous deeds which he did upon earth, as great King of Egypt."

Whatever other motives, high or low, may have influenced the authors of these hieroglyphic inscriptions, one of them was certainly their love or fear of humanity, their dim conviction that they belonged to a race which would go on for ever filling the earth, and to which they were bound by some kind of moral responsibility. They wrote for the world, and it is in that sense that I call their writings the first germs of a world-literature.

And as in Egypt so it was in Babylon, Nineveh, and Persia. When the dwellers on the Euphrates and Tigris had learnt that nothing seemed to endure, that fire and water would destroy wood and stone, even silver and gold, they took clay and baked it, and hid the cylinders, covered with cuneiform writing, in the foundations of their

\* I have to thank Mr. le Page Renouf, the worthy successor of Dr. Birch at the British Museum, for these and a large number of similar inscriptions found among Egyptian antiquities.

temples, so that even after the destruction of these temples and palaces future generations might read the story of the past. And there in their safe hiding-places these cylinders have been found again after three thousand years, unharmed by water, unscathed by fire, and fulfilling the very purpose for which they were intended, carrying to us the living message which the ancient rulers of Chaldaea wished that we, their distant descendants, should receive.

Often these inscriptions end with imprecations against those who should dare to injure or efface them.

At Khorsabad, at the very interior of the construction, was found a large stone chest, which enclosed several inscribed plates in various materials—one tablet of gold, one of silver, others of copper, lead, and tin; a sixth text was engraved on alabaster, and the seventh document was written on the chest itself. They all commemorate the foundation of a city by a famous king, commonly called Sargon, and they end with an imprecation! "Whoever alters the works of my hand, destroys my constructions, pulls down the walls which I have raised—may Ashur, Ninib, Raman, and the great gods who dwell there, pluck his name and seed from the land, and let him sit bound at the feet of his foe."\*

The famous inscription of Behistun, a lasting monument of the victories of Darius and of the still more glorious victory of Sir Henry Rawlinson, was placed high on a mountain wall, where no one could touch and but few could read it. It was written not in Persian only, not for the Persians only, but in three dialects—an Aryan, a Semitic, and a Turanian, so that the three peoples, nations and languages might all read and remember the mighty deeds of Darius, the Achaemenian, the King of Kings. And when all is finished and all is said, Darius, the king, adds: "Be it known to thee what has been done by me, thus publicly, on that account that thou conceal not. If thou publish this tablet to the world, Ormazd shall be a friend to thee, and may thy offspring be numerous, and mayest thou live long. But if thou shalt conceal this record, thou shalt not be thyself recorded. May Ormazd be thy enemy and mayest thou be childless."†

It seems to me that such words were written in the prophetic spirit of a world-literature. And the same spirit may be traced in Greece, in Rome, and elsewhere.

When Thucydides writes his history of the Peloponnesian war, he looks back to the past and forward to the future, and then pronounces with complete assurance his conviction that his book of his is to last for ever, that it is to teach future generations not only what has happened, but what may happen again; that it is to be a *κρῆμα ἐς αἰῶν*, a possession for ever.

Few historians now would venture to speak like this, even those who write their works here in London, the central city of the whole world, and with all the recollections of two thousand years behind them. But the Romans had inherited the same spirit. We all admire Horace, but there have been many poets like him, both before and after his time, and it required a considerable amount of self-consciousness and a strong belief in the future destinies of Rome and Roman literature to end his odes with the words: "*Exegi monumentum aere perennius*"—

"I have built a monument more lasting,  
Soaring more high than royal pyramids,  
Which nor the stealthy gnawing of the rain-drops;  
Nor the vain wash of Boreas shall destroy;  
Nor shall it pass away with the unnumbered  
Series of ages and the flight of time—  
I shall not wholly die."—*Max Müller in the Contemporary Review*

### The value of abstraction.

Do poets often compose in their dreams? I ask this question because of an occurrence for which I have encountered no psychological explanation, though I find that others have had similar experiences. One morning I awoke from a dream in which I had been composing verse, a stanza of which lingered in my memory a few minutes. As I lay thinking it over and endeavouring to retain the words, the very effort seemed to have an effect like a breath on a snow-flake; it all slipped elusively away, and the remembrance of it faded utterly, leaving nothing but the consciousness that it had been.

The process of composition was unlike that employed in waking consciousness, in which thoughts gradually centre themselves around a poetic conception, and then are moulded into form with slow elaboration and painful mental exertion. All sense of effort was absent. The finished verse, perfect in rhythm and rhyme, came spontaneously into being, like some natural creation, flowing as freely as a brook flows. My feeling on awakening was one of exquisite delight at the beauty of the operation, mingled with dissatisfaction that such excellent means should be employed upon such meagre material; for the *motif* struck me as commonplace, if not meaningless.

I am inclined to account for this phenomenon of composition in sleep on the principle governing the numerous well-authenticated cases of work performed in a somnambulant state. There have been writers, for instance, who have thus unconsciously done some of their best work. Mental labor of any kind is the more easily accomplished, of course, the less the attention is distracted by consciousness of material surroundings. When our thoughts are concentrated upon what we are doing, then the mind least feels its thralldom to matter. It is for this reason that our work most easily proceeds after we have been at our desks for an hour or so, and the mechanism of the brain has settled down to smooth and steady running, like the engine of an

\* "Chaldaea," by Z. Ragosin, p. 116.

† Rawlinson, "Inscription of Behistun," p. 36.

ocean steamer that has worked its way out of tortuous harbor channels into the deep water of the open sea. It seems likely that somnambulistic work is done after a similar fashion. There is a central idea planted firmly in the mind, where lie also the unarranged thoughts on the subject. Certain conditions, akin to those causing crystallization in a liquid where all the requisite elements are in solution, bring about the right adjustment of mental forces; the thoughts obey this mysterious impulse and quickly gather themselves into shape, while the mind is unconscious of everything but the one object in view, and hand and pen automatically do its bidding.

The most notable case of dream-poetry which has come to my knowledge is that of the writing of the poem called *A Rose-Leaf*, by the late Mrs. Helen Jackson, who, in a letter to a friend, related how she actually and literally dreamed it, awaking with the words on her lips. She immediately wrote the verses down, and then handed them to her physician,—it was but a few weeks before her death,—with the question, "Can you tell me what this means? I am sure I do not know, myself!" Another curious instance is that of a lady I know, who tells me that she could not possibly write a line of verse, but that, as

she is falling asleep, her thoughts invariably take the form of rhyme and rhythm.

It seems as though the work of the improvisators of the Middle Ages might possibly have been done by their throwing themselves into a state of unconsciousness to external influences akin to dreaming; though, after all, their gift appears to have been the same in kind as that of the trained orator, who attains his facility through self-mastery, and at the same time a loss of self-consciousness, as he merges himself in his subject.

As the orator, the singer, the actor, throw themselves, by the force of their will, into their art, and in a greater or less degree lose the consciousness of their surroundings, may there not be some way by which we writers could throw our consciousness so utterly into our work that the mysterious machine, our brain, once set agoing, might keep on, unbeknown to our external selves, until its task were done? Then we might inspect the finished product of our pen in a shape all ready for editorial judgment, which, under such circumstances, would surely be one of approval! If I could only do this, I am sure I would turn out a better poem than the forgotten one of my dream.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in the "Atlantic Monthly."*

# The Indian Review.

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## THE OFFICIAL APOLOGIST.

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TO treat the utterances of the *Pioneer* with that silence and indifference which they usually deserve would, in all ordinary circumstances, be right and fitting. There are, however, elements in that paper's recent clumsy and scurrilous attack on the Calcutta Town Hall Meeting, its derision of the speakers, its flippant and illogical treatment of the arguments advanced, and its would-be-comic abuse of every one and every thing opposed to "The Great Scandal" of a Government secluding itself in the Hills, that seem to demand at least a passing notice. It is quite true that no one in India except a small section of officialdom values the opinion of the *Pioneer*, and that section esteems the utterances of that organ mainly because they are arguments which have been specially supplied by themselves to the hired apologist of officialdom. The statements made by it are the statements of officials determined to laugh to scorn the opposition of the united non-official community of India, and the *Pioneer* is but a squeaking puppet mouthing and mewling in obedience to the clumsily hidden wires which are pulled from more than one seat of Government, imperial and local. The pages of the *Pioneer* will be carefully treasured by those responsible for the Hills Exodus; and the various lines of argument, such as they are, divested of jokes, quips, cranks and derision, will duly

reappear in every official document to justify the extravagance and the folly of the flight to the Hills. Under these circumstances, a somewhat detailed notice of the ebullitions of the Allahabad paper may be not only necessary but even imperative. If the Hills folly is to be fought down, it must be done now, once and for ever; for every year the officials, whose personal interest it is to leave the plains and shirk the climate they are paid to labour in, will expend larger and larger sums in the purchase of land, the erection of buildings, and the planning of railways in and to hill retreats till the question will become more and more complicated with others arising from use and want, the disposal of buildings already erected, and the recoupment of vast sums which have been expended in numerous ways to make hill retreats suitable as seats of Government and easily accessible to the centres of the trade, manufactures, commerce and thought of India. The battle has already begun in earnest, and the domiciled community of Europeans in India, in conjunction with their native fellow-subjects should, as no doubt they will, carry on the warfare uninterruptedly till the question is finally set at rest; and officials learn that even in India their duty is to serve the public and the State with a whole-hearted unselfish service, to live among the people they govern, to assimilate the ideas that are constantly welling up in all the great centres of industry and commerce and to place themselves in immediate contact with every movement, social, political and moral, which may sway the destinies of that great Empire in the East which has been won from anarchy and misrule and centuries of foul oppressions.

In its issue of the 16th July, on receipt of the telegraphic news of the Town Hall Meeting of the 14th, the *Pioneer* published the following remarks :—

It seems probable that when the full text of the proceedings at the great Calcutta indignation meeting is to hand, it will prove to be more amusing than instructive. \* \* \* We are afraid that this agitation is too plainly the result of prickly-heat and the income-tax to be taken serious account of anywhere outside Calcutta. Bombay, we have seen, will have none of it; though there too it must be hot, and the income-tax likewise is certainly abroad. But Bombay is in the happy position of a rising community, and there is not the painful consciousness of stagnant trade and departing consequence to aggravate the other evils of the time and produce that surcharged condition of the public mind which finds relief in a Town Hall gathering. \* \* \* As men are constituted, there is nothing so ill to bear as the idea that some one else is better off. It is this illogical tendency of our nature that people in Calcutta seem to have allowed to get the better of them altogether for the

time being. They would not so greatly mind the heat, the *malaria*, the depressing influences of the season ; it is the intolerable notion that other persons who used to suffer these things equally now escape them that makes the bitterness. But this would not do to put forward, and, no doubt, the agitators do not formulate it precisely to themselves, and thus we have the so-called arguments against the exodus. How well we know them all. The want of touch, Government by telegraph, the enlightened public opinion—the sameness and the twaddle.

The contemptuous tone adopted in these paragraphs towards a movement which for spontaneity and unanimity of sentiment has never been surpassed in India, is unworthy even of the vilest vernacular print that ever traded on the credulity of the ignorant masses of India. "Prickly heat, the Income Tax, jealousy of a rival in Bombay, decaying trade, the idea that it is ill to bear evils with a knowledge that others are free from them, the sameness and the twaddle of the want of touch, Government by telegraph." This is not argument, it is simple reviling, it is mere vituperation, it is the insolent belittling of a hireling organ to damage by abuse, by wild assertion, by any and by every means the influence which a great public expression of opinion rarely fails to make on the object of its attack.

In the same issue we have the following :—

Will the enlightened public opinion of Lower Bengal—with which it is so important the Government should be in touch—be good enough to tell us what larger portion of the army the Government would keep under personal control, so to speak, by remaining at Calcutta ? At Umballa and in the hills round Simla we had always supposed was stationed the largest British force in any one command in India, with the Meerut Division moreover within easy hail. With the exception of the small Presidency Garrison, the whole province of Bengal is almost without troops. We had been under the impression that one great objection to Calcutta as the permanent seat of Government is the isolation it would involve from the army which is its only executive charge. If a crisis were to occur, moreover, such as Calcutta apparently contemplates, and such as it holds would render the presence of the Government on the scene important, is it more likely to take place on the banks of the Hooghly or on the plains of Northern India, which have been the field of every previous contest for the sovereignty of India, and which Simla directly overlooks ? Are we to understand that if the Viceroy and his Council quartered themselves in a corner of Bengal, that they would be near every body, and that "Government by telegraph" would be a thing of the past ? It is quite possible, however, that the agitators may establish one proposition. They will not prove anything against the Government being at Simla, but they may show that it is very



questionable whether its connection with Calcutta should not be entirely broken off.

It may be a sufficient answer to this gleam of sanity to say that by remaining at Calcutta the Government would be in a more central position to command the whole forces of the Indian Peninsula than perched on the summit of Jacko. The argument for the retention of Calcutta as the capital was quoted at length in the July number of this journal. That argument is as potent to-day as it was when Lord Hardinge deliberately uttered it before a committee of the House of Commons. The question is not one only of the Government being seated near to the scene of a possible crisis, for who can tell where a crisis may arise? It is a question of the Government being seated at the centre of news, intelligence, means of locomotion, facility of providing on the shortest notice supplies of all sorts, shipping, railway service, &c., for instant despatch, and the command of the latest and the widest information. What sane person will maintain that a hill station, like Simla, fulfils all these and other demands that might be enumerated? It requires no great intelligence to understand that in a city like Calcutta, there are trading firms and mercantile houses and agencies, to say nothing of the leading daily papers, with correspondents in every part of India with whom they are in constant communication, and through whom they might receive and do receive information which no Government agency in the world could ever attain. All this wealth of resource, in news, in stores, in war materials, in shipping, in railways, in supplies of all kinds, and in a hundred other matters, the Government of India would have lying at its hand in Calcutta. Does the *Pioneer* mean seriously to argue that a hill station like Simla which, any time during the rainy season of every year, may be cut off for days from all intercourse with the plains as effectually as if it did not exist is a place to locate the Government of India in, or that it is the best spot from which to dominate the larger portion of the Indian Army and keep it under personal control? If so, then words have no intelligent meaning, and to endeavour to reason with the *Pioneer* is hopeless.

The position of affairs in India during the Ilbert Bill agitation has frequently been referred to as a case in point, where the isolation of the Government from every centre of intelligence in India proved so disastrous. I may be pardoned for again referring to that unhappy period. As Assistant Secretary of the Defence Association during the whole conduct of the struggle, from its first inception to the signing of the Concordat in the December of 1883, I was intimately

acquainted with the work and the organisation of the Association ; and the Honorary Secretaries and the Members of Council will, I think, bear me out in the assertion that during that period the Defence Association had means of knowledge and sources of information which the Government of India could not rival, and which far out-matched anything the Government appeared able to take advantage of. It is simply incredible that had the Government possessed the information which the Defence Association lost no opportunity of endeavouring to bring to its notice that the unhappy struggle would have been either so prolonged or so embittered. That "touch," allusion to the loss of which the jester of Allahabad characterises as "twaddle," was no sooner regained by the return of the Government to Calcutta in December than a great revulsion took place in the opinion of the Government. Every man of intelligence in India was arrayed against it. Its own most experienced officers were on the side of the domiciled community, and nothing short of an actual experience of public opinion in the capital—out of touch of which the Government had been for nearly nine months—could rouse it from its delusion as to the popular feeling against the obnoxious measure. The whole miserable exhibition of themselves which the highest officials in the land made on that wretched occasion would have been avoided had the Government not followed the pernicious practice of men who in days gone by cared more for their own personal comfort than they did for the safety and welfare of the empire.

The *Pioneer* does not understand what is meant by loss of touch ; and its obtuseness, whether assumed or real, places it completely out of Court in any fair adjudication between popular opinion regarding the Hills question and the Government of India.

On the 19th of July the *Pioneer*, having now before it the full report of the Town Hall Meeting, proceeds to attempt to justify its assertion that "the proceedings at the Calcutta indignation meeting would prove to be more amusing than instructive." It quoted several passages where, in the printed reports, "laughter" came in ; and this is how it ends its utterances for that day—

We have quoted all the reported merriment of the meeting, and can scarcely venture to guess its cause. The afternoon we are told was one of the hottest ever known in Calcutta, and the proceedings commenced by the statement that the principal orator nominated to speak could not attend owing to illness. Possibly the incipient apoplexy caused by holding public meetings in such weather took a hysterical form among some of the audience.

Drivel of this sort would scarcely raise a smile, unless it be one of compassion, even in the tap-room of a low pot-house. How the responsible editor allowed this passage and those previously quoted to appear in a journal with any pretensions to respectability can only be explained on the ground that the apologist of the Government was bound to assume an insolent and a glib sneering superiority in order that the public opinion of the capital of India might be held up to scorn and contempt, and the influence and force of the arguments against the Hills folly laughed out of existence. It will take a stronger force than any which the "sleepy hollow" of Allahabad can command to turn the rising tide of public opinion; and it needs only a few more such exhibitions of itself as those under notice to render it a matter of time till the flunkey of the Indian press is swept out of existence.

Again on the 21st of July the *Pioneer* returns to its task of minimising the cogency and power of the Calcutta meeting:—

"The radical absurdity," says the *Pioneer*, "of the Calcutta contention that no official should be allowed out of the plains may be realised by imagining it triumphant for a moment and contemplating the result."

\* \* \* \* \*

In truth the idea of uselessly relinquishing the benefits of nature runs so contrary to common sense that, if we could suppose the hill station to be deserted to-morrow, it is quite certain that a reaction of common sense would set in before a twelve-month was past that would eventually lead to the restoration of the present state of things."

\* \* \* \* \*

A great deal of uncalled for praise is lavished on the Viceroys, Governors, and officials of old times because, differing from their degenerate successors, they did not resort to the hills. It does not require much reflection to perceive that the only reason that these worthies did not go to the Himalayas was because it was practically impossible for them to do so. No sooner were railways and telegraphs opened than the system of migration established itself of its own accord without any particular turpitude being traceable to any Governor General or set of officials. The Viceroy of to-day and the members of his Council are able to see without difficulty very much more of the country than would have been practicable twenty or twenty-five years ago if their time had been passed in a perpetual tour. It is against these tours, as they are now carried out during a few weeks of the year, that Calcutta with sweet consistency lifts its voice, whilst on the other hand complaining that the members of Government see and know nothing of the country.

"The radical absurdity that no official should be allowed out of the plains" is the *Pioneer's* absurdity not the Calcutta Meeting's.

There is nothing in the whole proceeding of the meeting from end to end that warrants such a statement ; and, as it stands, it is a deliberate assertion of the thing that is not.

The "relinquishing the benefits of nature" passage is of a piece with all the rest. It is based on the fallacy that the "benefits of nature," that is a residence in the hills, is absolutely necessary for the Government of India.

- The statement that in olden days Viceroys, Governors and officials did not go to the hills because the same means of communication did not then exist, and that, were they living, they would do so now is also based on the assumption that Government from isolated hill tops is not only the best possible for India now, but, had means existed in the early days of the history of the English in India, it would then also have been the best possible. Probably the writer, who is evidently the "funny man" of the paper, had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote with cool effrontery that "it is against these tours," cold weather tours, that "Calcutta lifts its voice with sweet consistency, while on the other hand it complains that the members of Government see and know nothing of the country;" the "sweet consistency" of Calcutta is evidently a sweet phrase. It transcends the comprehension of the *Pioneer*. The "sweet consistency" is again its own and not Calcutta's. No one in Calcutta demurs to the cold weather tour of the Viceroy and the Members of Council, but Indian public opinion most emphatically demurs to cold weather tours which assume the form of nominal duty, but are in reality costly and needless extravagance.

It is very instructive to observe how it is possible from the pages of the *Pioneer* to corroborate several of the statements made in the article entitled "The Great Scandal" which appeared in the July number of this Review.

*The Indian Review of July.*

Members of Council who can by any device secure the advantages of a cold weather tour do so at public expense. One finds it absolutely necessary to visit the Bombay Harbour works ; another to have a look at the Madras Pier ; another to examine some bridge, and yet another becomes vastly interested in a frontier railway.

*The Pioneer of 17th July.*

When Government breaks up, Mr. Hope will probably make an extensive tour, including Upper Burmah and the Madras Presidency. In the former province the Public Works Member will go over the proposed railway route to Mandalay, while in the Southern Presidency he will inspect the Southern Mahratta line, and visit the new port of Marmagao.

*The Indian Review of July.*

As soon as the head of a department leaves the capital, there is absolutely no more work done by him worthy of its name. The Under-Secretary, the recognised official drudge, has the whole burden laid on his shoulders.

*The Pioneer of 27th July.*

I will give the hours of one Under-Secretary, (and he is merely a typical case) who is never free from the bug-bear of red-boxes which follow him into his private dwelling. This is his daily tale of work : 7 A.M. to 10 A.M. at his home ; 11-30 A.M. to 5-30 P.M. (often 6-30 P.M.) at office ; an hour or more before bed-time. This for week days : three or four hours also on Sunday. This is the normal state : the hours as a rule are in his case even longer than those given.

On the 24th of July the *Pioneer* devotes the larger half of its second page to the Calcutta Meeting. The article is notable for the witless gibes and sneers which have all along distinguished its treatment of everything connected with the opposition to the Hills Exodus.

Annual Calcutta protests against what is called the "Simla Exodus" have become as much a part of our received Indian experience as snakes or the fall of silver—

says the *Pioneer*. Translated into plain language, this passage means that the expression of public opinion on a great question, involving grave financial and imperial consideration, is a nuisance to be placed in the same category as snakes and an evil to be borne grudgingly like the fall in silver. This expresses to a nicety the opinion of officialdom.

The reply to Mr. Pugh's speech is an *argumentum ad hominem* with a bland *non sequiter* which places the writer in the *Pioneer* in a remarkable light as a logician.

Mr. Pugh and other well known residents lent their eloquence to the occasion. Mr. Pugh, it is interesting to remember, is a barrister practising in a High Court, and belonging to a Bar the members of which annually absent themselves from Calcutta and enjoy an absolute vacation during the two most trying months of the summer. Personally for some years past, Mr. Pugh, it should be added, has spent at least half of each year in England. A considerable audience, including a few ladies (it will be pleasing to the Government of India to know that they are missed by Calcutta ladies) listened to Mr. Pugh. Mercantile men whose turn does not entitle them this year to absent themselves in Europe applauded sentiments which would compel the Government to share their fate.

Does the *Pioneer* seriously wish its readers to accept the belief that the fact of Mr. Pugh's yearly visits to England and the fact that Calcutta mercantile men occasionally go home on leave render any objections they may make against the Hills Exodus invalid? The argument is quite as conclusive as if the *Pioneer* had said "Mr. Pugh's hair is too long and the coats of Calcutta Merchants are not properly cut, therefore anything they say about the Hills folly may be regarded as out of Court.

No class of Europeans in India takes leave to England more frequently than the official class; and officials are able at any moment, in the event of ill health overtaking them or a severe illness, to obtain, long leave. It is not always so with the non-official classes. Yet, in spite of these inequalities of leave to England, the non-official classes do their duty in the plains, and it is not either a selfish or an ill-natured desire on the part of the objectors to the Hill Exodus that men who are handsomely paid to meet the ills of a tropical climate and who are comfortably provided with liberal leave rules and retiring pensions should do their work among their fellows in the plains, it is the natural and common-sense view of reasonable men.

The remainder of the article is taken up with a number of rambling remarks which profess to be an examination of the question whether the Government should at all remain at Calcutta. The readers of the *Pioneer* are told that "perhaps the most important act of Lord Lawrence's Viceroyalty was his decision to break with the tradition of governing India from Calcutta":

The Mutinies of 1857 had furnished bloody proof of the danger of making that remote city the centre of the Indian Empire. To that system was, by common consent, attributed the blindness which facilitated the great catastrophe.

Indeed! before the *Pioneer* ventures to trust to printer's ink its new readings in Indian history, it had better submit them to some of the baboos in its office.

Will the *Pioneer* be surprised to learn that for thirty years before the Mutiny the Native Bengal Army was in a state of chronic mutiny; and that for this condition of affairs "the Cabinets of England, the Boards of Control, the Court of Directors, the Governors General, and the Anglo-Indian Officers of three generations were jointly to blame?"

The reasoning of the *Pioneer*, however, is that, because Calcutta was the capital of India, therefore the Mutiny of 1857 became possible; and the "bloody proofs of the danger" of making Calcutta

the capital of the Indian Empire are furnished by the Mutiny itself. The fact that Calcutta was the capital of India, and of course the seat of the Government at and before the time of the Mutiny had no more influence in producing that outbreak than a wart on a man's nose has in shaping either his politics or his theology.

The *Pioneer* is, doubtless, prepared to assert that Calcutta was responsible for the defects in Lord Canning's character as a ruler and the inefficiency of his Council. Calcutta was also to blame for the treatment of the talookdars of Oudh, and the goading of that province to the verge of rebellion. The greased cartridges, the utter unpreparedness of any branch of the army, the folly of men in high places, as well as every other cause that led up to the Sepoy Rebellion were, it seems, due to the fact that Calcutta was the capital of India. The capacity of the *Pioneer's* readers to accept the incredible as unvarnished truth is surely marvellous. The remarks in the *Pioneer* of the 21st are the veriest irresponsible chatter ever admitted into the pages of a respectable journal. Why have we not heard before now of the great iniquity of Calcutta in relation to the Sepoy Rebellion? If the discovery of its unsuitability as a capital was made so long ago as the Mutiny, why was it not advanced again and again?

It is almost needless to follow the *Pioneer* through its reckless and most unfounded assertions, not one of which is supported by even the pretence of an argument. However here are a few of them:—

"The claim of Calcutta to be the capital of India fell with Delhi." "The Western sea-board is robbing Calcutta of its importance." "The commerce of India is now passing to Bombay." "To the habit of regarding Calcutta as the permanent seat of the Government was due to a system which had brought us almost to ruin." "The policy of governing India from Calcutta was buried with the East India Company."

The question is not between Calcutta and Simla, but between Calcutta ~~plus~~ Simla and a new capital. It may be years before the question is decided; but the more Calcutta agitates, the sooner, it seems to many, will a decision which is likely to put an end to its pretensions be forced upon the authorities.

It is perfectly clear from the latter passage that officialdom does not mean to give up Simla. Calcutta is becoming too old-fashioned; it is "a decaying community," a city of shop-keepers and traders which dares to question the right of men high in office to squander the revenue of the empire in costly and needless trips to the hills; therefore Calcutta shall be punished. It shall be traduced and reviled; sneered and mocked at; its chief

citizens held up to public ridicule for daring to hold opinions adverse to the Government; and the whole weight of official influence will be thrown into the endeavour to remove altogether the seat of the Government from it, and found a new capital anywhere, so that it be not in Calcutta. But Simla! Simla must be preserved.

If there is any city which on every ground or on a majority of grounds can be proved better suited to be the capital of India, then the citizens of Calcutta will be glad to know where that city is. There are numerous reasons why any of the places yet mentioned can never become a new seat of the Government. Into these reasons I will not at present enter.

The inconsistencies of the *Pioneer* are as varied as they are sometimes startling. After the coarse Philippic against the Calcutta Meeting, which has been briefly noticed, the *Pioneer*, before leaving the subject, turns round on itself and calmly states that—

“The resolutions adopted at the Calcutta Meeting emphasize, no doubt, the drawbacks of the present system, which few desire to deny.”

If the resolutions of the Calcutta Meeting “emphasize the drawbacks of the present system,” nowhere in the pages of that journal do the drawbacks, emphasized or unemphasized, appear. That which is intended to be made apparent by the *Pioneer* is that the Calcutta Meeting had its origin in the lowest and most sordid motives, that the speakers were actuated by the meanest influences, that the resolutions were inflated rubbish, the meeting a fiasco, and the objections frivolous in the extreme.

Before the close of the month the *Pioneer* had made an end of its attack on the Calcutta Meeting; but, singularly enough, the *Civil and Military Gazette* took up the “wondrous tale” immediately after. The *Civil and Military Gazette*, it should be borne in mind, is partly owned by one or more of the same proprietors as the *Pioneer*, so that there is nothing extraordinary in the Lahore paper assuming the role of Government apologist. This is not all, however. So intimate are the relations between the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer*, that the “funny man” of the latter has, in all probability, been temporarily transferred from Allahabad to Lahore. He cannot, of course, conceal his identity, no funny man can, but he has attempted to be seriously logical. According to the funny man with a serious Lahore face, Calcutta cannot protest for “Scind, the Punjab and the North-West Provinces.” No one ever held it could. These provinces will protest for themselves if need be. The writer goes on—



The only personal reason which Calcutta residents can urge against the annual trip to Simla is, that it diminishes the local trade of the former place : and this idea was probably not altogether absent at the Town Hall meeting, although it would not have been prudent to bring it forward. The Calcutta orators are, moreover, unfortunate in not suggesting any alternative scheme, should the Government be compelled to desert Simla. It is true that there are certain departments at present taken to Simla, which might as well remain at Calcutta ; but this is a small matter, and has already been considered by the Finance Committee. But, in considering a suitable location for the Government of India, one point is habitually overlooked which we believe to be of very great importance. It is the necessity that the presence of the Government should be felt on the northern frontier of India ; and this end is gained by the residence at Simla for six months in the year. The presence of the Government is felt in a way that cannot be described ; and it is from the north that the safety of the empire must be watched.

The *Civil and Military Gazette* wishes to put the opposition to the Exodus on a purely personal Calcutta feeling. This is another evidence of the incapacity of official apologists to understand the bearing of the very question they coolly sneer at. "It is necessary," it seems, "that the presence of the Government should be felt on the frontier of India ; and this end is gained by a six months' residence at Simla." Men who can deliberately write such delicious "flap-doodle" as this are not by any means common, and the *Pioneer* and the *Civil and Military Gazette* are to be congratulated on the possession of such an individual.

The position which the *Pioneer* has taken up with regard to the question of the isolation of Government in the hills, and the numerous evils which naturally flow from such dereliction of duty and scamping of work as the exodus entails, is one which those acquainted with the antecedents of that newspaper might easily have predicted. From the first day of its existence till the present the *Pioneer* has distinguished itself, almost alone, among Indian newspapers, as a supporter of the Government. There is no scheme too wild which the *Pioneer* will not take to its bosom and nourish tenderly on the "flap-doodle" of Allahabad, provided the scheme has been hatched in some Indian Secretariat, or has been adopted by some section of officialdom. The lackey of the Indian Press, the "Jeames" of the Simla "Mutual Laudation Society," plunges serenely on its way with sneers and jibes and quips at everything and every one who ventures to express any opinion adverse to what has been accepted as correct or needful or expedient by the collective wisdom of secretariats or heads of departments.

The subservient flunkey of each succeeding Viceroy and his immediate surroundings ready at any moment to prove the "worse" to be not only the "better reason," but the very best possible reason, the *Pioneer* warbles day by day and dances to the piping of any official who will pay for the tune with a scrap of early news, even though it should be that "Deputy Sub-Inspector Smith proceeds on three months' privilege leave, and that Jones will act in his absence." It would be easy to prove, by means, for instance, of parallel passages from the pages of the *Pioneer*, that it is a journal utterly destitute of a policy on any of the topics which it ventures to discuss, for its policy varies with every fluctuation of official opinion. Subservient and pliable to official influence, it sounds the whole gamut of flippant and would-be cynic superiority in defence of the indefensible. The official apologist of every Viceroy, no sooner does he lay down office, than the *Pioneer* with unvarying regularity becomes his detractor, and there is scarcely any length to which it is not prepared to go in support of its *role* of official apologist.

I have endeavoured briefly to reply to the gross misrepresentation of the *Pioneer*, so far as the limits at my disposal will permit. Probably that paper will treat the arguments of this article as it did my previous one on "The Great Scandal," as "stilted and vapid invective." The "stilted and vapid invective" will, however, I hope, cut deep into the self-complacent carcass of insolence and fallacy that from the "sleepy hollow" of Allahabad, like a Punch puppet, shoots out its wooden head and reviles and mocks at the fair endeavour of earnest and reasonable citizens firmly and temperately discharging their duty to each other and the empire.

THOMAS EDWARDS.

## SAIONARA.\*

*Taken from a German Folkshed.*

Fare thee well thou dear old homestead,  
 A long farewell thou oft trod street,  
 Sisters—mother weeping kissed me,  
 And *thy* tears fell fast my sweet.

Saionara, saionara.

Many a town since then I've gazed on,  
 Many a maiden fair to see,  
 Ah! through many a clime I've wandered,  
 None I've seen so fair as thee.

Saionara, saionara.

Still the dream that soothes me sleeping,  
 Still the sound I hear awake,  
 Is thy murmur as we parted,  
 Thou'lt come back, dear one, for my sake.

Saionara, saionara.

Many a deep sea rolls between us,  
 Many a mile divides our feet;  
 Ah! my dear one. Ah! my true one,  
 Shall we ever ever meet?

Saionara, saionara.

H. E. T.

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\* *Saionara*, the Japanese word for farewell.

## RUSSIA'S MILITARY STRENGTH IN CENTRAL ASIA.

*Being the review of an article which appeared in the "Times" in 1880 through the light of subsequent events.*

WRITTEN only six years ago the following account of Russia's military strength in Central Asia seems to have lost none of its importance, though the predictions therein have been strangely falsified under the circumstances of the incorporation of Marv, of the prolongation of Russia's frontier line to a point within easy striking distance of Herat, and of the great activity which is being displayed in joining by railway the several lines of advance towards Afghanistan and India which now, as ever, is the sole aim and object of Russian soldier politicals. The article is further of use in establishing the extreme importance of a knowledge of Russia's army in Turkistan, as distinct from that in the Caucasus and Trans-Caspia, and of the power of our great rival and prospective enemy in placing her troops on the Upper Oxus.

In the year 1873 the army of Turkistan numbered 36,000 men. The annexation of a portion of Khivan territory, including the delta of the Oxus, necessitated an addition of three or four thousand men to that army. In 1875-76 the rebellion in Khokand and the campaign that ensued with the Russians, concluding with the annexation of the Khanate, obliged the War Department to increase the Turkistan army by 10,000 men at the lowest computation, at the same time that the garrison in Semiretchinsk was doubled. In 1878 General Kaufmann had, therefore, under his command, from the Aral to the borders of West Siberia and the Chinese Empire, an army of 55,000 men. In 1878 the garrison in Semiretchinsk was further reinforced by troops from Semipalatinsk in consequence of the threatening aspect of the Kuldja question, and the most recent information points to the conclusion that these reinforcements have been kept there, while a portion of the Semiretchinsk garrison has been placed at the disposal of General Abramoff, the Governor of Farghana.

A more important step was taken a few months ago by ordering General Krijanovski to despatch 10,000 men from the Orenburg army to Turkistan. There is now no uncertainty about some of the troops from the West Siberian Military Circles being in Russia's Turkistan frontier. It is uncertain whether that order has yet been carried out, and, despite General Kaufmann's impatience, it is not probable that so great an undertaking as the conveyance of that large body of troops across the steppe would be attempted till the spring. The number of troops specified agrees with what it has been stated the Orenburg army could spare for operations in Central Asia ; but it is impossible to see how any artillery could be sent from the two batteries—16 guns—which are all that General Krijanovski has under his orders. As the Turkistan army had only eight field batteries—64 guns—it is evident that General Kaufmann would require a considerable addition to his strength in this arm if he were to undertake any extensive campaign. Assuming, however, that every effort has been made to increase the army in Central Asia, and that Orenburg has been temporarily denuded of its artillery, General Kaufmann would then only have an army of 70,000 men and 80 guns to draw upon for active operations beyond the frontier. The exact position in which the Governor-General will find himself in April next can, therefore, be very accurately estimated beforehand.

Unless Russia were to come to the insane determination to prosecute a great war in Asia with her European army, the numbers mentioned represent the extreme limit of her power in Turkistan. All this supposes the non-existence of a Central-Asian Railway which is, however, just being completed. A small addition must also be made for the military settlers in the Zarafshan Valley and Semiretchinsk, but at the outside these do not number more than 5,000 men. For various reasons this reserve is a force of doubtful value. General Kaufmann would, therefore, have at his disposal about the same number of Russian troops that there are of English in India. In artillery he would not possess a quarter of our strength. There would, therefore, be in the comparison the whole of the Native army to our favour. But the next question to be considered is what proportion of this army would it be possible to employ in an offensive war, which, if unsuccessful, would infallibly be followed by insurrections and civil strife within the Russian frontier ? This is very doubtful as all power of rising has long ago been taken away.

The Russian army is as much a garrison in Turkistan as the English is in India. It has numerous and very difficult duties to

perform. Its work is scattered throughout the various parts of a vast territory, and it has to maintain order among turbulent races, who still remember that only a few years have elapsed since they were free and independent. To briefly summarise some of these duties, there is, in the first place, the line of the Sir Daria, with the forts Kazala, Perovski, Julek, &c., and the crossings at Chinaz and Khojandt, to be garrisoned. The cities of Tashkend, Samarkand, Jizak, Khokand, Namangan, Andijan, Margilan, Vairnye, Narn, and numerous others have all to be held in force. In Farghana it is also necessary that there should at all times be a sufficient garrison to furnish a flying column in the event of any disturbance. In Narn and on the Chinese frontier a respectable show of troops has to be made; and on the Oxus, in the Amu-Daria district, it is equally incumbent that the forts should be garrisoned, and the neighbouring Turkoman clans overawed.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, it would appear to be a very moderate computation to say that the following would be the very lowest number of men required for garrison purposes:—The line of the Sir-Daria, 5,000 men; Tashkand and neighbourhood, 5,000; Samarkand and Jizak, 5,000; the towns of Farghana, 10,000; Semiretchinsk, 10,000; Narn, 5,000; and the Amu-Daria district, 2,000; or in all 42,000 men, leaving about 30,000 men available for active operations south of the frontier. By an equally liberal arrangement, 60 guns might be sent with this force. The Russian official statements make it clear, however, that the whole of this army will not be employed against Marv. \* A division is to be sent into the eastern districts of Bukhara Hissar and Kabadian, with the object of taking up a strong position in the neighbourhood of Balkh and Badakshan. This will probably muster 10,000 men, leaving 20,000 and say 50 guns available for the main enterprise.

It is not probable that the expedition against Marv will be of greater strength than this number, and to concentrate that force at Chaharjui, on the Oxus, will be a much more difficult task than is generally supposed. A portion will, no doubt, be conveyed from Kazala across the Aral, and up the Oxus, while the main body will march from Samarkand through Bukhara. The labour of collecting supplies and transport at Chaharjui for so many troops will be immense, and the history of Russia's military operations in Central Asia affords no precedent of how it is to be accomplished. In

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\* Marv is now a point of offence on the Russian side and a very strong one too.

the Khivan war the invading army, of from twelve to fifteen thousand men in all, advanced from five different points. One column was compelled to make a disastrous retreat, and another—that under General Kaufmann himself—nearly met with destruction. The successful columns had, therefore, four separate bases of supply, and the largest body of troops moved from one point was only 6,000 strong. In the present instance the active army must follow two routes to Chaharjui—the one by the Oxus, which will be used by a column of the reputed strength of 5,000 men: the other through Bukhara by one of 15,000 men. From Samarkand to Bukhara the distance is 130 miles, and to Chaharjui 100 miles more. Much of the country to be passed through is sterile; but, on the other hand, there are numerous villages and towns capable of supplying the wants of an army. It is probable that the march will be made by detachments, and that the whole force will not have concentrated at Chaharjui until the month of April is far advanced, when the further march on Marv could be immediately commenced. Between Chaharjui and Marv there is but one direct route—142 miles; but there are at the least three parallel tracks from Ilchak, Narizm and Burdalik, places on the Oxus, to Marv of not much greater length than that from Chaharjui. The two last-mentioned join the main route at Khalka, 35 miles from Marv. There was also some idea in Russian circles of sending a force across the desert from Khiva, by a way followed by a Khivan army in 1832. The feasibility of this was shown by Colonel Kuropatkin who thereby added a very efficient quota to General Skobelev's force before Gok-Tapa in 1880-81. The city of Khiva is only 260 miles distant by this route from Marv, and it is confidently believed at the head-quarters of General Ivanhoff, the Governor of the Amu-Daria district, that that distance could be accomplished by a lightly armed force in less than ten days. So far, therefore, as their inclinations go, the Russian Generals would like to attack Marv by several columns converging on the Turkuman stronghold as upon a common centre. To adopt that plan of campaign would reduce the Transport and Commissariat difficulties to a *minimum*; but, on the other hand, it would be full of peril. An enterprising commander, even such a one as Nur-Verdi-Khan, the Akhal Chief, has already shown himself to be, would ask for no better opportunity than that afforded by four or five detached Russian columns advancing through the sandy desert from Khiva and the Oxus. The valour and skill shown by the Turkomans at Gok-Tapa must have inspired the Russians with greater caution in dealing with an adversary not wholly

to be despised ; and although water will have to be carried for the troops for the week's march from the Oxus to Marv, it is probable that the extra difficulties of transport will be considered preferable to the risk of incurring a disaster in the desert. To the necessity of providing for the Russian Corps must be added that of supplying the wants of the large Bukharan Contingent—variously computed at 10,000 and 20,000 men—that is to take part in the campaign. It is far from being clear what use General Kaufmann intends to make of these allies, whose fighting value is problematical, and whose appearance in the field must entail a heavy additional burden on the Commissariat Department. Probably the chief service they can render will be to hold the places on the Oxus, and thus maintain the Russian line of communications. Their occupation away from the vicinity of Russian territory must also tend to render the position of the Russians in Turkistan more secure during General Kaufmann's absence.

The Russian army in Turkistan, reinforced by 10,000 men from Orenburg and 5,000 from Semipalatinsk, may therefore be capable of sparing 30,000 men and 60 guns for an offensive war beyond its frontier. To this number must be added about 20,000 Bukharan auxiliaries, mostly irregular cavalry, and now it must be added any number of Turkomans and restless beings within Afghan borders. For the immediate task in hand, the capture of Marv, this force is amply sufficient. Probably an active and daring General would consider it much too numerous, and would prefer to make the attempt with 5,000 mounted infantry and a few batteries of flying artillery. It may also be considered that the eastern corps, of which mention has been made, would be able to establish Russian authority in Afghan-Turkistan, were such a step to be decided on. But this is the extreme limit of Russia's present power.

Neither of the enterprises contemplated can be accomplished except with some loss and after enormous outlay. A single reverse would probably entail others ; and a disastrous campaign would lead infallibly to the outbreak of troubles within her own territory which it would take years to overcome. If it requires 20,000 men to capture Marv \* and to defeat the Turkumans, the Russian military authorities would show a wise caution before they strained their strength so much by concentrating the whole of their available army for a campaign, the necessity of which is not apparent, and which, if not

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\* The whole of the last para. of this article has been stultified by the fact of the ridiculously easy absorption of the *oxus* of Marv in the Russian dominions.



crowned with speedy and complete success, must have the most disastrous consequences for their empire in Asia. This summary of the present military strength of Russia in Central Asia, and of the great obstacles to be overcome in an advance on Marv, may serve to dispose of the rumours which have been circulated of the numbers of the vast host to be collected for the operations against Marv. One writer had the temerity to compute it at from "100,000 to 150,000 men," and it may be some consolation to have, on the unanimous evidence of every writer competent to give an opinion, that even were the Russian Government to take the suicidal step of sending 100,000 men across the steppe from Europe, it would require 12 months' labour to carry it into execution. Moreover, to attempt to march that host through the desert on Marv would be simply to invite disaster and failure.

M. E. GOWAN.

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## COMPENSATIONS.

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Sunshine bathes the hillside,  
 Shadow chills the glade,  
 The brightlier fall the sunbeams,  
 The deeper cast the shade.

Earth no joy undimmed gives,  
 Some one's loss is gain,  
 Love some day means parting,  
 Pleasures lost are pain.

Why this pouting visage ?  
 Why these tear-dimmed eyes ?  
 Life's full of real trouble,  
 Laugh now, if thou'rt wise.

The dark shade cast beside it  
 Attends each shining ray,  
 After joy comes grieving,  
 Night comes after day.

H. E. T.

## FROM THE VISTULA TO THE DNIEPER.

*Plan of a Campaign against Russia, 1886.\**

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IN SPITE of the long-continued friendly relations between Russia and Germany, the question relating to a war betwixt the two countries is being discussed in German Military literature, whilst plans of campaigns are being published and various calculations made as to the direction, in which the main attack should be directed. This kind of writing has been peculiarly active since the year 1882, and subsequently the yearly question of a war with Russia has been one of the favourite subjects of German Military writers. The year 1886 has set in, and there is apparently no cessation of this sort of writing, for there has lately been issued in Hanover a new book entitled "*From the Vistula to the Dnieper.*" Moreover the German newspapers have paid special attention to the work, and the author, who writes under the pseudonym of *Sarmaticus*, poses as a possessor of knowledge regarding Russia generally and of her Military Institutions in particular. We therefore think it will be useful if we sketch briefly the plan which this writer proposes for a German Campaign against Russia, leaving it to specialists to refute his statements and to defeat him on paper as thoroughly as he smites our army on the same field.

*Sarmaticus*, as becomes a Military man, educated in the school of Moltke, is an advocate for *offensive operations*, and in this of course there can be no doubt he is right. He, therefore, does not even admit that there could be any initiative on our side, and so he proceeds directly to discuss the conditions under which the inroad of the German troops into Russian territory should be undertaken. Of late certain German writers have expressed doubts regarding the successful issue of military operations in the Cis-Vistula country, partly by reason of the character of this theatre of war operations and partly because of the measures already adopted by the Russian Government for the successful defence of Russian Poland. *Sarmaticus*, who appears to have undertaken with a military scientific object a lengthened tour through Russian Poland, does not share these

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\* A Review translated from the Russian,

doubts, for he expresses the opinion that an offensive move of the German army in this direction is possible, provided all the preparations for it had been made in good time and a suitable season of the year for the advance selected. For these preparations the author recognises that not a little has to be done. Thus a large amount of • *matériel* would be required for the passage of ferries, a light description of baggage cart would be needed, all the troops would have to be provided with tents, whilst a considerable supply of biscuits would have to be laid in, &c., &c. • *Sarmaticus* thinks, too, that a light description of artillery ammunition wagons would be especially useful since he is of opinion that those attached to Russian batteries are too heavy and therefore unfit for use in the Polish theatre of war operations.

The observations of *Sarmaticus* under this head are deserving of attention, because the Berlin papers announce in the form of a "rumour" that the German Military Department has been occupied with the question of the issue of tents to the troops and the substitution of ammunition wagons of a light description for the present wagons and transport train.

It is known that Warsaw is the centre of a semi-circle, on the periphery of which lie important points like Königsberg, Dantzic, Tor, Poznań, Breslau, Cracow, Pshemmel and Lvoff. It is known too that Warsaw has now been converted into a fortified camp, and the same thing is being done with Ivangorod and Novo-Georgievsk. In the face then of the fact that Warsaw presents for us an advantageous position for aggressive movement, the measures which we have adopted for improving the strategical importance of this point in no way disturb the conclusions formed by the author of the book entitled *From the Vistula to the Dnieper*. He is, indeed, convinced that Warsaw, Ivangorod and Novo-Georgievsk, as also all the fortresses now being constructed along the western border line of Russia, can only be of use to us in the sense that, under their fire, the strategical concentration of our army can be carried out. In *Sarmaticus's* opinion this important operation would require not less than three or four weeks' time, not counting at least two more weeks for the placing of the various bodies of Russian troops on a war footing, and that the delay in concentrating our forces would arise from great distances, unsatisfactory lines of communication, a small number of railways and the like.

Thus, if we can believe the author of the book which we are now reviewing, there can be no idea of an initiative on our part,

and there remains therefore only defensive operations. Thus, too according to the statements of *Sarmaticus*, the German army can, boldly begin a war with us with an offensive movement, especially if the preparations which he recommends have been previously carried out. Operating on an excellent base (Konigoberg-Dantzic, Torn-Poznan) the German army, which would have the advantage of time, place and war *matériel*, could without difficulty invade the Cis-Vistula country from two directions, *vis.*, from the north and from the west. To the northern side *Sarmaticus* attaches the greater preference, because he says an army operating from this direction could both easily defend the S. E. border line of Russia, and could completely interrupt the line of Russian communications in an easterly direction, and it could moreover attack the troops advancing from the heart of Russia, isolate the Russian garrison in Poland, and compel the surrender of the Cis-Vistula fortresses and their garrisons. This, then, is the task, says *Sarmaticus*, which the Commander-in-Chief of a German army would set before himself, and if the German commanders properly carried out the duties entrusted to them, Russia could not succeed in placing an army on the Vistula, for her scattered and inadequate forces would be broken up in detail.

The fact, however, that we have in time of peace in the Cis-Vistula country 18 infantry and 8 cavalry divisions, or a very considerable proportion of our standing Army, in no way disconcerts the line of reasoning taken up by *Sarmaticus*, for he goes on to express the conviction that, thanks to the rapidity of German mobilisation and the slowness of Russia, a German Army could invade the Cis-Vistula country and attain all the success which he has indicated above before the Russian troops were even brought up to a war footing.

The author of this strategical study in fact bases great hopes on the slow mobilisation of our army and on the superiority of the working of Germany's territorial system, the want of which in Russia, he thinks, is especially striking in the case of the Russian forces in Poland. On this consideration *Sarmaticus* rests his main contention, *vis.*, that "Russia could not for long maintain a successful war against Germany, whilst for the *prepared* German Army an advance on Moscow would not prevent such difficulties as to prevent such an objective being successfully attained.

And so if *Sarmaticus* is not out in his reckoning he proposes to take the German Generals to Moscow. St. Petersburg he scorns,

saying it is not the capital of Russia but a mere growth which could not furnish any serious compensation in the shape of an indemnity for war expenses. The destruction of Napoleon and of his *grande armée* do not merely fail to agitate *Sarmaticus*, but in the catastrophe of 1812 he only sees a useful lesson and an indication as to how the Germans must proceed if they are to carry on a decisive war with Russia. He explains the pitiable issue of the so brilliantly begun French campaign of 1812 by the rashness displayed by Napoleon, but he adds that now, as then, the first objective must be the Russian Army, the second Moscow. It only remains to carry out the plan of operations in a manner different to that adopted by Napoleon. The advance must be conducted cautiously, so that the rear and flanks of the advancing army, and also its supply-magazines, are thoroughly protected. The war would of course be a protracted one, and *Sarmaticus* himself supposes that it would require at least two campaigns, one for the capture of Wilna or of Smolensk; another for the seizure of Moscow. *Sarmaticus* then directs attention to the desiccation of Polaisi as a circumstance favouring an invader. Especially if he could count on the co-operation of Austro-Hungary for the latter power, by operating from the sides of Cracow and Lvoff, would paralyse the Russian forces distributed over the south-western provinces of the Empire and those garrisoning Kieff.

*Sarmaticus's* proposed plan of a campaign concludes with the following words: "The superiority which we possess in enabling us to move rapidly will secure for us great success at the very outset of the campaign. The second part of the problem is to take advantage of those successes in order to snatch others. The problem may, indeed, be thoroughly solved, because for *prepared* leaders who follow scrupulously a definite object and who are acquainted with the country and people with which they have to deal, the Russian colossus would cease to be terrible, especially as a second burning of Moscow cannot deprive a modern army of the means of existence. Let then the Russian war party bear in mind that a war with Germany will mean the crippling of Russia for many decades."

M. E. GOWAN.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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MAN AND HIS HANDIWORK. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. *London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1885.*—The object of Mr. Wood's interesting volume is to show how the productions of the highest civilisation have been developed, by successive stages, from man's earlier handiwork. The continuity exhibited by the progress of human invention is no less striking than the discontinuity observable between the highest animal and the lowest human contrivances. Certain animals can be taught to use simple tools, but no animal is known to have ever made a tool, or produced fire.

Whether Mr. Wood's explanation of this tremendous gulf between mankind and the inferior creation goes to the root of the matter, is, perhaps, questionable.

"The reason," he says, "is simple enough. Considering man simply as an animal, no animal but man is in need of tools, and no man can do without them.

"The animals which live upon vegetable food have only to go in search of it, and, having found it, to eat it without needing to prepare it. Those which live by hunting require no club wherewith to strike down their prey, no trap wherein to capture it, no spear or dagger wherewith to pierce it at close quarters, and no bow and arrow wherewith to destroy it at a distance."

Is there not, however, some confusion in the use of the word "need" as applied to the beginning of man's resort to tool-making? It can hardly be supposed, on the one hand, that an absolute necessity for the use of tools arose suddenly. Nor, on the other hand, can it be denied that there are cases in which advantage would be derived by animals from the use of tools. Man's need of tools throughout historic times is, indeed, practically absolute; but it can hardly be doubted that his extreme dependence in this respect is itself a result of development. Of the events which determined that development in its earliest stages, we have no record; but the probability seems to be that experience of the

advantage derivable from the use of some very simple form of tool, rather than any supreme need, was the original motive cause.

Though, again, we have no evidence of the making of a tool by any animal but man, we know nothing whatever of the capacities of man's immediate progenitors in this respect. One eminent archæologist, at least, is of opinion that the presence of rude flint-flakes in certain strata is not necessarily proof of the contemporary existence of man, as we know him.

"In the mid-Miocene strata in France," says Mr. Wood, "there have been discovered some flint-flakes and a rib of an extinct manatee, which bears marks of cuts artificially made. Those facts point to the conclusion that man must have lived in the mid-Miocene period, much earlier than his supposed date.

"Then, M. Gaudry points out that, although there are many relics of mammalia in the mid-Miocene strata, they are all of extinct species, and that no mammal then existing has survived to the present day. This is true enough; but from that fact he deduces a remarkable conclusion, *i.e.*, that, as no other mammal has survived, it is not likely that man alone could have done so, and therefore that man did not exist in the mid-Miocene.

"But what is to be said of the flint-flakes and cut rib? M. Gaudry's answer to this very awkward question is as follows:—Although man did not exist at that epoch, there was a large anthropoid ape, called the *Dryopithecus*, and M. Gaudry suggests that this ape may have chipped the flints and cut the rib!"

Mr. Wood characterises this reasoning as feeble. But, admitting it to be so, surely the opposite reasoning is equally feeble. The fact that none of the animals with which we are familiar, and which are not in the line of human descent, are known to have made tools, evidently does not justify the conclusion that an extinct ape, which was in the line of human descent, could not have made a tool.

The moment, indeed, that we abandon the theory of special creations and impassable gulfs, and accept that of continuous development, it becomes impossible to draw any hard and fast line between man and the anthropoid ape or apes which merged into man.

One of the earliest of human implements is probably the Australian digging stick, or *katta*, a mere pointed wooden rod, with the end hardened by fire, which is wonderfully efficient for digging porcupines out of their holes, and also for punching holes in trees to enable the natives to climb them. Another is the wooden pick



made in close imitation of the deer horn pick, consisting of part of the "beam" and front antler of a stag's horn. The digging stick would naturally develop into the spear, the lance and the javelin.

The precursor of the bow, again, was clearly the throwing stick, or the throwing cord, as used by the New Caledonians.

Even earlier, as a weapon, than the digging stick is, probably, the club, some of the simplest forms of which are to be found in Australia. A curious form of the club is the *merai* of the New Zealander, which is generally made of stone, for the sake of the weight, but sometimes of wood or bone, from twelve to eighteen inches only in length, with a sharp edge. The Figians employ an infinite variety of clubs, most of them heavy, two-handed weapons, and some of them formed on the principle of the Australian pick club.

The typical missile club is the "knob-kerri" of the South African Kafir, which is generally made of some heavy wood and averages about eighteen inches in length. This weapon is used both in war, at close quarters, after the assagais are expended, and for hunting purposes, and is hurled with great force and precision.

Even birds are successfully attacked with the knob-kerri, one hunter aiming a little above, and another a little below, the bird in its flight, the result being that the bird, diving to avoid the first weapon, is knocked over by the second.

"In the summer of 1861," says Mr. Wood, "a friend of mine accompanied me on a visit to the New Forest, where we were living in a very rough and ready style, occupying one of the keeper's 'lodges.' My companion, a Captain in the Royal Artillery, had been stationed for a considerable time in South Africa during the war, and also after its termination until the withdrawal of the troops. Having much leisure on his hands, he employed it like a wise man in acquiring the Zulu language, and learning to hunt in Kafir fashion.

"After we had been in the forest for a few days, he suggested that we should try this mode of procuring game. There were plenty of snipe in the marshy ground, and so, on July 1st, we started off, each carrying three or four knob-kerris, \* \* \* and in the course of the morning did succeed in killing one snipe. The bird fell to my friend's knob-kerri, which cut off the right wing; and smashed the right side of the head."

One of the most wonderful examples of savage ingenuity is the well-known boomerang of Australia. In its form and size there is a wonderful variety, hardly two being alike. It is essential that

it should be more or less curved, and also that the lower surface should be nearly flat, and the upper surface somewhat rounded, but the length, width and character of the curve are left to the fancy of the maker. It must not, however, be supposed that it is a simple business to make one of these weapons. It is an art which not every native can acquire, and which only a few can acquire in perfection.

• "The process," says Mr. Wood, "is a long and tedious one, the maker incessantly balancing the weapon in his hand, and chipping here and there as needed. It is as impossible for a beginner to make a good boomerang as for a novice to play one of Liszt's most elaborate compositions for the piano.

"Many natives are widely known for their skill in boomerang manufacture, and can command high prices for their weapons. One man, indeed, had attained such a name and became so rich, that he attained the rank of head chief of a district."

The feats performed by the natives in throwing the weapon approach the miraculous. To make it describe a great circle in the air and return to the thrower, if not easy, is a degree of skill within the power of a European to acquire. But this is nothing to what some Australians can do.

Mr. Wood mentions one, personally known to him, who could make the weapon perform two complete circles and behave in the air as if endowed with volition.

"As it flew through the air, the instrument looked alive, and it was scarcely possible for the spectator to divest himself of the idea that it was a winged creature choosing its own course, like a pigeon let loose from the loft.

"When the boomerang had completed its circle and returned to the thrower, I expected it to fall to the ground as usual; but, to my astonishment, the weapon proceeded to traverse another circle, and finally dropped into the hands of the thrower just as if it were a falcon returning to its master's wrist."

Natives have a way, too, of throwing the boomerang, so as to make it turn an obstacle, at a certain point, after rebounding from the ground, and so strike a concealed object, a feat which, by the way, the Kafir also can perform with the knob-kerri

Chapters on edged missiles, knives and chisels, daggers and swords, axes, adzes, and spears, the harpoon, the bow and arrow, the lasso and various other weapons follow, all full of interesting matter, and a multitude of domestic and agricultural implements and

contrivances are dealt with in great detail. There is also a remarkably interesting chapter on rude musical instruments.

JOURNAL OF THE UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA, VOL. XIV, No. 63. *Calcutta Central Press Company, Limited, Calcutta.*—The latest number of the *Journal of the United Service Institution of India* very ably sustains the reputation of that periodical. It is a matter of regret that so long a period intervenes, in some instances, between the reading of the papers before the Institution and their publication : for instance the two papers with which the number leads off were read respectively in the months of June and September of last year. The subjects dealt with in the number under notice are all of them of considerable importance. Mr. Molesworth's "Engineer Volunteer Corps for India" is full of sound advice which cannot be too soon acted on. "In these days of arms of precision," says Mr. Molesworth—

"It is impossible to overrate the importance of hasty entrenchments and field fortifications, and the utility of the volunteers in India is very greatly impaired by the neglect to provide an engineering element in the force. I would strongly urge that to every corps there should be a Sapper Company, exercised in engineering drill and manœuvres, and capable of undertaking defensive operations on scientific principles. I am moreover strongly of opinion that *every railway volunteer corps* should be converted into an engineer corps ; all that would be necessary to effect this conversion would be that certain military specialities should be added to the tools already in the railway stores ; that the officer should receive special instruction in the technicalities of military engineering ; and that the corps should go through a certain number of engineering drills.

The contingencies in which the services of volunteers may be required are :—

- 1st.—The invasion of the frontier.
- 2nd.—The landing of troops on the coast.
- 3rd.—Rebellion of the native population.

In the first contingency, the regular troops would doubtless be almost exclusively employed, but yet it might happen that small bodies of troops might unexpectedly debouch from some of the numerous unguarded passes and harass those portions of the country in which there might be only volunteers ; in such a case, the engineer staff corps of volunteers might be usefully employed, in defensive operations, to arrest the advance of the invaders, until the regular troops could arrive to relieve them.

Against the second contingency—that of troops landed on the sea-coast—it would only be necessary that those members of the "staff corps," who might be stationed near the coast, should be in a state of preparation ;

but all members of the staff corps should be prepared to meet the third contingency—that of the rising of the native population.

The country should, for volunteering purposes, be divided into districts, probably coincident with the present military commands, and the engineer staff corps should be under the orders of the commanding officer of each district.

Within these districts should be different centres, the head quarters of the different branches of the "staff corps." The places selected for such centres should be the large towns; and at these respective centres the members of the staff corps should assemble from time to time for drill, conference, and corps duties.

The first duty of the volunteer engineer staff corps, in case of an outbreak, would be to provide for the safety of the women and children.

At every centre, a place of rendezvous should be selected, which, in disturbed times, should be stocked with provisions, stores, ammunition, arms, disinfectants, and every thing necessary for a protracted defence. Arrangements should be made beforehand for calling in, when necessary, all the Europeans from outposts to the place of rendezvous, and the plan of defence should be carefully considered and planned beforehand, so that no time may be lost in constructing the defences, *on a well-considered plan*, and clearing the ground for action in the shortest time possible.

In the concluding portion of the paper Mr. Molesworth enters into the needful details for the formation of a Corps of Volunteer Engineer, and it is to be hoped that the importance of this branch of the Volunteer service will receive that attention which its importance demands.

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF VETERINARY SCIENCE IN INDIA, AND ARMY ANIMAL MANAGEMENT. *The Lawrence Asylum Press, Madras.*—The periodical continues to maintain its well-earned position as an exponent of veterinary science. The editorial, "The Horse in India," one of a series on the same subject, is well worth careful perusal. The veterinary reports are full, simple and suggestive. The Pathology of Camels is continued, and forms a most important contribution to the subject. The Veterinary Materia Medica of India is also continued in this issue, and the coloured illustrations possess all those high qualities which have distinguished the series from the commencement. Altogether the number is an admirable one, and merits the hearty support of every man in India who owns a horse.

"THE INDIAN FORESTER." *Printed at the Thomason Civil Engineering College Press, Roorkee*, Vol. XII, No. 7.—Under the very able editorship of Mr. W. R. Fisher, Officiating Director of the Forest School of Dehra Doon, this monthly continues its course of wide

usefulness and prosperity. Though the articles appeal chiefly to a class, and are of a more or less technical nature, they are expressed in sufficiently popular language to render them acceptable reading to all interested in Forestry. The July number continues the subject of "Forest Organization for Beginners," which has now reached the fifth Chapter. Forest Conservancy in Madras, Forestry at the Cape, "The Botanical Results of the Challenger Expedition," an extract of a review from *Nature*, and the usual Notes, Queries and Extracts make up a number which fairly reaches the usual standard of excellence of this publication.

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# THE CREAM

## Of the Monthly Reviews.

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### THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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**THE LIBERAL WRECK.**—The Government might have been saved, the writer thinks, from its recent defeat, if it had gauged at an earlier period the feelings of its supporters. Had the concessions announced by the Prime Minister at the Foreign Office been made by the Secretary for War in his speech in the House of Commons, the second reading of the Irish Government Bill would, he says, have been carried. To one man and one alone is the Liberal wreck due :

Only a few months have passed since the Prime Minister spoke of himself as an old Parliamentary hand. Is it conceivable that the rawest adept could have conducted his projects with greater rashness and greater want of success? The leader of an united party of three hundred and thirty-three finds himself in six months with a following of two hundred and twenty-eight, and is obliged to appeal to the country against a hundred of the men who reposed their confidence

in him in the autumn. The greatest master of Gladstonian English could not pretend to discover the outlines or the germs of the Irish Bills in the Midlothian Manifesto of last year, and yet with what ease some gap might have been indicated through which the obsequious members of the Liberal party might have jumped in unfailing succession. "Da pater augurium." Has Mr. Gladstone, late in life, resolved to imitate Prince Bismarck, who told Lord Odo Russell "that he was no friend to political conjecture, and preferred to make action dependent upon circumstances"?

Of Mr. Gladstone's treatment of his followers he says :

• Mr. Gladstone has no sympathy whatever, not a particle, not a jot of sympathy, with the men around or beneath him whose labours have built up his empire. Never does an exclamation of gratitude, a word of thanks, escape him for the self-sacrifice, for the devotion, that surround him. Has an adherent lost his seat? Mr. Gladstone regards him as an ambitious general might regard the loss of a camp-follower. The breath of the people is lost sight of in the more interesting contemplation of the people itself. Through all these debates Mr. Gladstone has never shown that he has had any conception of the demands he has made upon the loyalty of his party. They are units, items, food for powder, of value for strategical uses, weapons in the hand of a minister. The serried ranks must be hurled upon the enemy. If gaps are created, the elections will supply the vacancies ; the flowing tide obliterates all marks and conceals with kindly oblivion the ugly mishaps of the battle.

Of the manners of the late Parliament :

It is to be hoped that whether manners make the man or not, they do not make the Parliament. If they do, the late Parliament is to be pitied. The extension of the suffrage in 1867 produced a great change in the habits and customs of the House of Commons, but the elections of last autumn produced a revolution in this respect which was best understood by those who were conversant with the past traditions of Parliamentary life. No one wishes to see sumptuary laws in vogue, and yet the House in its collective capacity of representative intelligence and social decorum might fitly claim a respect which would be accorded to any village meeting. While Sir Henry James was speaking in the late debate, and arguing questions of high constitutional importance, opponents gave vent to their criticisms by crying out "Legal quibbles!" as though the constitution of the kingdom were some technical abstraction, the outcome of a lawyer's brief. Rude interpolations and contradictions, uncouth gestures and noises and indecent laughter, gained for their authors an easy notoriety. The mild rule of the Speaker and the gentle entreaties of the Sergeant-at-Arms were powerless to cope with the excited and frenzied surge that broke through all precedents on the night of the memorable 7th of June. The pushing, yelling, mob would have been amenable to force alone, a remedy to which, in spite of all aphorisms to the contrary, Cæsar appeals with never-failing success at home. The scene could not have been a pleasant one to those accustomed to other days ; the thin varnish of respectability was gone ; the savage stood revealed. We wonder whether cheers were ever asked for in the last century for the great Commoner at the close of a debate. The next Parliament may be expected to diversify its proceedings by the interpolation of toasts, and perhaps of comic songs.

Referring to the probability that Mr. Gladstone will not meet the new Parliament as Prime Minister, he says :

The future of the Government of this country will even then depend equally upon his action or inaction. Should he abstain from action, Lord Hartington's following will be materially increased and his course rendered easier, while on the other hand, if he leads the Opposition and sustains the Irish, a bitterness of strife will be engendered to which English history suggests no parallel, and the consequences of which none can foresee.

Among the very few men whose reputation has been enhanced by the events of the last few months is Lord Hartington :

Private animosities are known to have had no influence on his action. His attitude during this session has in no degree alienated the respect of the Radicals towards him, and he has never risen so high as in his speech on the first reading of the Irish Bill. Whatever the future may have in store for us, though Elijah's mantle may be buried with him, Lord Hartington must remain a great controlling power in our political life.

THE NOVELISTS AND THEIR PATRONS.—With slight exceptions no one buys books now-a-days. It is Mr. Mudie and those who imitate him who supply the wants of the reading public. Whether the present system is the best for the public, the writers, the publishers, or even the circulating libraries, is another question. The writer doubts whether it is profitable to any class intellectually or pecuniarily.

Borrowing books instead of buying them has become so ingrained in people's habits that even when an illiterate *nouveau riche* is furnishing and lavishing money in vain show, it never occurs to him to decorate with book-bindings.

He buys "veritable" old masters and more authentic moderns at fanciful figures ; he sets up marble nymphs and fauns on his stair-landings, and garnishes his *salons* with questionable china ; but it never strikes him that well-furnished book-shelves give a homelike air to his house. Possibly, as he has made his money by looking after the main chance, there may be some reason in that seeming inconsistency, for if the old masters were genuine they should fetch their prices at a sale. The authenticated moderns might mount in value, like the vintage clarets he has laid down in his cellars ; while if he were to bring the promiscuous contents of his book-shelves to the hammer, they must be thrown away at a tremendous sacrifice.

Perhaps the best customers of the booksellers are to be found among overtasked men.

There are hard-working barristers, doctors, and writers who seek refreshment for the jaded but craving brain by losing themselves for a time in the world of imagination. They are fastidious or capricious in the tastes they have ample room for indulging, as they have no leisure to spend money on "amusements," and no inclination for social dissipation. So sometimes they positively buy the fictions they fancy, though even these intellectual sybarites may fall into the



fashion of the day, and make special arrangements, on exceptional terms, with the libraries.

As for authors and publishers, the restricted sale must be injurious to both alike. Every one knows that the advertised price of the thirty-one and six penny or the twenty-one shilling novel is purely fictitious. The best of them may be sold to the libraries with the usual trade reductions, but in nine cases out of ten the terms are probably a matter of bargain. Yet a private purchaser would have to pay down the quoted price, or at the most he might bargain for the trade discount. Consequently there are no private sales, and the author depends absolutely on purchases by the libraries.

The general rage for reform has never touched the novel market. Its prices perpetuate the traditions of the good old golden days, when novel writers were relatively rarer than novel readers, which is saying a great deal. But when Constable could afford to give Scott £6,000 or £8,000 for a *Guy Mannering* or an *Old Mortality*, he had the assurance of "being brought handsomely home" by the sales. The public, if it was eager to read, had no option but to pay; and on the announcement of some new masterpiece by the magician of the north, the guineas and the half-guineas came rolling across the counters. Scott lived to see many imitators, who matched him at his own weapons, as he modestly complained. But it was a crucial test of a writer's capacity when he had to find a thousand or more private buyers with thirty shillings to spare; and the art, submitted to that searching pecuniary test, could scarcely fall far beneath a certain level. Much later in the century, although the libraries had begun to flourish, the field was still left comparatively open. As yet there was no great crush of competition, and rich profits were to be reaped. There were still fresh veins to be struck, and men of talent might practically patent the privilege of working their "claim." So Bulwer made a great success with *Pelham* or the *Adventures of a Gentleman*, when he masked a muscular athlete under a man of fashion, and took him into the thieves' dens of Eastern London. Harrison Ainsworth did extremely well with the thrilling sensations of his highwaymen and housebreakers, and with what Thackeray called his light and playful fancies of his plague-stricken patients on their death-beds and his torture-chambers in the Tower. Nay, even our good old friend, G. P. R. James, with the mild historical romances, which he multiplied at will, fixed the taste of a capricious public for his lifetime; though now it is to be feared he is well-nigh forgotten, or is only recalled to mind by his *Heidelberg*, which sells in the Tauchnitz collection. The veteran Ainsworth, who was writing only yesterday, lived to witness a lamentable change. The publishers, who had freely drawn cheques for thousands in his prime, had come to hesitate over hundreds, or suggest depressingly speculative ventures in half-profits, when he offered them his latest wares. Yet, in the meantime, an immense though ephemeral impulse had been given to the sale of novels by issuing them in shilling serial form. Dickens and Thackeray had deservedly become the rage. The new numbers of the *David Copperfields* and the *Vanity Fairs* were to be seen upon every drawing-room table. We know

from Forster's *Life* that the sales of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and of *Barnaby Rudge* mounted to sixty thousand and seventy thousand. Even then, on second thoughts, it seems to have struck the public that, binding included, these masterpieces in twenty numbers were dear at the money. For the sale of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which Dickens asserted to be by far the best of his books, had fallen at the start to twenty thousand, though it was subsequently increased when he shipped his hero to America. The fashion did not last, though Lever imitated it, and indeed it could only be carried on by first rate men, who at the same time were rival popular favourites. The only recent example has been the issue of *Altiora Peto* in four successive instalments, which was certainly successful; but then the author of *Piccadilly* has made his mark in many ways, and is so far an exceptional man. The market for costly serials has been destroyed by the competition of the cheap shilling or six-penny magazines, which give marvellous value for the money, and are sometimes most artistically illustrated. Mr. Black or Mr. Besant would make a desperate venture now, even if they brought out a more charming *Princess of Thule* or a more original *Chaplain of the Fleet* in the familiar shape of the shilling monthly issue.

The novelist now-a-days has an uphill game from first to last. In any case he must be prepared to face many disappointments, and he must have private means to hold out on if he hopes to stay.

The successful novelist, who goes forward with reasonable confidence, must have gradually formed a public for himself, who are sure to ask for his books in any case. His reputation may stand the strain of an occasional feeble story, but he dare not take a succession of liberties or make a series of mistakes. He must have a certain versatility, for the public is capricious. His health may break down of a sudden, and then his occupation is gone when the magic wand is broken. All these things the prudent aspirants to success will carefully weigh and consider; and when he sums up, the conclusion of the whole matter is, that some three or four writers of the first distinction do fairly well, although far less well than formerly; that even the novelists of well-established popularity hold it on a nervously precarious tenure; while behind and beneath them is the swarming and hustling ruck who, even if they be "placed" in one heat, land but a trifling stake, and may be nowhere on the next public appearance. That view of the situation is not over-coloured, and certainly it is no ways encouraging.

The two or three writers who have climbed to the top of the tree may be said to be independent, but with the rising author it is very different.

In contemplating the sale of his book he must count with a variety of chances. He is told that the only way to make it pay is to pass it through a serial of some sort. The editors even of the most literary of the monthlies prefer on the whole to have a monthly sensation; and in any case they insist that the opening numbers of a story shall give promise of the interest to come. The editors of the weekly journals, who arrange for popular novels now-a-days by forming syndicates, naturally demand incessant action, sharply drawn scenes, and crisp, telling dialogue, while the editors of illustrated journals seek chiefly for subjects for dramatic illustrations. The unfortunate speculator is bound to

consider all that, and he stretches his favourite characters on a Procrustean bed, while he subordinates his plot and his episodes to conflicting calculations. Nor is that the worst. The novel, with an eye to independent publication in book form, must be spun out to the regulation length. In the first place, the public have been brought to expect it. In the second place, the book has to bear a heavy load of advertising. It costs as much to advertise three volumes as two or a single one; but in the case of a one-volume issue, the profits are nearly swallowed by the advertising. Were a man to write with a single eye to pleasure and fame, we suspect he would seldom publish in serials at all, though by not doing so he not merely sacrificed money, but missed his best opportunity of advertising himself. But if the ablest of second-class novelists were to publish straight off in book form, he would have small cause for congratulation over his publisher's balance-sheet, unless his novel had gone to a second edition.

One cause of the depressed state of the novel market is the glut of inferior works brought out by publishers at the risk of the authors. It would be a long step in the right direction were it possible to suppress this system.

There are firms who use stereotyped circulars in reply to aspirants ambitious of the honours of print. Precise terms are formulated in these as to the conditions of publication and the rate of payment, the date, and amount of successive instalments. A sum of £40, more or less, is usually demanded from an author to cover the expense of publishing a single-volume novel, and the returns, if any, on the sale are divided between author and publisher, two-thirds to the former and one-third to the latter. The chances of lucrative profits are rather remote, it is to be feared.

By way of illustration, I may give the approximate results of an arrangement of this kind actually carried out. There the author advanced £90 for the publication of a three-volume novel, which had merit enough to command a fair circulation. The proceeds of the sale were £200. Deducting £40 for expenses of advertising, £160 were left for division. The publisher took his third—say, £53—so that the net gain to the author was £17, although he might perhaps think himself exceptionally fortunate in recovering his guarantee money. Yet £17 seems but a modest return for the time, the thought, and the labour expended; and it is hard to conceive how writers should try again and again, who, having met with nothing but discouragement from readers and reviewers, have repeatedly sacrificed their deposits into the bargain. But that many of them must persevere is tolerably certain, for no fewer than seventy-five novels were published this year, between New Year's Day and the middle of April, while the unlucky number of thirteen appeared, in a single week, in the month of May.

We seem to be fixed hard and fast in a groove; and if we are to get out of it, it can only, the writer thinks, be in the direction of a general lowering of prices. The fashion of shilling volumes cannot possibly last, for it can never pay. The profit on each copy being only two-pence to be shared between author and publisher, a sale of even fourteen thousand copies, which is very good for a novelist of some note, only gives £116 to be divided.

It may be taken for granted that there is no middle course between the present fantastical prices and really cheap works; and as to the success of the latter system the greatest difference of opinion exists. Cheap reprints of fairly popular books, it is said, barely clear their expenses. But there is, at all events, one striking example to the contrary.

George Meredith is perhaps the most brilliant of living novelists. He is a poet as well as a writer of romance, and his pages invariably sparkle with bright and subtle fancy. Consequently he never seemed to have hit the taste of a public which neither appreciated nor comprehended him. He long refused to make an appeal in more popular form, on the principle, I presume, of not throwing his pearls to the pigs, though he was not so uncivil as to say so much. At least he gave a reluctant consent, and it is much to the credit of English readers that he has had no reason to regret his decision, for very much to his own surprise, the cheap edition of his novels is selling wonderfully well.

The analogy of France, where the novel in yellow paper at three francs and-a-half monopolises the market, is hopeful.

Gaboriau, Alphonse Daudet, Zola—all the writers who expect to be read by everybody—have been content with the immense circulation at the ordinary tariff for French novels; as they well may be, since the sums they receive must make the mouths of our most successful novelists water. Before the issue of one of their books has well been announced, it seems already to be in its tenth or twentieth edition; nor can that swift succession of editions be a simple trick of the trade, for no mystery is made of the sums paid to the authors. Yet it cannot be said that the French are a reading people. There are no circulating libraries as with us, and what books they want they must buy. Baccarat or dominoes—the life in the *cercles* or the *cafés*—is fatal to the long, slow evenings at home, when the novel is most naturally in demand. Who ever saw a Frenchman prepare for a long railway journey by supplementing his handful of journals with a stock of light fiction? Probably the explanation is to be found in the fact that French novels sell freely in foreign countries. If the author has made a name, and if his books are popular, from two thousand to three thousand are disposed of in Russia, one thousand to two thousand are exported to England, while the United States, South America, and other Continental countries besides Russia, all become customers to a considerable extent. But that foreign demand does not help the beginner; and every Englishman has a better chance of making his way among the English-speaking races in the wealthy British colonies. Anglo-Indians have ample time on their hands; Australians and Canadians have both time and money. Surely it follows that, if cheap novels sell so freely across the Channel, the sale ought to be at least as great with ourselves. We are told that hard-headed and rough-handed Englishmen detest the flimsy paper covers, which seem to swindle them by involving the necessity for rebinding. That is a minor, though it may be an important, detail; and strong boards might be substituted for those slight wrappers. But if a variety of reasonably fascinating novels were to be launched simultaneously in an attractive uniform, we believe that they would have a good sale from the first, and that the sales would increase in arithmetical progression.

as people became familiarised with the custom. The bright volumes would force themselves into notice everywhere; they would be arranged in tempting rows on every bookstall and in each bookseller's window. What well-to-do admirer of Mr. Besant, Mr. Black, or Mr. Payn, with a spare three shillings and sixpence in his pocket, could resist the temptation of securing the company of his favourite author to beguile the hours of solitary travel? When once he had been reconciled to the new extravagance, the practice would grow upon him like the habit of smoking or the vice of drinking. As for ladies, with the less calculating impulsiveness of their temperaments, they would be still safer customers within the limits of their means. Were the example once set we may assume, from our knowledge of human nature, that it would be almost universally followed. Every one would be asking every one else—"Have you read Mr. So-and-So's new novel?" and an answer in the negative would imply not only want of taste, but a want of ready money, which is far more discreditable.

**HISTORY IN "PUNCH."**—*Mr. Punch's* volumes, remarks the writers, serve as an excellent chorus to the political and social history of the last half century. The present paper deals with that part of the chorus which concerns the thirteen years from 1841, when *Punch* made his first appearance, to 1854.

Volume I. takes us back to the last days of hackney coaches and the infancy of railways. Barely three weeks before *Punch* saw the light, the G. W. R. had opened its line from London to Bristol, and among his first articles is one on a journey by a Birmingham railway train, in which he sportively proposes the compressed three-volume novel for railway reading.

The Lord Mayor's barge and the old Fleet Prison were then institutions, and the men in armour, and the band playing "Jim along Josey."

The great event of the year was the birth of the Prince of Wales on Lord Mayor's day. From the first hour of his life *Punch* took a good fatherly interest in the Heir Apparent, and has since followed every step in his career with the utmost concern. The humour of the period was less refined than that of our day, and a contributor expressed a hope that, if the Royal parents were blessed with twins, the affair "would not be made a matter of political arrangement."

Miss Adelaide Kemble was singing on the operatic stage in *Norma*. The names that crop up in the earliest numbers are Sir Francis Burdett, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Cobden and Wakley. The old Chelsea bunhouse existed, and Battersea was a swamp. "Evans's, late Joy's," the Coalhole, Dr. Johnson's Tavern, and the Cider Cellars, and "Judge and Jury" were in full swing.

Among the things that served as butts for *Punch* were the fountains in Trafalgar Square and the Nelson Column, which, he

would have it, was built from foundation to summit by one man and a boy.

The little Kensington Railway was a constant source of chaff, and was known as *Punch's* railway. It was represented as completely without traffic, the space between the rails utilised for cabbage beds and the telegraph wires to hang clothes on to dry. The Wellington statue and the equestrian effigy in Leicester Square afterwards became no less favourite objects of ridicule.

The first prominent notice of Disraeli appears in Vol. VII, page 269, where there is a poem, adapted from Hood's "Ben," commencing :

"Young Ben, he was a nice young man, an author by his trade,  
He fell in love with Poly Tics, and soon an M. P. made.  
He was a Radical one day, •  
But met a Tory crew,  
His Poly Tics he cast away,  
And then turned Tory too."

In 1846 the calling out of the Militia afforded *Punch* considerable amusement. In the same year *Punch* shows Albert Edward at the age of five wearing a man-of-war's costume and offering a tar a glass of grog in which to "drink mamma's health."

In 1847 "Lucy Neal" and "Ole Dan Tucker" were the favourite songs, and Ethiopian serenaders were all the rage.

Chartism shows itself prominently in *Punch's* pages during the year 1848.

*Mr. Punch* covered with ridicule the self-appointed leaders of the roughs ; but for the principles of the Charter he showed a certain sympathy, arguing that the movement was not altogether unpopular even in the most aristocratic circles. Thus, the working-man tendering the petition to Lord John Russell in one of *Punch's* cartoons, is an intelligent respectable artisan, and the answer of the Minister is not particularly severe. Lord John is represented to be replying in the character of a servant of Her Majesty. "My mistress says she hopes you won't call a meeting of her creditors ; but if you will leave your bill in the usual way, it shall be properly attended to." The allusion to the "meeting of creditors," no doubt had reference to the unsettled state of the Continent and the hot-headed proposal to call for foreign aid. The cartoon was entitled—"Not so, very unreasonable !!! Eh?"

During the various revolutions of the year, *Punch's* sympathies were with the oppressed nationalities.

In 1848 Prince Louis Napoleon came a second time to the front.

*Mr. Punch*, who had already formed a very unfavourable opinion of him, hoped that his second descent upon France would be less ridiculous than his first attempt. It is a tradition that when, during the *entente cordiale*, the Emperor

and Empress paid a visit to Her Majesty in London, two cartoons were suggested at the *Punch* table to celebrate the event. The first was heroic, representing Britannia welcoming the nephew of the great Napoleon to her shores; the second, a "brushed-up," refugee-looking individual ringing at the front-door bell of Buckingham Palace, with the legend, "who would have thought it!" The second was selected.

The Jenny Lind fever was at its height, and *Punch* shows the state to which his own noble person was reduced after a crush. The following year Sontag and Lablache were singing, and the whole cast is given. Crinoline had fairly commenced, and gentlemen wore cravats tied in enormous bows.

In 1849 *Punch* represents a lady "hearing music by electric telegraph," thus anticipating the invention of the telephone by thirty years.

In 1850 we find *Punch* advocating the claims of "Horatia, the daughter of Nelson."

The publication of Carlyle's *Latter Day Pampblets* about this time provokes his serious remonstrance, the pamphlets being declared nothing but "barking and froth."

It was hinted that Carlyle was suffering from *rabies*, and that until he was in a more healthful frame of mind, he should be deprived of the use of paper and goose-quills.

The threatened blockade of the "Piræus" by the English fleet produced *Punch's* only unflattering picture of the British Lion.

*Mr. Punch* is depicted pulling the noble beast by the ear (who whimpers in consequence of such unexpected treatment), and in the presence of a weeping Greek schoolboy is heard asking the insulting question—"Why he [the British Lion] doesn't hit some one of his own size?" This, doubtless, recorded the popular feeling at the time, and that was enough in this instance for *Mr. Punch*. History has since repeated itself, but *Mr. Punch* is not very likely to offer now-a-days his remonstrances to the British Lion about a matter which has, in 1886, received the sanction of public opinion.

*Punch* at first treated Prince Albert's project of the Exhibition of 1851 with good natured contempt, but turned round when his friend, Sir Joseph Paxton, was appointed architect.

In the year 1850 the "Papal Aggression" coming on the top of the scare about Puseyism sent John Bull off his head.

Then there was a grand flourish in a cartoon where *Punch* represents John Russell as the David going to fight the Goliath of Rome, Dr. Wiseman. We do not remember another instance of a purely scriptural subject affording material for one of *Mr. Punch's* cartoons. In this picture *Punch* and John Bull were applauding and backing up "Lord Jack," who is represented as a real plucky hero. But what was the result? Why, within eight weeks Dr. Wiseman had fitted on his Cardinal's hat, and was in quiet possession, and *Punch* had a cartoon an immortal cartoon, drawn by John Leech, representing Lord John Russell as

the little sneaking, frightened, mischievous street boy, "who chalked up 'No Popery,' and then ran away." And when England was calm once more, and men were in their right minds, the Sage of Fleet Street looked round and found that he had lost one of his best men, Richard Doyle.

In 1851 the Bloomer Craze occupied a good deal of *Punch's* attention. The advertisement-van nuisance reached its height, and London cabs were the subject of great complaint.

The "Briggs" series provides us with pictures of English sport.

• Lord Palmerston makes his first appearance this year as "The Judicious Bottleholder" in the affair between "Nick the Bear" and "Young Europe." •

The year finished with the *coup d'etat* :

*Mr. Punch* expresses the popular English opinion at the time, in his cartoon representing the Republic bound and helpless, and guarded by a French soldier. The legend is "France is tranquil." Jeames of the *Morning Post* is represented in a small cut by John Leech, as cleaning the Emperor Napoleon's boots. Lord Chamberlain Breadalbane interferes with the liberty of pantomime, and is considerably chaffed in consequence. The last cartoon of the year represents Louis Napoleon recklessly galloping a blind horse towards the edge of a precipice, which a fingerpost indicates as the road "to glory." It is by Leech, and is called "A Beggar on Horseback, or the Brummagem Bonaparte out for a Ride."

For the first six months of 1852, there are very few political cartoons in which Dizzy does not appear, and John Bright is introduced in Quaker costume, examining through an eye-glass the new-born baby (New Reform Bill) and pronouncing it "not quite such a fine child as the last."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" furnishes a subject for a cartoon in which Dizzy appears as Topsy.

In 1853 long frock-coats and big coats with enormous sleeves came into fashion.

We see now the original of the Lord Dundreary aristocratic swell, with weeping whiskers and military moustache (he is evidently in the army), and like his prototype, Sir Fwædewick Blunt in Bulwer's *Money*, he refuses to pronounce his "r's," and assumes a languid haw-haw manner of speaking. This type culminated in Lord Dundreary.

"Turkey in Danger," a cartoon representing the Russian bear, hugging a turkey in a fez, is the first hint given of the Eastern difficulty, and later on we have "The Emperor's Cup for 1853."

Later in the year fashions are changing.

The large ties are becoming smaller and the collars are growing larger. In women, the bonnets are being worn farther and farther back off the head, until one of the artists, neither Leech nor Tenniel, shows a gentleman of the period in large collars and small tie, facing a lady with her hair smoothed down in bands and surmounted by a plait, the bonnet being quite off the head. Another young man



is wasting away because "*She* is lost to him for ever!" "Who?" He answers "The woman who starched this collar!"

In 1854 the year opens with a cartoon, in which *Mr. Punch* warns Prince Albert, who is skating, off a part of the ice which is marked "Foreign Affairs Dangerous." *Mr. Punch* is very severe on *Faust and Marguerite*, as produced by Charles Kean at the Princess's, saying that "as a piece of show and mechanism (wires unseen) it will draw the eyes of the town, especially the eyes that have least brains behind them."

"Everything of life and beauty," writes the critic, "has been extracted, and a *caput mortuum*—that is, Charles Kean's *Mephistopheles*—remains." *Mr. Punch's* young men are not quite as unpleasantly plain-spoken as this now-a-days. Kean's *Mephistopheles* had not Goethe's tone, but it was a light, Frenchified, sneering, comic devil, and was one of the best things this actor ever played.

The uniform of the British soldier comes in for a great deal of ridicule.

*Mr. Punch* devotes one quarter of a page to showing "the New Albert Bonnet for the Guards," and another to an absurd figure supposed to represent "the British Grenadier as improved by His Royal Highness Prince Albert, decidedly calculated to frighten the Russians." The police are allowed to grow beards, the militia are ordered out, *Mr. Punch* "werry much applauding" their readiness to serve; and in order to hurry the authorities into doing something to ameliorate the sufferings of the private soldier in his absurd uniform, *Mr. Punch* gives a single figure of Tommy Atkins, half choked by his stock and unable to move on account of straps and buckles, dropping his musket because his "head's coming off!"

The Cochín-China Craze furnishes the subject for a very funny picture by Leech showing the great excitement of an entire family on hearing that the Cochín-China had laid an egg, and the volume for the first half of 1854 ends with a cartoon exhibiting the Earl of Aberdeen polishing the Czar's boots, with the legend "Not a Nice Business."

NATURAL LAWS AND THE HOME RULE PROBLEM.—Of the two forces which operate to produce dynamic equilibrium in human society, the centrifugal and the centripetal, the centripetal, in the long run, is the more powerful.

First, individuals came together in families; then these families bound themselves together in clans or village communities, and afterwards these larger aggregates united to form nations. And this process of consolidation and enlargement is still going on. It is evident that, *ceteris paribus*, those nations must survive in the struggle for existence which possess the largest territory and boast of the most numerous population. Already the nation, as we understand the word, is being superseded by the empire. On the west the United States, and on the east Russia, dwarf the other peoples of Christendom. England, indeed, is the only European nation which can

ever hope to rival these empires in power. And England can only then hope to live in the struggle with them if she manage to bind her colonies to her and so become a great Federation of States. Great Britain to-day is under the imperious necessity of consolidating her empire and so increasing her strength.

Moreover, the cause which during the present century has so enormously strengthened the centripetal tendency is still at work. Steam and electricity, by diminishing distance, have prepared a way for the establishment of empires on a scale inconceivable in the past, and the improvement of these inventions is still proceeding at such a rate that distance is rapidly losing its significance.

Considering the action of these forces as it affects the connexion of Ireland with Great Britain, the writer remarks :

First of all, it is apparent that in the struggle between social organisms, which are rapidly increasing in size, Ireland, as an independent State, can scarcely hope to survive. Ireland is too small to live in the struggle, even with such nations as France or Great Britain or Italy, to say nothing of such organisms as Russia or America. It may here be objected that Switzerland manages to survive in the struggle, and yet Switzerland is smaller even than Ireland, and, in spite of her protecting belt of mountains, is still more unfortunately situated than Ireland. But Switzerland is not protected so efficiently by her natural defences as she is by the mutual jealousies of her neighbours, and it may yet come to pass that Germany, France, and Italy may agree to divide Switzerland, just as Prussia, Russia, and Austria agreed to partition Poland. Nay, the fact that Switzerland falls naturally into three parts, French, German, and Italian Switzerland, makes this event more than probable. But Ireland is not protected by any such jealousies ; Ireland is exposed, undefended and indefensible, to England's might, to the necessity laid upon England of consolidating and strengthening her empire. So imperative, indeed, is this necessity that it might well be argued by those who know how natural laws tend constantly to assert themselves, that it may become the bounded duty of England—as it would even now be to her profit—to make Ireland an integral part of the English body-politic, if in no other way, then by deliberately expatriating the Celtic population and colonising Ireland from Cork to Donegal with Englishmen and Scotchmen.

Men who shrink from any such conclusion as this, and talk of re-establishing Grattan's Parliament or something like it, do either wilfully disregard or, it seems to me, are ignorant of the change in all the essential conditions of the problem which the last hundred years have wrought. A century ago the population of Great Britain was scarcely treble that of Ireland, and this proportion continued unchanged until about 1850. Now the population of Great Britain is six or seven times as numerous as that of Ireland, and therefore, Great Britain, if the law of gravitation holds good, must attract Ireland to-day twice as strongly as she did a century ago or even forty years ago, because the proportion of relative "mass" has altered in this ratio. Further, the distance separating the two countries has during this century been diminished quite enormously. For all practical purposes Ireland is to-day ten times

nearer to Great Britain than she was a century ago. If we take, then, both these considerations of "mass" and distance into account, Great Britain must be drawing Ireland to her now with quite two hundred-fold the force she could exert in 1786.

The conclusion to which the study of natural laws leads the writer is thus finally stated :

If the Irish were a homogeneous race, and well-disposed towards Great Britain, much the same measure of strictly local self-government should be conceded to them as is demanded by Scotland. But the Irish are not a homogeneous people, and are manifestly ill-disposed towards Great Britain and the British connection. In these circumstances, it is for the professional politician, and for him alone, to determine in his wisdom whether any extension whatever of local self-government can, at present, with safety, be accorded to Ireland. He knows, as no one else knows, how the Celtic Irish have recently used the small measure of self-government which they now possess. They have used it to defy the law, to overturn social order, and to attack the rights of property. Even Mr. John Morley acknowledged at Newcastle, on the 22nd instant that popular opinion now in Celtic Ireland "shields the perpetrators of abominable outrages." But what does Burke say to this? Burke, the object of Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Morley's admiration, tells us that : "Liberty, the only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order ; that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them. It inheres in good and steady government, as in its substance and vital principle." I think, therefore, that in Lord Salisbury's recent speeches is laid down the best and only wise policy to be pursued now in regard to Ireland, and I believe that the concessions proposed by Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain represent the maximum of local self-government which could ever be accorded to Ireland consistently with the welfare of Great Britain.

**BEHIND THE SCENES.**—The writer of this paper, who "never took the Fenian oath," but has "always been more or less in the swim," makes some startling disclosures regarding the development and character of the Irish National League.

Referring to the Phoenix Park murders, of all complicity in which he exonerates Mr. Parnell, the writer says :

My own eyes were not fully opened at that time to the true character of the Land League. I was in London early in 1882, and some of the doings at the League Office in Bridge Street, opposite Westminster Hall, made me uneasy. It was not till the following year I got hold of facts to confirm my suspicions. Frank Byrne was Secretary to the English branch of the League ; his office was a room opening out of the Office of the Irish Parliamentary party, and Mr. Parnell used this room for his private business as being quieter than the other. The knives with which the murders were committed were bought with the money of the Leaguers. They were first given to a Fenian cobbler to cover them with leather sheathes, and from his shop they were carried to the Office of the League by the brother of the Secretary of the League, and there they lay until they were entrusted to the wife of the Secretary of the League to convey them to Dublin. Carey received them from her hands. He knew her well, but when confronted

with her he refused to say the word which would have placed her in the dock for murder. Her own explanation was that "God must have either blinded his eyes or softened his heart." The day before her arrest in London her sister-in-law, Miss Maggie Byrne, was over here, and took back £200 from the Treasurer of the League to enable the Secretary and organisers of the League to make good their escape to America. Egan himself bolted soon afterwards.

Why should all these men have absconded, and why should the League Treasurer have found the money to enable them to abscond, if they were guiltless, or if the proof of their guilt would not have compromised the League? Did Mr. Parnell know all this? While the plot was hatching, no, most certainly not; he was safe in Kilmainham, and in common with his fellow-prisoners he must be held absolutely guiltless. But what I found out afterwards many others knew as well as myself, and he had better means of knowing than any of us. I was one of those who tried to get an audit of the fund, but no honest audit has ever been allowed. There was a sham audit by Priest, Sheehy, Mr. Dillon, M.P., and Mr. Matthew Harris, M.P.; but this was not meant to satisfy, but only to silence the inquisitive. I suppose they saw some sort of voucher for every item in Egan's account, but there was no attempt to test the genuineness of these vouchers, or to trace the application of the money. Between October 1879 and October 1882, the money, the receipt of which Egan acknowledged, amounted to £244,820. Four-fifths of this sum came from America, and a little shuffling in the exchange of dollars into pounds sterling would have sufficed to provide a "secret service fund." The Government *de jure* had such a fund; why should not the Government *de facto* possess one also?

The Irish National League, which is to-day the *de facto* Government of Ireland, is, it is stated, the Land League revived, but with two important differences:

First, its "platform" is laid with far greater definiteness; and further, while "Land Law Reform" is relegated to the second place, national self-government is made the principal plank—"the restitution to the Irish people of the right to manage their own affairs in a Parliament elected by the people of Ireland." Nor can this be explained to mean no more than is generally understood by *local self-government*, for "local self-government," is the third article in the constitution of the League, defined much in the same way as in Mr. Chamberlain's election address, but including the abolition of the vicereignty, and "the substitution of local for imperial control in the appointment and management of the police." The meaning of this is clear. It was to gain national independence for Ireland that Mr. Parnell took off his coat. As he said in Cincinnati, "None of us will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England."

But, says the writer, it is in the secret history of the Convention at Philadelphia that the true inwardness of the movement is to be learned.

The real object of the meeting, the occasion of which was the third Annual Convention of the Irish Land League of America was to reconstitute that Association on the lines laid down at the Dublin Conference. The danger was lest the Clan-na-Gael should find the

control of the movement pass into other hands ; this danger their splendid organisation enabled them to surmount.

By the call for the convention, which was signed by Egan and two of the Clan-na-Gael leaders, "all Irish American temperance, mutual benefit, charitable, literary, musical, and patriotic organisations" were invited to send delegates, and the object of the congress was declared to be, *inter alia*, to make "efforts to recover for our mother-land the God-given and inalienable right of national independence ; and [it went on to say] that these efforts may be guided by the best counsels of all our people, and be made powerful by their combined strength, to blend into one organisation all the Irish Societies of the United States and Canada, the new organisation to be affiliated with the Irish National League of Ireland, of which Charles Stewart Parnell is the President."

Now every Clan-na-Gael Lodge in America is ostensibly a "Mutual Benefit Society" of some sort, with a public name ; and acting under secret instructions from the executive body, every Lodge sent a delegate to represent it under its public appellation. And further, Clan-na-Gael men in many cases obtained nominations from other Societies. Every Clan-na-Gael delegate was directed to report himself on arrival at an address given in the secret circular of instructions ; and when the appointed day arrived the leader of the Fenian organisation had the satisfaction of discovering that the plot was entirely successful ; he commanded a clear majority in the Convention.

On the 25th April 1883, the Land League Meeting was held. Both Brennan and Egan were present and spoke, the one the Secretary, the other the Treasurer of the Irish Land League. Brennan's language is noteworthy : "Though the name of the Land League should be changed," he said, "its principles should not cease to be felt. They must continue on the lines in which they had started till the last vestige of landlordism and foreign rule—the twin gaolers of the Irish race—are swept out of the country." Egan was equally outspoken : "I think I can promise," he declared, "that the movement which has already accomplished so much will, in its new form, and under the able and sagacious guidance of Charles Stewart Parnell, lead us very soon to the ardently wished-for goal of national self-government."

The Clan-na-Gael delegates held a Caucus Meeting that night and the Meeting of the Convention the next day was opened by an address from Alexander Sullivan of Chicago, who happened to be President of the Clan-na-Gael organisation.

His address, concluded as follows :

"In the spirit in which Robert Emmet died we live ; in his words, we are 'determined upon delivering our native country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny,' and 'to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth.'"

This man, Sullivan, it should be noted, was Mr. Parnell's chief bottle-holder in the West, when he visited America.

In his message, read at the Convention, the Irish leader said :

"I have perfect confidence that by prudence, moderation, and firmness the cause of Ireland will continue to advance ; and though persecution rests heavily

upon us at present, before many years have passed, we shall have achieved those great objects *for which through many centuries our race has struggled.*"

These objects are not local self-government, not a parliament such as Mr. Gladstone offers, but nothing less than entire and absolute independence.

Among the resolutions adopted by the Convention was the following :

"Be it resolved, that the English Government in Ireland ..... has no moral right whatever to exist in Ireland, and that it is the duty of the Irish race throughout the world to sustain the Irish people in the employment of all legitimate means to substitute for it national self-government. Resolved, that we pledge our unqualified and constant support, moral and material, to our countrymen in Ireland in their efforts to recover national self-government."

At the Convention the Clan-na-Gael pledged themselves to take up the work of the O'Donovan Ressa clique, and Sullivan was appointed President of the new National League, Mr. Parnell being among the most conspicuous of his supporters.

Here, then, is the fully developed outcome of the "new departure" in Fenianism. The Irish National League—the *de facto* government of Ireland—of which Mr. Parnell is President, has practically absorbed the I. R. B., or home organisation ; and the American branch of it, on which it depends for its supplies, and which claims Mr. Parnell as "its honoured and esteemed leader," is nothing more or less than the Clan-na-Gael—the Secret Fenian Society of the United States, which defers a renewal of the dynamite campaign in London only in order to permit the Parliamentary party to play out their game. With these facts before me, is it strange that I should regard the present agitation with misgivings ? I like a fair fight, conducted with straightforwardness and honesty. Mr. Parnell and his Lieutenants have publicly pledged their word in Parliament that Mr. Gladstone's 'scheme will be accepted by the Irish people as a full and final settlement of every national demand. If they are sincere in these pledges, let them convene another national convention in Dublin, and proclaim the death of the National League as plainly and as publicly as they announced its birth. Until they have done this, their position is dishonest and dishonourable. I challenge them to do this. Mr. Parnell has taken off his coat to obtain national independence for Ireland, and nothing short of this. Let him publicly put on his coat again now if he dare ; let him publicly repudiate further aid from American Fenianism ; but in common honesty let him first return the quarter of a million he has drawn from American Fenianism in aid of the cause he is now betraying.

The Irish people, adds the writer, will never be satisfied with Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme, and the man who asserts that they will is either a fool or a knave. If the government of England came into the hands of men who could be trusted and would hold the balance fairly between all parties in Ireland, he believes the union might still be maintained, and the country rendered peaceful and prosperous, without any radical change.

Irish leaders can afford to wait, but they cannot afford to give the go-by to their public pledges, and offer new pledges to be in turn repudiated hereafter : the tricks to which an English politician resorts to gain office, or to keep office, will discredit the leaders of a rising nationality. Neither can I ignore the fact that what are called "the better classes" are all against Home Rule at present. It used not to be so, and it may not be so hereafter if the present scheme be not forced on them. If it be, they will be permanently alienated, and the people cannot do without their co-operation. You may flog a young horse past a white-washed milestone that has scared him, but if you do you will make him what we call in Munster a "shy horse" ever afterwards, whereas if you coax him up to it quietly and let him see there is no harm in it, you will win him for good. At present people who have anything to lose are all against Home Rule in any form, but this is due to their distrust of the powers that are behind it to-day. And they have some cause for their fears. I share their distrust of the Fenians, and I endorse the teaching of James Stephens about clerical leadership in politics. These Maynooth priests have offended all the educated Catholics ; they only want to better themselves and put down the Protestants. Then, as for the farmers, I deplore a dishonest refusal to pay a fair rent. I am no landlord ; the only rood of land I can call my own is on the shores of the Pacific. But I think honesty is not only the best policy, but the only policy that in the long run will prosper. And lastly, I recognise the fact that the hostility of the well-to-do people to this measure is largely due to Mr. Gladstone's advocacy of it. I share their distrust of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Parnell may make a cat's-paw of him for the time, but even he has not changed his opinion of him.

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## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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THE UNIONIST VOTE.—In this article Mr. Dicey repeats the advice which he offered the moderate Liberals a few months ago, to support the Conservatives openly and loyally, as fellow-workers in the same cause with themselves. By this policy alone, he urges, can the Union be maintained, and to maintain the Union is the common duty of Liberals and Conservatives. If the fulfilment of this common duty by common action should lead to a permanent fusion between the two great sections of the party of law and order, so much the better.

The Liberal party, as we have known it hitherto, Mr. Dicey thinks, has well nigh fulfilled its mission.

All the important political reforms, consistent with the existing political and social institutions of the country, have been accomplished ; and it is impossible to advance much further than we have done already in the way of democratic legislation without attacking the Constitution or the established order of society. Whether such an advance is desirable or otherwise is not a question we need consider here.

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The Conservatives of to-day have practically become converts to the principles which formerly were associated with Liberalism. The Radicals, on the other hand, have largely abandoned these principles. I should be loth here to say a word against Mr. Chamberlain, whose manly attachment to the Union has enlisted for him the sympathy of those who do not share his political views. But truth compels the admission that Liberals of the class represented by Lord



Hartington and Mr. Goschen have much more in common with the views held by Lord Salisbury than with those propounded by Mr. Chamberlain. If the fundamental institutions of the country are to be secured against attack, if individual liberty and the rights of property are to be protected in the future against the encroachments of Socialism, it must be by the combined action of the Conservatives and the Liberals.

The following review of Mr. Gladstone's recent action is as severe as anything of the kind which the present crisis has produced :

Party ties, personal likes and dislikes, political prepossessions had undoubtedly much to do with the decision of the moderate Liberals to support Mr. Gladstone at the last election. But the dominant cause of their so deciding lay in the fact that their confidence in Mr. Gladstone, though shaken, had not then been destroyed.

Their confidence proved misplaced. The general election had left the Parnellites in a position to decide whether the Liberals should or should not return to office. Without their aid, the accession of a Liberal Government was an impossibility; with their aid it was a certainty. The price of their aid was the concession of Home Rule. That price Mr. Gladstone suddenly awoke to the necessity of paying. I am not concerned with the question of Mr. Gladstone's motives. Psychological problems have no great interest for me, and the extent to which a man may deceive himself while deceiving others is a consideration into which I have neither the wish nor the power to enter. All I—or the world at large for that matter—have to deal with are Mr. Gladstone's acts, not his motives. In the annals of American politics it is recorded that, on a change of administration at Washington, a Western editor, who had supported the defeated party, was informed that the Government advertisements would be withdrawn unless he defended the policy of the party in power. The editor in question forthwith wired back, "It is a sharp curve and an ugly curve—but I'll take it." If Mr. Gladstone was not constitutionally incapable of ever using plain language to express plain ideas, it is in such terms as this he might have given in his adhesion to Home Rule. It was a very sharp curve, a very ugly curve indeed! Not only had Mr. Gladstone throughout his long career set his face against Home Rule, not only had he time after time declined to consider it as coming within the domain of practical politics, but he had distinguished himself above other English statesmen by the vehemence with which he had denounced its champions and advocates. If, as he now wishes us to believe, he had all along cherished a secret regard for Home Rule, he had succeeded most admirably in concealing his affection. Throughout his five years' tenure of office Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues had contrived to make themselves so exceptionally disliked and distrusted by the Irish Nationalists, that the Irish vote had been given to the Conservatives, not because much was expected from them, but because they were opposed to Mr. Gladstone. The fact that this support had been so given had been seized upon as an electioneering weapon by Mr. Gladstone, and had been used unscrupulously by his followers. The mere suspicion that some of the Conservative Ministers might be disposed to make concessions to the Home Rule agitators in return for the Irish vote had been urged as a grave offence against them upon every Liberal platform. Mr. Gladstone himself had made a solemn appeal to the constituencies imploring them to return a strong Liberal

majority in order to deprive the Home Rule vote of its importance. In fact, if there was one point to which Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party stood committed by the course they adopted at the last election, it was resistance to Home Rule.

Yet, as soon as it became clear that the Liberal party could not return to office unless they could deprive the Conservatives of the support they had hitherto received from the Parnellites, Mr. Gladstone went over bag and baggage to the Home Rule camp. Negotiations were opened between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone, and a compact was entered into in virtue of which the Conservative Ministry were thrown out on the first pretext that presented itself, and Mr. Gladstone was placed in a position to resume office.

I am quite ready to believe that, by this time, Mr. Gladstone had worked himself up into a genuine belief in the excellence of Home Rule, just as on all previous occasions in his career he has always held the most fervent conviction of the innate truth of any cause which it has served his purpose to espouse. But the fact remains the same that Mr. Gladstone, having defeated the Conservatives by accusing them of parleying with Home Rule, became a convert to Home Rule the moment that his conversion was shown to be the condition of his return to office. Having obtained his majority, his next step was to form his Ministry. For this purpose it was essential to keep back the full extent of his conversion. It is obvious, from what we know already, that the colleagues whose aid Mr. Gladstone solicited towards the formation of his Ministry were kept utterly in the dark as to the policy on which he had determined, and were only given to understand that, in view of the recent manifestation of popular sentiment in Ireland, something must be done to satisfy the Irish demand for local self-government. It does credit to the sagacity as well as to the public spirit of Lord Hartington and his personal followers that, in spite of the assurances that were tendered them, they declined to accept office in an administration which was to be constructed on the basis of a coalition with the Parnellites. The Ministry was formed; and then, without consulting with his colleagues, Mr. Gladstone availed himself of Mr. Parnell's assistance to concoct a scheme repealing the Act of Union and providing Ireland with an independent parliament and a separate executive.

It is needless for my present purpose to repeat how the disclosure of this scheme broke up the Ministry. Nor am I concerned to defend the absolute logical consistency of Mr. Chamberlain and the Radicals who were willing to go a certain length in conceding the principle of Home Rule, but who stopped short at the point to which Mr. Gladstone proposed to lead them. Their most valid defence against the charge of inconsistency must be found in the reply of an eminent American politician in the days of the secession war, who was taunted at a public meeting because, having been a Democrat all his life, he had joined the Republicans when the Southern States seceded. His answer was this: "Gentlemen,—I followed my party to the very steps of the gallows, but when it came to putting my neck in the noose I thought it time to part company." When it came to the Repeal of the Union Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan drew back, and by so drawing back they have vindicated themselves from the stain which will attach indelibly to the ministers who consented to co-operate with Mr. Gladstone after his programme had been disclosed. Nor is it incumbent

on me to do more than recall the expedients, devices, and subterfuges by which the Ministry attempted alternately to cajole or coerce the malcontent Liberals into accepting the fundamental principle of the Bill. If they could only have been got to admit that Ireland was henceforth to be administered by a parliament and an executive of her own, there was no concession the Ministry were not prepared to make, no assurance they were not ready to give, no engagement into which they were not willing to enter. Happily the snare was too apparent to be successful, and the malcontents stood firm. The Bill was doomed unless the opposition of the Liberal secessionists could be overcome, and to attain this end the Ministry stooped to intrigues and expedients of which happily our political history has had but scant experience. The Prime Minister of England was not ashamed to appeal to the lowest instincts of the masses, and to declare that the question at issue was one not to be decided by reason or argument, but by class prejudices and class sympathies. The whole organisation of the Liberal party was set in action to coerce any Liberal member who dared, after Mr. Gladstone had become a convert to Home Rule, to adhere to his own opinion. Social, personal, and political influences of all kinds were brought to bear upon every member whose vote was doubtful. Every art of Parliamentary strategy was resorted to in order to secure the passing of the Bill: no petty artifice, no device, however small, was rejected as unworthy of the occasion. And yet dodges, devices, artifices, proved in vain, and Mr. Gladstone's own measure was rejected in Mr. Gladstone's own Parliament by a majority of thirty. At any other time and under any other Premier the Ministry would have resigned. In face, however, of the fact that the present Parliament was only elected six months ago, and elected on a programme in which the Repeal of the Union was not even mentioned, Mr. Gladstone has declined to resign, and has appealed to the constituencies.

Referring to the contention of the Ministerialists that, after what has happened, the maintenance of the Union is no longer possible, Mr. Dicey says:—

Considering that the main difficulty in upholding the Union is due to the action of Mr. Gladstone, there is an almost sublime impudence in the supporters of the Ministry alleging that difficulty as a reason for our accepting their policy. But the assumption so far rests on assertion only. No rational person doubts that, as a matter of fact, Great Britain can uphold the Union by force of arms if she is so minded. It is more than doubtful whether the Irish Nationalists are prepared to fight for a repeal of the Union; if they do fight, they are certain to be defeated. It is, therefore, idle to say that we have no choice except to acquiesce in the severance of the Union. If we do acquiesce, it will be because we are not willing to exercise our power of resistance, and this, in as far as the argument in question has any meaning at all, is what it really means. It is worth while then to say something as to the reasons why it is alleged that we should never, in practice, be able, or willing—for it comes to the same thing in the end—to exercise our undoubted power.

We are told, then, by our self-constituted mentors that it is impossible in this age—when the triumph of oppressed nationalities has become the order of the day—to resist the demands of the Irish nation; that the moral sense of the community will never tolerate any prolonged exercise of coercion; that the

British democracy is at one with the Irish democracy; and that, even if this were not so, the Home Rule contingent can in the present division of parties render all Parliamentary government impossible, and thereby compel England in the end to grant Home Rule as the price of securing the control of her own affairs. Even if we shared the belief that Home Rule must be granted sooner or later, we should say, in the interest of the United Kingdom, the later the better. But the belief rests upon assertions which, to say the least, are open to dispute. In the first place, before you can claim for Ireland the status of an oppressed nationality, you must show that there is such a thing in existence as an Irish nation, and that this nation, admitting its existence, labours under oppression. Now, as a matter of fact, there never has been an Irish nation. There never has been, there is not in Ireland now, a united people, having a language, a religion, or a history of their own. All you can say is that some two-thirds, at the outside, of the population of Ireland would possibly prefer having a local government. The remaining third—and the third, too, which in industry, prosperity, and intelligence immeasurably outweighs the other two—is passionately averse to any severance of the compact under which Ireland is an integral part of the United Kingdom. The plea, therefore, of nationality falls to the ground. The plea of oppression is even weaker. I confess that I am sceptical as to whether, after all, Ireland was worse treated in bygone times than other countries in a like position. In public as in private life it is generally people's own fault if they are the victims of perpetual wrongdoing at the hands of every body with whom they come into contact. Moreover, even admitting that Ireland has cause for complaint as to the treatment she may have received from England in days of old, there is obviously a statute of limitations for offences of such a nature. There is no possible redress for wrongs whose victims and whose perpetrators have alike faded away into the far-off past. For the last hundred years Ireland has had no possible ground to complain of oppression on the part of England. She has enjoyed the same civil and religious rights as those possessed by England. As popular liberties have been developed in England, they have been developed in Ireland also, and at the present moment there is in Ireland, as there has been for two generations, absolute liberty of political and public life.

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After all, the whole is greater than the less. We, each of us, in as far as we possess any political influence, hold that influence in trust for the United Kingdom. We have not the right, even if we had the wish, to benefit any one part of that kingdom to the detriment of the whole. If, as I hold, and as those to whom I address myself hold also, the maintenance of the Union is essential to the well-being, the greatness, and even the existence of the British Empire, then it is idle to talk to us about the wish of Ireland for Home Rule, or of the advantages she might possibly derive from the Repeal of the Union.

If, then, in order to maintain the Union it is necessary to employ coercion, I fail to see why we should deem it necessary to find excuses for its employment. I fail also to see why we should assume that the democracy are incapable of following a very simple process of argument. If they deem it their interest, and their duty to uphold, the Union, and if the employment of coercion can be shown to be essential to the maintenance of the Union, then I feel convinced the de-

mocracy will have as little scruple about employing coercion as the most high-handed of autocrats.

**THE ANIMALS OF NEW GUINEA.**—There are reasons why Papua is of special interest to the naturalist. The whole aspect of its fauna distinctly indicates its ancient connection with Australia. As is the case in Australia, the leading feature of its mammal-fauna is the prevalence of marsupials and the almost entire absence of the more highly organised forms. The total number of species in the class is about fifty-three, of which one is an ungulate, nineteen are bats, ten rodents, twenty-one marsupials, and two monotremes.

Of the nineteen bats, thirteen are insectivorous and the rest are fruit-bats.

Of the rodents, five belonging to the genus *Mus*, and four to an allied genus, *Uromys*, peculiar to the island, while a single *Hydromys*, a genus hitherto known only in Australia, has been found.

Of the five distinct families of marsupials known in Australia, four are also met with in New Guinea :

The Carnivorous Dasyures, or 'Native Cats,' as they are called by our colonists in Australia, have at least five representatives in New Guinea, two of which belong to the typical genus *Dasyurus* and the others to *Phascologale*, or one of its subgenera. The Bandicoots of Australia are represented by three species in New Guinea, and the Phalangery by seven. The Kangaroos, so well known as one of the most marked features of animal life in Australia, are represented in New Guinea by two different types. The terrestrial genus, *Macropus*, so highly developed in Australia, and to which all the largest and finest species of 'Boomers' and 'Wallaroos' are referable, is also found in New Guinea, together with several members of an allied genus (*Dorcopsis*) which is peculiar to Papua and its islands.

Besides these New Guinea possesses a form of kangaroo specially adapted to arboreal life. Two very distinct species of tree kangaroo are found in the forests of the island, and a third has lately been discovered in Northern Queensland.

Another strong link connecting New Guinea with Australia is the discovery in the Arfak mountains of a gigantic monotreme, the lowest of existing mammals, devoid of teeth and oviparous. This is a larger form of the Australian Echidna, further distinguished by having only three toes on its forelimbs. Besides this a slightly modified form of the smaller Australian Echidna is met with in the south of New Guinea.

Of 1,028 species of birds met with in the island, 64 are Accipitres, 102 Psittaci, 113 Picariæ, 501 Passeres, 108 Columbæ, 20 Gallinæ, 70 Grallatores, 41 Natatores and 9 Struthiones.

Among specially characteristic parrots are the great Black Cockatoo, the dwarf Leaf Parrots and the extraordinary *Dasyptilus* :

Brush-tongued Lories of the most brilliant colours abound, and are especially characteristic of the Papuan Avifauna, although by no means restricted to it. Count Salvadori includes no less than forty species of this group in his work. The Picarian order in New Guinea is composed mainly of Cuckoos and Kingfishers, both of which groups are well represented. There is but a single Hornbill and a single Bee-eater. On the other hand it should be remarked that, as in Australia, woodpeckers are altogether absent. We now come to the great array of Passeres, of which no less than 501 species are included in Count Salvadori's work. Amongst these Flycatchers, Caterpillar-eaters, and Shrikes play an important part, as might have been expected where insect life is so abundant. The Honey-eaters (*Meliphagida*), a group specially characteristic of Australia, are likewise highly developed in New Guinea; Count Salvadori enumerates eighty-nine species. But the greatest glory of the Papuan Avifauna is the family of Paradise-birds. These are, in fact, a group of crows, in which the male sex is decked out in the most gaudy and varied plumage, and extraordinary ornamental feathers of the most remarkable forms are developed from different parts of the body. Taking the group of Paradise-birds as understood by Count Salvadori, that is to include the Bower-birds, we find about forty species attributed to Papua and the Moluccas, and one or two brilliant additions have been made to the group since Count Salvadori's work was finished.\*

About half the *Columba* are fruit pigeons of gorgeous and varied plumage.

New Guinea may be regarded as the metropolis of the Gallinaeous family of Megapodes, of which it possesses at least fourteen species:

These birds have huge feet and lengthened toes which adapt them for an exclusively terrestrial life. They are remarkable for depositing their eggs in enormous mounds formed of vegetable matter, sand or earth, and leaving them to be hatched out (like those of tortoises and crocodiles) without incubation by either parent.

The Struthioncs demand special attention:

The Cassowaries form one of the most important and characteristic elements of the Papuan Avifauna. In New Guinea itself at least three different species have been met with; the other six recognised by Count Salvadori are distributed over the adjacent Islands, whilst a tenth species of the genus is an inhabitant of the northern portion of Queensland. The Cassowaries, together with the Emu of Australia, form a most distinct group of the 'Ratite' sub-class of birds, quite different from the Ostriches of Africa and the Rheas of America, and entirely confined to the great Australian region. The Cassowaries and Paradise-birds may be appropriately selected as two of the leading ornithic types of the Papuan sub-region.

The reptiles include a crocodile, a tortoise, forty lizards and twenty-one serpents, of which six are venomous. Of Batrachians there are twelve species.

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\* A recent letter from Dr. Finsch informs me of the discovery, high on the Owen Stanley Range, of a fine new form of Paradise-bird in which the prevailing colour is blue. This is quite a new tint among the *Paradisææ*.

The serpents present remarkable resemblances to those of Australia :

Amongst the Boas, for example, we find in New Guinea nearly allied representatives of the Carpet-snake (*Morelia*) of Australia. Again, like Australia, New Guinea is entirely free from the true venomous serpents with perforated poison-fangs, the six venomous snakes hitherto met with within its area being all referable to Elapine genera with grooved poison teeth, which are also prevalent in Australia. It is thus evident that an examination of the reptiles of New Guinea induces conclusions like those derived from a study of its mammals and birds, that the fauna of New Guinea is essentially of the same type as that of Australia.

The following description is given of the general configuration of the island :

It is an elongated piece of land stretching from north-west to south-east through some twenty degrees of longitude. There can be little doubt that a continuous chain of mountains, of varying altitudes from 16,000 to 2,000 feet, traverses the interior throughout. In the Northern Peninsula these are known as the 'Arfak Mountains,' and rise, it is said, to a height of 10,000 feet, though I am not aware that this estimate is founded upon anything but guess-work. These mountains have been partly ascended by D'Albertis and Beccari as already mentioned. Further south at the head of McCluer's Inlet the range is stated to have been crossed by Dr. Meyer at a height of about 2,000 feet. We then come to the southern point of the Great Bay of Geelvink, where a series of altitudes along the 'Charles Louis Range' have been approximately ascertained by the Dutch. According to their reports the highest of these are covered by perpetual snow, and attain an elevation of over 16,000 feet. Passing on to the interior of the main mass of New Guinea, what is probably a continuation of the Charles Louis Range, was sighted by D'Albertis at the highest point attained on the Fly River in 1876, and named the 'Victor Emmanuel Range.' This is again, no doubt, continuous with the Owen Stanley range which traverses the South-Eastern Peninsula, and of which Mount Owen Stanley (13,200 feet) is, so far as is yet known, the highest summit.

Besides this principal chain several other ranges of mountains occur in New Guinea. The whole northern coast from Point d'Urville to Huon Gulf is bordered by mountains of considerable altitude, which have been called the 'Cyclops' Range at their western end, and the 'Finisterre' Mountains, said to be about 10,000 feet in altitude, and 'Rawlinson' Range, above Huon Gulf. In the Peninsula of Onin are also mountains at the back of Triton's Bay, but we have as yet received but few particulars about them.

The principal river-basins of New Guinea, so far as they are known to us, are those of the 'Fly,' the 'Amberno,' and the 'Wa-Samson.' The Fly River, which seems to drain the main mass of Southern New Guinea, rises no doubt in the Victor Emmanuel Mountains, which, as already mentioned, D'Albertis sighted and named when he ascended the Fly River in 1876.

The Amberno or Manberan River probably rises on the northern slopes of the same range, and drains the country lying between that and the north coast range, flowing into the sea by many mouths at the eastern end of the Great Bay of Geelvink. Of the importance of this river, and of the magnitude of its outfall, we

may form some idea from the facts ascertained by the officers of the 'Challenger' when they traversed the ocean off Point d'Urville in 1875.

On the 22nd of February of that year, when about seventy miles off land, the specific gravity of the surface water was found to be lower than usual, and the ship was surrounded by large quantities of drift wood, so that the propeller had to be stopped lest it should be fouled. Amongst the logs around them were many whole uprooted trees, one of which was two feet in diameter. Other objects showing the force of the freshwater current were midribs of palms, stems of large cane-grasses, fruits and seeds of trees, of which the surface scum was so full that they could be scooped up in quantities with a fine net. These phenomena, observed at seventy miles distant from the shore, leave no possible doubt as to the magnitude of the current of the Amberno River.

The third principal river of New Guinea is the Wa-Samson, which rises probably on the western slopes of Mount Arfak, and, after draining the greater part of the Onin Peninsula, runs into the sea at Dampier Straits, at the north-western extremity of the island. The Wa-Samson was visited by Dr. Beccari in 1875. After exploring the mountains east of Sorong, he crossed the coast range rather further east, at an altitude of 1,200 feet, and descended to the banks of the river, which is described as about twenty yards wide, and flowing with a strong current. The natives have a story that the Wa-Samson passes under a kind of natural tunnel before it reaches the sea.

WHAT THE WORKING CLASSES READ.—The belief, which largely regulates the conduct of the daily press, that it is read by the working classes, rests in the opinion of the writer on the slenderest basis:

The great daily papers do not fall much into the hands of the masses. Many working men, doubtless, buy the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Chronicle*, but they buy them chiefly for their advertisements. To say, however, that the working men do not read the more influential dailies would not be true. They read them at their clubs, their eating-houses, and the public-house, whilst, in some establishments where several men—tailors for instance—are employed in a separate room, the whole number subscribes towards one or two morning papers and the time lost by one man, who, for an hour or more, will read aloud, the others listening as they work. Workingmen's clubs of course take those papers which advocate the political cause to which they are attached. Publicans, as a rule, take the *Times* or the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the special edition of the *Evening Standard*. Coffee-shops generally patronise the *Standard*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, and the special *Evening Standard*. All these broadsheets are glanced at during meal times at the coffee-tavern, or at the public house bar of an evening, but they exercise little effect politically. There are only two daily papers in London which exclusively appeal to and are almost exclusively bought by the man who earns his livelihood by manual toil. These are the *Echo* and the *Evening News*. For years the former held undisputed possession of the ground, and, as was assumed, of the popular taste also. The *Echo*, Radical and Revolutionary in its tendency, was believed faithfully to represent the views of the working classes. As a matter of fact, it did nothing of the kind, and except in the case of an infinitesimal minority, had no influence, and was purchased merely for



its record of events. The *Evening News* has come rapidly into favour, and has proved itself a formidable rival to the *Echo*. For my own part, I do not know a single working man who buys the *Echo*, but I do know several who buy and read the *Evening News*.

The papers which are most largely purchased by the working classes are issued on Sunday. Among them, in point of sale, *Lloyd's Weekly* occupies the first place, and is reputed to have a circulation of three-quarters of a million. Of this paper the writer says :

It professes Liberalism, and it is now the most reliable of its class. Among its Liberal contemporaries it is decidedly the most patriotic and loyal. If the papers read by the working classes have any political influence deserving of the name, there need be little fear that the democracy will consent to sever the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. *Lloyd's* has made a stand against Home Rule as determined as that of any of the Conservative journals, and its lead is followed, however half-heartedly, by most of the other Radical and Liberal weeklies.

The other Liberal or Radical Sunday papers aiming at a circulation among the working classes are the *Weekly Despatch*, the Republican *Reynolds' Newspaper* and the *Weekly Echo*, which has absorbed the *Weekly Times*.

The Conservative Cause, says Mr. Salmon, is very poorly supported in the Sunday Press :

The *Sunday Times*, admirably conducted and full of amusing matter as it is, is not purchased to any large extent by working men and women. *England* is so meagre in its news, so intolerant and intolerable in its denunciations of everything Radical, and so bent on publishing little more than those facts which tend to the discredit of the Liberal party, that its failure to reach the masses is not surprising. The *People* must carry off the palm as a Conservative weekly intended for the people. It acts thoroughly up to its title, and is one of the most valuable Conservative organs appealing to the true democracy. The *Referee* cannot properly be called a working-man's paper, though many artisans and shop assistants look forward to its perusal on Sunday morning as regularly as they look forward to their breakfast. Mr. Sims's 'Mustard and Cress' is to this class of readers quite as entertaining a feature in the paper as are its sporting opinions. The *Penny Illustrated Paper*, under the guidance of the son of the editor of the *Illustrated London News*, has secured a well-merited popularity with every class. It has practically no rival. It sells in its hundreds of thousands weekly, and is impartial in its pictorial delineations of all kinds of matters interesting to the proletariat. Now it is a battle, now a shipwreck ; one week there is a batch of Conservative portraits given, another a batch of Liberal. Whatever of interest that takes place during the week and lends itself to treatment in a pen-and-ink sketch is brought before the admiring gaze of the multitude by the *Penny Illustrated*, whilst the world in general is rallied good-humouredly on its faults and foibles by the editor in the person of the Showman. In addition to these papers there are published weekly a legion of religious or semi-religious newspapers—for

instance, the *Christian Million*, the *Christian World*, and the *Family Circle*—a bare mention of the names of which would fill a page. The majority of the readers of these are not to be found among the working classes. Further, there exists a host of local journals, published at a halfpenny or a penny, and an equally overwhelming array of organs devoted to particular trades.

An important constituent in the mental food of the people is the penny novelette. This class of fiction, the writer thinks, has much deteriorated in literary merit. The *London Journal* has lost much of its ancient prestige, and is in many ways inferior to the *Family Herald*. Of the separate novelettes, some are positively vicious, others are foolish, all are cheap and nasty :

They are utterly contemptible in literary execution ; they thrive on the wicked baronet or nobleman and the faithless but handsome peeress, and find their chief supporters among shop-girls, seamstresses, and domestic servants. It is hardly surprising that there should exist in the impressionable minds of the masses an aversion more or less deep to the upper classes. If one of their own order, man or woman, appears in the pages of these unwholesome prints, it is only as a paragon of virtue, who is probably ruined, or at any rate wronged, by that incarnation of evil, the sensuous aristocrat standing six feet, with his dark eyes, heavy moustache, pearl-like teeth, and black hair. Throughout the story the keynote struck is highborn scoundrelism. Every social misdemeanour is called in to assist the progress of the slipshod narrative. Crime and love are the essential ingredients, and the influence exercised over the feminine reader, often unenlightened by any close contact with the classes whom the novelist pretends to portray, crystallises into an irremovable dislike of the upper strata of society. The same dish is served up again and again ; and the surprising thing is that the readers do not tire of the ceaseless record of wrong-doing on the part of the wealthy which forms the staple of these nonsensical, if not nauseating, stories.

*Household Words*, published at a penny, contains stories of a much higher order, and useful papers on the household and household management. Owing to the extra half-penny, neither *All the Year Round* nor *Chambers' Journal* is much read by the masses.

Of the more religious magazines, the two most read are the *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home*.

One of the signs of the times is the popularity of such papers as *Great Thoughts*, *Tit-Bits*, *Rare-Bits* and *Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

Any one of these journals might appropriately be called an old curiosity sheet. Brief and good is its motto. *Great Thoughts* culls from master works some of the choicest ideas ever given to the world, and both *Rare Bits* and *Tit-Bits* collect all they can find of interest in any volume they can lay their hands on. Like *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, they offer prizes for literary competitions ; and as these competitions are largely entered into by their readers, they may fairly claim to discharge a very important function in educating the people. It may be objected that the reading of the scraps printed in these

papers tends to develop a habit of loose reading. The answer is that, whatever habit it engenders, if the working classes did not read these papers, they would read hardly anything save the novelette or the weekly newspaper; and, even though gained in a disjointed fashion, it is surely better for them to acquire pieces of historical information thus wise than never to acquire them at all. The two comic papers most popular with the working classes are founded on the Tit-Bit principle. *Scraps* and *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday* have nothing to recommend them artistically, but they contain sketches, literary and pictorial, characterised by rollicking fun and broad caricature.

In the shape of books, Mr. Salmon says, the working classes read very little. The days when two books, at least the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, would have been found in almost any poor but respectable man's room, have gone by. When, however, they do read books, they usually read good books :

They do not read many, but what they read are of a high order. Cheap editions have brought standard works within their reach, and though the privilege is not largely availed of, it is not altogether neglected. No idea of the reading of the working classes can be arrived at by comparing it with the reading of the upper classes. The latter read everything possible of nearly every author. The former read one or two works in a lifetime, but they usually re-read them several times. Such a method may tend to narrowness; it at least tends to thoroughness, as far as it goes. Lots of working men have studied with great care one or two of Shakespeare's plays; others know one or two of Dickens's works almost by heart. One working man I knew claimed to have read carefully only two books—the Bible and Shakespeare.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another member of the democracy had plunged into the deep waters of *Paradise Lost*, and gone from cover to cover. At the same time there are working men who will devour every book they can buy or can secure from friends, and a curious undigested, mass they do sometimes get hold of. Hundreds, on the other hand, have never read a line of a book.

The chief difficulty about literature for the working classes is to reach them. If the literature were lying on their table they would often read, but they seldom sally forth into the highways and byeways of the literary world to discover what they shall purchase. Beyond doubt they have become possessors of thousands of cheap volumes, but the working men and women of England do not number thousands, but millions, and it is matter for regret that, with the many means of disseminating among them the masterpieces of the English language, more energy is not exerted in bringing home to them the inherent attractions of Shakespeare, Scott, Marryat, Dickens, Lytton, Eliot. The working classes read the *Sunday newspaper* as largely as they do because it is left at their door. What religious organisations have done in the distribution of tracts which the working classes do not read, surely some other organisation might do for the distribution of works of a wholesome character and of abiding interest which they would read. Without underrating their beneficial action, it may safely be said that free libraries have not done all that was expected of them in the way of bringing the literary gems of the world within the reach of the son of toil. The elementary education now received by every child at least gives him a power

of reading not always possessed by his fathers, but such power is not necessarily employed. He might read more if books were brought to his home. Between the free library and his home, morally and materially, stands the public-house.

One thing the writer believes to be indisputable, *vis.*, that the instruction imparted at the Board School has not led to any large amount of reading, except in a shape contemptible and worthless.

Of the political teaching of the Sunday Paper and the Penny Novellette he says :

In the majority of instances the objects held up to the derision of the people are the aristocracy, the plutocracy, and sometimes even the monarchy itself. Anyone who, being ignorant of the English working man, should take up the chief Sunday papers published for him would probably jump to the conclusion that he was Radical to the backbone. With the exception of the Conservative weeklies, every working-man's paper resorts to the coarsest attacks on the wealthy and high-placed. Capital and birth are the two themes on which the democratic journalist never tires of expatiating. By deriding the governing classes he hopes to arouse the enthusiasm of his public. He is, however, victim to the delusion that the democracy is primarily moved by enmity towards the aristocracy. If the influence of the working-man's paper was as great as many imagine, the whole fabric of British wealth and society would be immediately undermined, destroyed, and re-organised on a socialist, or semi-socialist, basis. In truth that influence is small. Instead of acting up to the teachings of their papers and effecting a revolution, the English labourer either reads the political articles and fails to act up to them, or does not read them at all. Nothing is more common than to hear a working man extol some particularly bitter onslaught on his social betters. "Splendid attack on so-and-so," he will say. "Quite true, so-and-so has had his way too long;" but apparently it never enters his head to rise in rebellion against the object of his animadversion. His ideas are more abstract than practical. Possibly, too, he recognises that the journalist has written not from conviction of the soundness of the position he supports, but because he believes that it is the position which the working classes will approve and appreciate. It is, moreover, as he knows, much easier to examine a thing and attack its anomalies as a whole than to examine its parts and foundation and discover whether its heart is sound. The efforts of the journalist are thus entirely wasted. Again, for one man who reads the political section of the paper, half-a-dozen study the latest "mystery" and the police news, while another half-dozen devote their chief attention to the general sketches. The newspapers which appeal to the working classes would do real good if, instead of picking holes in the characters of the high-born and criticising, in a spirit of narrow and mistaken economy the national estimates, they were to devote some time to matters which exclusively concern the working population of the country.

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## THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

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**GLIMPSES OF BURGER AND BAUER LIFE IN HOMBURG AND THE TAUNUS REGION.**—During Lady Manners' stay in Homburg she followed the suggestion of the *Times*, and endeavoured to learn all she could about the lives of the class of people who had land of their own in the adjacent villages.

She observed that the houses of the class we should call agricultural labourers were very uncomfortable-looking, mere lath and plaster. Where there were factories or other non-agricultural employments, much solid comfort, she was told, was to be found. The appearance of the women gives the impression that they are thrifty and practical in matters of dress.

As to the earnings of the labourers, she says :

It seemed rather difficult for those who talked to me on the subject to tell me what the labourers who possessed little bits of land made a week, but they agreed people work harder when they work for themselves than when their labour is for a master. The cows were often made to draw the carts, and looked very thin. The fruit-trees are supposed to be worth three or four pounds a year, but they require care, and one tree sometimes belongs to several people. An orchard of ten trees will yield a crop worth from four to five pounds. The effect of the great fields, dotted with fruit-trees, is charming when they are either in blossom or covered with fruit. They border the roads in most directions

near Homburg, and I was told it was customary to plant trees, which is not good for eating raw, closest to the road. The consumption of empanadas, jam, all over Germany is enormous, and the fruit factories are a source of wealth to the people. Fruit-trees twenty years old bear crops worth a great deal of money; and frequently the trees belong to one person, the crops of corn below to others. Cronstadt, in the neighbourhood of Homburg, owes its prosperity entirely to its vast orchards, planted by a wise and benevolent clergyman. It sounds pleasant work to gather fruit, but I believe it is very hard to be at it all day, and many townspeople let their fruit-trees to peasants. I was assured that there is not much real want in the villages round Homburg, but people's ideas as to what is real poverty differ. In the woods, however, the great woods of the Taunus Mountains, there is great destitution in the winter; and, if the potatoes fail, it is to be feared the poor people almost starve; but when a widely-spread calamity of that sort happens, the Red Cross Society comes to the rescue.

The German maids struck Lady Manners as having a great capacity for work :

They receive eight or ten shillings a month and their food, in return for which they seem to be incessantly at work, and always smiling and struggling to learn English. This scale of payment seems very low, but the visitors to Homburg are supposed to give presents to the servants in the various lodging-houses. After doing every sort of work in the house during the week, they may be seen on Saturdays tidying up the little gardens and watering the pavement.

The people in the villages seem to get on well enough as long as they, or members of their family, have other occupations to help them.

There is less difficulty in German girls of the middle class finding suitable husbands than is the case in the same class in England. They are also more useful than their English sisters.

German girls, as a matter of course, take their share in household work; this does not prevent their being frequently very accomplished, often excellent musicians, but it does prevent a great deal of restlessness and vague discontent. A young man who marries, in that class, knows that he may reasonably expect his bride to be a good housewife. If he is in the upper middle class, for instance a shopkeeper, his wife often keeps the accounts of the shop. I have wondered at the close attention to business details shown by women who might have expected to be spared such exertion; but I was assured they preferred to be thus occupied, partly in order to save for their children.

Lady Manners notes that the master and mistress in most shops appeared to be on friendly terms with their assistants, who were allowed to rest at intervals.

Dancing seems to have gone out of fashion a good deal of late among the class of peasants and servants :

I believe the character of these entertainments has changed of late years; but the townspeople often took their daughters to the dances in the Kur-saal.

Very pleasing they looked ; their hair nearly always beautiful, and carefully arranged, and their simple muslin cambric or cashmere dresses fitting very well. They also often attended the concerts ; in fact, seemed to have an agreeably varied life, and many opportunities of making acquaintances. I observed they always were accompanied by a *chaperone*, usually clad in black, with a floral bonnet, who was generally portly and placid.

The dancing was never kept up late enough to prevent their rising betimes to perform their domestic duties. In fact their training prepares them for useful life, but includes accomplishments.

In connexion with the settling of girls in life, the writer adds :

It is still the custom for peasant-mothers to prepare during some years, with their own hands, linen to give to their daughters when they marry, and frequently the mother lays by a little sum to help the daughter to procure furniture. But in the upper and middle-classes this old custom has gone out of fashion, partly because sewing-machines render it easy to prepare linen in a short time, partly because fashion changes so rapidly. But people often begin, when their daughters are quite young, to pay money into insurance companies, which their girls receive at the age of eighteen or twenty, according to agreement ; or they put money into the savings bank, which my informant considers the best plan, as the money can be taken out at any time. Formerly, it was thought necessary for girls of the better class to have at least five dozen of every article in linen, household linen included, on their marriage ; and many girls were expected to assist in making these. But now the great thing is to have money to buy with. My friend's observations seem to me so useful, I must quote them. He is speaking of middle-class families :

"Where there are boys and girls in a family, the latter would be badly off if the mother did not manage to save for them. Boys cost so much ; first, for education, then, during the time they serve as soldiers ; then, when they set themselves up in business. When a man is in trade he cannot always afford to lay down three or four thousand marks (shillings) at once to furnish a daughter's trousseau. Men always grumble at such times, and the poor mother has hard times between the father who wants to save, and the daughter who wishes to have everything nice and complete. There are also people who make grand trousseaux on credit, and then the son-in-law gets the bill when he is married. Some girls make use of their leisure hours in embroidering for shops ; this is much preferable to those who are always running about for amusement, spending their precious time in talking nonsense, and getting unfit to become industrious wives and careful mothers.

"I think girls ought to have a good education, that they may take their place in the world ; that they may be able to speak sensibly, and not look stupid and out of place if they are brought forward by circumstances. But, above all, they ought to learn everything which belongs to a good household ; not only needlework, but also cooking, ironing, and, if possible, gardening. The more a girl knows, and the more usefully she employs her time, the healthier she will be in body and mind ; consequently she will be cheerful and happy. I think it also very wrong to bring up girls with the idea that the only aim of their life is to get married ; if they fail in doing so, they will be dissatisfied and

cross old maids. The great thing is to teach them to make themselves useful and to be unselfish."

Professional men often begin life on a hundred a year, and think three or four hundred a good income; but their wives help in the household, and it is not considered necessary to keep up the same appearances as in England.

Of the rural villages Lady Manners gives a somewhat unfavourable account:

I cannot say that some of the villages in the neighbourhood give an idea of pleasant rural homes. Indeed, to pass through some of them with comfort one should be provided with scents of Araby, or lavender water, which, I am told, is the foundation of all scents. Good-sized houses in many of these villages have the farm-yard in the court round which the house is built. And there the animals live, and there what is called agricultural wealth accumulates. These houses belong to the richer Bauern. There are different classes of these; in some parts of Germany they are very wealthy, but the majority in the neighbourhood of Homburg have only a moderate competence. Perhaps they correspond to the statesmen in Cumberland. The poorer Bauern have only a few acres of land; their houses and farm-buildings, as a rule, are small, and they have to work hard, and fare frugally, to make both ends meet. The father works in the fields in summer, in winter in the forest. The women of the family also work in the fields, and they sew, spin, and knit. Parents of this class generally send their children out to work, or to learn a trade, and the girls frequently go to service for a few years to save money for a marriage-portion.

The Bauern make their bread of rye, which they grow themselves. I have tasted this bread; it is not very nice, but, if well baked, it is said to be wholesome. They drink a great deal of coffee, but not black coffee; it is made very weak. Soup is always made, and, when fresh meat is used, rice, barley, semolina, or sago, is boiled with it to thicken the broth. An effort is being made by Miss Yates to induce English workpeople to try these foods; and in some places she has succeeded. Pea-soup, lentil, potato, milk and beer-soups are also made, and vegetables, eggs and cheese are much eaten. I observe pigs play as important parts in Germany as they do in England; they are fatted and killed at Christmas, and have to feed the family for some time. Beef is usually bought by those who can afford it on Sundays. Soup is first made from it, then it is eaten.

The Bauern who are tolerably well off generally breakfast at 6 o'clock having risen very early; their breakfast consists of weak coffee and bread; about 9 they have a piece of bread-and-cheese, or bread-and-butter. At 12 they dine; they have soup, vegetables, meat, not oftener than twice a week. The excellent soups they make of various kinds of food, supply, in great measure, the place of meat. At 4 o'clock they take coffee with a piece of bread, and at 7 o'clock supper. This last meal often consists, in summer, of curdled milk, potatoes, cheese.

The following are some further details regarding the life of the people:



A loaf of bread weighing four pounds costs about 6*d.*, meat 8*d.* a pound, butter 1*s.* The poorer Bauern usually make their cows work in the plough and the carts, but the richer ones employ horses. They also hire labourers, who receive from eighteen to twenty marks or shillings a week. They are thankful if they can buy a pound and-a-half of meat for Sundays. The daughters work in the fields and gardens, and also in the house.

There are also *grundbesitzer*, gentleman farmers, who own hundreds of acres, and grow flax and hemp, in addition to other crops. During the winter the women spin the flax, and afterwards make it up into linen, and they knit stockings from the wool of the father's sheep. They keep geese, which they sell, when fat, saving the feathers.

I inquired what a girl of the lower middle class spends on her dress, and was told from five to six pounds; this seemed to me very little, but I hear it is more than was formerly spent.

We observed that a great deal of hard work was done by people of a class who, in our country, would have considered themselves to be losing caste by so exerting themselves. For instance, the house in which we lodged was a large, very comfortable one. The furniture was so arranged that in an incredibly short space of time, a drawing-room could be turned into a sitting-room and *vice versa*. Madame Weit, the owner, was working all day long with her maids, trotting about the court-yard looking after the flowers, looking after the preparation of a great many breakfasts, often answering the bell—I cannot say opening the door, for I think Homburg front-doors are always open.

As for the tradespeople, they seemed always at work, and never tired, their daughters helping them in every way. The market place was a source of great interest to me, though I could not understand what the peasant women said to each other, but it was amusing to watch their animated gestures, and their pride in their vast baskets of fruit.

It seems the habit all over Germany for families and friends to make long walking expeditions on holiday afternoons. This is mentioned in an interesting book, Howitt's *Germany*; it was written long ago, and, as the author predicted, many old customs have been given up. But, happily, this continues, and the people take long walks, to drink milk or coffee in some rural place. The young people and the children seem to delight in these rambles, often singing in chorus as they walk.

**POETRY COMPARED WITH THE OTHER FINE ARTS:—**For his starting point Mr. Palgrave takes two broad principles. First, that the essential aim of all true art is to clothe human thought and feeling, experience and aspiration, in such permanent forms of beauty as may touch and elevate the beholders' soul with responsive emotion and pleasure; secondly, that the excellence of each art lies in its individuality, in its truth to its own conditions, in its strict obedience to its natural limits, its perfect freedom within them.

Architecture is the bridge between the practically useful and the visibly beautiful, between the prose and poetry of human activity:

We may note in architecture three ascending stages of art. Mere mass in a building is the first and easiest form of expressiveness. Beauty felt in the proportions of the mass, even without decoration, follows, until architecture reaches its highest and noblest point as a fine art, when massiveness, moulded into general beauty of form, is united with the grace and life of appropriate ornament. Here the same laws govern poetry and architecture. True proportion in a building answers to the general scheme or plot of a poem (as exemplified especially in narrative or dramatic works), and, further, to the sense of unity which all good art conveys, whilst the ornamental details in each should always be felt by eye and mind to bud and flower out, as if by necessity, from the main object of the design.

Every beautiful element interfused should not only be appropriate to the purpose of the building, but should express and emphasise it. Any decoration beyond what is really needed vexes us with satiety. Here we meet with another law, common to all the fine arts, but in none more stringent than in architecture—the law of Climax. Decoration should always be so managed as to carry us up to moments of intenser interest. The end should crown the work.

As the one fine art directly subserving utility, architecture has special limits of its own. It is the practical purpose of the building, imposed from without, which in general must govern also the spiritual or poetic impression it conveys. The architect is not, like poet or painter, free to choose his subject.

Mass, solidity, permanence, these are the first ideas which his materials carry with them. If he can render these ideas only with visible appropriateness, and in satisfying proportion, the plainest work will be a work of art. Hence the master-pieces of architecture will generally be found expressive, not so much of beauty pure and simple, as of elevation of soul and sublimity.

The sense of sublimity thus called forth is vague and general compared with that which we may owe to pictures or to poetry.

But, if architecture thus falls short of her sister fine arts in clearness and variety of pleasurable effect, she finds a special charm in the permanence due to her purpose and materials.

Architecture “connects itself indissolubly with the life, the character, the moral being of a nation, and an epoch.”

The very fact that it subserves utility, compels it, as it were, to follow and to represent more closely than the other fine arts the spirit of its age: history here carves itself before us in broader lines, and covers more of human life in every rank and condition than even painting or poetry.

Sculpture and painting bring us nearer to poetry.

Their sphere is much wider, their appeal more direct and special, than that of architecture. In place of the general sense of grace or sublimity, they present, not indeed imitations of nature, as is sometimes said, but her forms as

seen through the glass of the artist's own soul ; individualized by its varying tints and degrees of translucency, combined in new shapes and new meanings by fancy and imagination.

Expressing thoughts in solid, tangible form, sculpture-like architecture is the natural exponent of repose, of dignity, of permanent beauty. The subjects in a high degree suited for it are thus comparatively few.

They must be, first, expressible by pure form, without the interpretative aid of colour, and with little aid from background or accessories. Hence, more than any other art, they require the spectator to bring knowledge of the subject treated with him. Sculpture rarely explains itself, as painting often does, and poetry should always. Landscape is wholly denied to her. Living forms, pre-eminently human forms, are almost her whole province.

But from this limitation springs the peculiar power of sculpture.

What she offers are the great elementary passions common to mankind through all the ages ; the actions which are most widely known ; the features which, through their intrinsic beauty or the lives of their wearers, have a world-wide significance. The proper appeal of sculpture is to those thoughts and feelings which are highest or deepest in us ; to those which seem by nature to have most of immortality in them. These the artist must render through colourless human form. This brings before us another general law of fine art—that the most important feature in every work must be the most perfectly realised and rendered. We have here another form of the law of climax. Hence ingenuities of carving which attempt an absolute illusion of the sight, the veils that look as if we could lift them, the fruit we might pluck, are but caricatures of the true art. The sculptor, that he may render human form and human thought and feeling through it, with the highest perfection, is compelled to render abstractly, or conventionally every minor, less important feature in his work. It is to nature that he returns, through deviations from nature.

Being thus narrowly restricted, sculpture has to rely more than any other art on absolute beauty. From her natural conditions she can, as it were, give but one stroke. But it is decisive, and this intensity of beauty is not, as with painting, to be sought mainly in the human features. It must be felt living through the whole figure.

Close analogies between sculpture and poetry are not to be looked for.

But where poetry gives the sense of sublimity in human character, of that rare pathos which is roused, not by pathetic words, but by the simple setting forth of a pathetic situation, where details are suppressed in favour of human interest ; where, in fine, beauty is mainly presented through tenderness and intensity—there we may recognize the statuesque elements in poetry.

The material and technical differences between painting and sculpture reveal the nearer approach of painting towards poetry.

The sculptor gives his thoughts to us in actual form. Colour is the only natural element which he requires the spectator to supply. The painter requires us, by a farther effort of imagination, to take a flat surface for solidity and distance.

Painting here approaches poetry, the fine art which has most of the symbolical, least of the sensuous, in its material. The painter also, although his canvas can only exhibit forms co-existent in space, not progressive in time, like those which pass before us in poetry, can indicate combined movement more than the sculptor ; can imply the immediate before and after of the one moment which he has chosen. He can exhibit more of a connected story, more subtle and complicated feeling than sculpture, and can connect his work into a whole through landscape, through multitude of detail, through colour. Painting, hence, has a wider range of character than sculpture, and depends less upon absolute beauty. In all these points pictures come near to poems. Colour in particular, which, I think, answers, in some respects to metre, allows the painter to give his work at the first glance, a general tone of feeling, putting us in the right mood to understand and enjoy the scene which he offers for our study. Hence a likeness, true though shadowy, may be traced between the main currents of painting and poetry.

\*        °        \*        °        \*        °        \*        \*

Painting is nearest among the arts to poetry in the range, variety, and definiteness of its subjects ; it is also the art, if we include light-and-shade designing, which lends to poetry the dubious aid of illustration. Why, then, is it natural to take music for our final comparison ? In her appeal to us music calls forth emotion even more general and indefinite than architecture, with less representation of nature, less power to supply or to arouse thought. The forms through which music speaks to the ear not only present none of those natural appearances which sculpture and painting and poetry imitate or suggest, but have scarce any real prototypes in the very sounds of nature. The orchestra is as little indebted to the nightingale as the cathedral aisle to the forest avenue.

The answer, in a single word, is that music speaks. The reason why music is nearest to poetry in essence and effect lies too deep for words. The volatile vital element which makes poetry poetry is insusceptible of definition. But whatever it is, it is this mysterious element which music offers to the sensitive nature.

The spirit of poetry which we hear in music is even less embodied than that "half-graspable Delight" in the air above him, which Keats describes his Endymion as conscious of when he first meets his unknown goddess in the enchanted forest. Its invisibility is part of the magic and the entrancement ; invisibility to the senses answering to the vagueness with which music appeals to the soul. It is the triumph of a poem to offer us definite images, distinct pictures ; of music to dispense with them, and pass beyond to the inmost animating spirit which renders picture and imagery poetical. If any attempt at definition be not too hazardous, might we not, hence, define music simply as poetry without words ?

But hence, also, this fine art differs essentially from the rest ; they move us actively, they call forth our latent thoughts and feelings, they interpret our higher nature to ourselves. Music (speaking always now of music absolute), in place of leading, follows the moods of the mind, clothes them with poetry, soothes or exalts them accordantly with the temper of the moment. The melody which brings tears to one hearer shall give another consolation, beyond the reach of philosophy or poetry. A slight change in expression, even in time, will turn into a song of despair the symphony of triumph. This adaptive, living quality, this

*immediateness* of music, if I may use the word, seems to arise from the material conditions of the art which here, as ever, secretly confine and govern it. Seemingly the most natural, music is, in fact, the most artificial of the arts, the most conventional. Our scale, our melody, our harmony, are meaningless if not discordant to the majority of human ears. Even among the races which employ them, they have proved arbitrary and fluctuating. Mathematics show that the very intervals of the scale are irreconcilable with natural law. The European ear is gradually learning new rules of harmony. Hence, perhaps, music is the most modern of the arts, not, of course, in its practice, but in the forms which now speak to us musically. Yet in this paradoxical art the peculiarities of music bring it nearer to the soul of poetry; they make it more fit to follow, to invest, to deepen our emotion; dis severing it from the associations of the past, they render it more immediately and purely pleasurable, make it a more pervading atmosphere of intensity steeped in tenderness; the interpreter of that sadness which lies always at the heart of joy.

What are the materials, the limits, the laws of poetry as an art?

Milton defines poetry as "simple, sensuous, and passionate." Coleridge defines it as consisting of "the best words in the best places." Enlarge this, with what he would have been the first to add, into "the best words in the best places, for sense and sound and metre," and the definition of what we are seeking will be complete. With such words poetry "does the work in turn of architecture, sculpture, painting, music." But whilst the material of these arts is tangible or audible, the very material of poetry is, if I may be allowed the phrase, immaterial. Words are signs only of things, not images; light and airy beings, as Plato unkindly describes the Poet himself, breath mysteriously blended with thought. The mind only—head and heart, but heart through head—is addressed by poetry. The single strictly sensuous element which she has in common with her sisters is found in so far as something remotely like music is felt or heard in rhythm and rhyme, and through these the poet's material mainly takes its form.

Metre is the material form which parts prose from poetry, which is of its essence. Prose may be poetical, but remains always prose.

Shelley speaks of Plato and Bacon as poets, and draws no line between them and Homer or Dante. This seems to me to turn metaphor into fact. But against Shelley in his youth may be set the mature judgment of Goethe and of Schiller, in one of the too-rare passages of helpful criticism which give value to their *Correspondence*. And Schiller, in another letter, has a phrase which goes deeply, if somewhat obscurely, into the nature of metre. "Purity" (by which he means *strictness*) "of metre," he says, "serves as a sensuous representation of the inner necessity of the thought." As I understand the passage, fixed metrical form answers to that inward impulse that inspired movement or madness, as Plato calls it, which constrains the poet, in proportion to the force of his genius, to think, feel, and express himself as he does. Here, again, from another side, we find ourselves confronting that insoluble problem, what, namely, forms the innermost essence of poetry. This presence of necessity, though, perhaps, little noticed, is felt in all really fine art. It is implied in Wordsworth's profound criticism on Goethe, "that his poetry was not sufficiently *inevitable*." Rhythm and rhyme—our substitute for the ancient verse-systems framed upon quantity—

rhythm and rhyme, by the inevitable bonds which they impose upon the poet, impress us with that silent sense of difficulty vanquished, of perfect freedom within the strictest bounds, which is one great source of poetical effectiveness and pleasure. Nor is this law confined to the poet. The artist's triumph always is when he can thus identify liberty with necessity, when his work strikes us at once as inevitable and spontaneous.

• **WHY IS THE PROVINCIAL PRESS RADICAL.**—The answer to the question why the Provincial Press is Radical is to be found in an examination of the genesis of newspapers :

The newspaper owes its origin to the business instinct of the printer. A country stationer would, in the first instance, be merely an agent for a city printer, who would do for the town in question all the printing it needed. When the printing of the town had risen to a certain regular demand, the stationer would start a press of his own, and, in course of time, would employ a man to assist him. As soon as this stage was reached, the stationer would find his man at one time overwhelmed with work, and at another quite idle. He would then resolve to get an apprentice or two, and, that there should be no idle time, he issues a small weekly sheet that would serve the treble purpose of keeping his hands employed, of advertising his name, and creating a new branch of business. The sheet at first would contain only local gossip, brief reports of meetings, and police cases, local advertisements, and no opinions. It would shortly become advisable, from a business point of view, to have opinions, and the printer calculates that in a population of, say, 5,000, one thousand of the houses are inhabited by possible buyers of small means, and, perhaps, fifty houses by those who buy London newspapers and reviews. He, therefore, considers the disposition of the thousand householders, and he finds that the majority of these are of the class that would like to be better off than they are, and to this extent are dissatisfied with institutions that Radical politicians tell them are prejudicial to their prosperity. He thereupon concludes that it will be more remunerative to him to express opinions calculated to foster this dissatisfaction, and thus please the thousand possible buyers ; if he can throw in a little abuse of the odd fifty, so much the better. The only thing that will restrain him will be a reflection that his stationery business was more dependent on the fifty than the thousand, so that, in the net result, we may conclude the politics of his journal will be Radical, tempered by profits on stationery.

This represents the origin of most if not all the newspapers that came into being in the provinces up to fifty years ago, even in the large towns, and the same thing is going on now. The necessities of the printer was the origin, in this manner, even of the large daily papers in the provinces whose earnings now show a total of many thousands per year. They developed from the meagre weekly sheet into the well-filled, solid pages published on market day, and then twice a week and thrice a week, and finally some thirty or forty years ago they became daily papers larger in size on some days than others, but still daily, and in all cases more or less antagonistic to capital, to land, and to possession, and favourable to dissatisfaction, to resistance, and to change, which, put plainly, means acquisition. Possession represents injustice and tyranny. Change represents reform and universal prosperity. The denunciation of the

one and advocacy of the other formed the natural commercial rule of the printer, and the same influences operate to this day in various guises and in various degrees.

Thus far the answer may seem discouraging to the Constitutionalist, but there are some more favourable features in the prospect.

Journalists, like other people, become Conservative when they become possessed of what corresponds with the typical cow ; and journals tend in the main to become Conservative as they become prosperous in a prosperous community. This tendency is being illustrated at the present time in various districts of the country. A Lancashire journal of long standing, edited by a philosophical Radical, has appreciably declined in influence and revenue during the past ten years, and what it has lost a Conservative rival has gained. The community of the district has outgrown the epidemic of philosophical Radicalism, and prefers the vigorous common sense of the practical Conservative. That Radical journal must inevitably die, but it must be admitted that its end will be contributed to as much from its insufficiency in non-political matter as from the extravagance of its opinions. It is falling away from precisely the same reason that has caused the non-success of many new Conservative journals : it does not supply the social and commercial needs of the community it proposes to serve. A newspaper reader wants something beside politics. Another instance of the tendency on the part of the press to become Conservative is to be found in the case of a daily journal of marked ability, published in the north of England, which has gradually changed from a moderate Liberal to a vigorous Conservative during the last twelve years, and the Parliamentary representation has changed with it. The proprietors were actuated by reason and justice, and, fortunately, they were strong enough to make the change and wise enough to do so gradually and with moderation, so that they carried the public with them. A journal is a reflection of its readers. It is about as good as its public will let it be. It is never worse, either socially or politically. If any journal issues from the press anywhere worse in tone than the public it offers itself to, it dies. From time to time we see abnormal cases of grossness in the press, and recently a crucial test has been given to the vitality of a journal which pandered to the lascivious appetite of the public under the cloak of morality. The larger public opinion was against the journal, and it was with difficulty it survived the supervening reaction.

As Conservative thought and opinion become more common throughout the country, the press will follow suit—gradually, and with hesitating steps, but it will follow. The few daily provincial journals of the first standing that are Conservative will increase in circulation and power. They are the growth of the last fifteen years, and their strides have been marvellous. In towns where there are two daily Radical journals, and no Conservative, the less Radical of the two will change. Commercial necessity will determine this, even if the inclination of the proprietor is against it. Fears of competition will precipitate the result, and the first sign of it is indicated by a desire to be known as independent of party ties. These influences, however, are slow, and the changes produced are gradual.

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**HOMING PIGEONS.**—Though the homing impulse is not peculiar to the pigeons, the pigeon is the only bird of the air that has submitted to the control of man and can be entrusted with its liberty, and consequently it is the only bird in which the habit has been fostered and developed.

The use made of pigeons as message-carriers during the siege of Paris is a matter of history. The military lofts of Germany are the most complete ever known. No expense is spared in maintenance, selection or training. The last approved method of send-



ing the message is to place it, reduced by microphotography, in the quill of a loose tail feather, of the colour of the bird that is to carry it, fastened among the tail feathers, and thus invisible to ordinary eyes. One device for securing reciprocal communication between two invested places is deserving of notice.

Young birds are taken from the nursery to the loft of one station and detained until they know the place as home. They are then removed to another to remain until they also feel familiar with it. They are finally taught to look to the one for food and to the other for water, thus causing them to journey from one to the other to satisfy the demands for existence, and giving them a double course over which they can be depended on to travel at such times as food is furnished at one loft and water at the other.

In England the use of the bird is confined to individual service, though persistent efforts have been made by Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier and others to induce the Government to adopt it as an adjunct to national defence. It is said, however, that the bird cannot be depended on as a means of communication in foggy weather.

In America, in 1882, Major General Hazen, of the Signal Service, and Major J. C. Breckinridge, of the Department of the Pacific, took the matter up, and the result was a "Memoir on the use of the Homing Pigeon," published by authority of the Secretary of War. The comment of Lieutenant Birkhimer on the information furnished him by fanciers, however, was that it was extremely doubtful whether the use of the bird would repay the cost and trouble of training. Thereupon Mr. E. H. Conover, of Keyport, engaged to show that his young birds had endurance for more than 150 miles before October of the year in which they were hatched and started them south-west from Washington under the auspices of the chief Signal Officer.

All of the birds engaged but one were less than five months old at the time of the first journey, and although they had been flown around home, none had been over sixty miles away when the trial began. This was August 15th, and from Elkton, Md., one hundred miles. From this every bird returned, and in good time. The next journey was on the 19th, from Havre de Grace, seventeen miles beyond. Liberated at 7-06 A.M. by Mr. R. Seneca, all returned at about the same time, the first entering the loft at 10-21½ A.M. The next Friday the birds were sent to Washington, thus giving them over sixty miles of unknown country to cover before arriving at their last station. The start was at 5-28 A.M., and the first return, four birds together, at 10-49 A.M. Seven of the nine had entered the loft six minutes later. The returns were reported by message-bird to New York, where the report was made up, and the best speed reported to Washington by wire by noon; and to Keyport, twenty miles distant, by bird arriving before 12-45 P.M. Again all returned. The next journey was from Lynchburg, Va., three hundred and thirty-eight miles from Keyport, and with a hundred and fifty-five miles of strange country. The

start was at 6-10 A.M. September 1st, by Sergeant John Healy. The first return was the Conover "Baby Mine" at 6-10 P.M., the first to return in any young bird season from over two hundred and fifty miles within the limits of the day of the start. The second return was at about seven o'clock the next morning. None of the Keyport birds were lost in these journeys.

Business men and others in America employ the birds very largely as couriers with excellent results.

Mr. A. P. Baldwin experimented with pigeons for sea-service twice in 1885, one bird liberated from the *Waesland*, in the afternoon, 315 miles from Sandy Hook, arriving in the loft at evening, and another let go from the *Circassia* at 9 A.M., when 255 miles out reaching home before evening.

But it is in Belgium that the sport of pigeon-flying is most ardently cultivated and with most remarkable results. The birds sent into France to be liberated during the six months of the season were over a million in number, and the birds are sent away in such numbers that special trains are made up for them. The speed attained in races of from fifty to two hundred miles reaches a mile in 48 seconds.

The most extraordinary journey ever made by homing pigeons was probably from St. Sebastien, Spain, to Leige, in 1862, when one bird did the distance of 615 miles within the day. Some of the best records attained in America are 13 hours 42 minutes for 464 miles, 14 hours 10 minutes for the same distance, and 14 hours 25 minutes for 508 miles. The greatest distance ever covered by a homing pigeon appears to be 1,040 miles, by Alabama and Montgomery, respectively, in 20 and 39 days. The great disparity is due to the fact that, after its first flight, the bird takes a long rest before resuming its journey.

Of the characteristics of the homing pigeon the writer says :

The homing pigeon has no points of color, and for form the one rule is the likeliest for homing purposes. The rule in breeding is to cross colors, and find in one the qualities the other lacks. The head may be long or short, round or flat, narrow or broad, but somewhere in it there must be brain-room.

It is the eye, first of all, that speaks to the experienced fancier. The white eye may mean the cumulet or the barb cross, but the latter will be easily determined by the shape of the skull, the eye-cere, and the build of the bird. If the cumulet, it means that the bird will fly high, have great endurance and wing-power. If the eye is dark, the head round, and the beak short and close-fitting, there will be a preponderance of the owl type; and whatever the cross, the result will be a persistent and intelligent home-seeker that will fly later at night than any other type. The red-eyed bird has the native Antwerp strong in its composition. If the eye is restless, and the pupil constantly dilates, it shows the bird to be of

from inbred, but to be nervous and wiry, the result of the mingling of many bloods. If the eye is mild and beaming, there has been inbreeding, and not far away. But whatever the character or the color, the ball must extend beyond the line of the head, as shown in the bird "Albright," and be so placed that the bird has as good a view of what is behind as before it. When a bird returns from a journey over much new territory, this protrusion of the eyeball is greatly increased, showing to what great strain the powers of vision have been pushed.

The chest should be full and broad; breadth is especially essential, otherwise the wings will be too close together to have the muscles which give the fullness to the breast and the fully developed power of flight. When a bird returns from a severe journey, these muscles are swollen and rigid, their size being greatly increased beyond the ordinary.

The wing in its shape is largely a matter of choice. The short, small wing calls for more exercise of the muscles, hence is more easily tired. The texture of the web in some is coarse and parts easily, while in others one may cover the end of the finger with the feather without its breaking. When the feathers of the wing are in prime condition, the web of one, as it laps over another, almost adheres to it, and the quill and shaft are tough, not brittle. The bath-tub is an absolute necessity in the flying-loft, that plumage being in the best condition which is oftenest washed. A wing is made up of ten flight or primary feathers and ten secondaries. The moult is so gradual as never to interfere with the flight, one feather dropping at a time, and being almost replaced before another falls.

The tail of the pigeon acts as the rudder in a flight, and should be of good length. This length is increased by pulling out the feathers in the first year.

The legs of the homing pigeon are preferred free from feathers. Both legs and feet are red.

The operations of digestion appear to be stayed during flight, the food taken at starting being found almost unchanged at the end of the journey.

The attachment of the pigeon is not, it is stated, for mate or young, but for its home, its perch and its nest box.

The homing pigeon is peculiarly possessed with the proprietary instinct and a dislike of change. The first place it selects in a loft it holds to the end. An owner knowing his loft can go in the dark and tell the bird he touches by its location. A bird absent for years takes its old place upon its return. But holding to its own to the death does not deter it from adding to its possessions. A lively young bird will sometimes defend his own peculiar belongings, and at the same time attempt to occupy a line of perches and a tier of nest boxes to the exclusion of others. It is a holiday in the loft when the king bird of it is sent away upon a journey, and his rival in possessing himself of his apartments leaves some other site free for another; but it is war when the owner returns, and however weary he may be, he does not rest until the intruder is expelled and his belongings thrown out. A bird will accept a change of mate, will not grieve for loss of young or eggs, but it cannot be made to occupy new quarters so long as the old exist. It will submit to removal to another loft, and if when it "visits" the old home it is ill-treated it will return to the new home of its own accord, seeming to understand what is required of it; but the place that

is its own in either it will not willingly yield to another. Birds have been known to be content in a new home, and yet to return to the old to dispute the possession of the old perch and box.

As to the nature of the bird's extraordinary power of *orientation*, the writer says:

One ascribes it to a sense of which we are not cognizant; as if the senses were six and man had knowledge of but five of them. Another finds a path for the birds in the magnetic currents of the atmosphere, another in its currents of heat and cold. Some rank the impulse with the instinct of the migratory bird, while others ascribe the performance to sight, and others again to luck and chance. The facts do not bear out any of these theories. The atmospheric currents may aid, but it is by their velocity and direction, not their temperature, and they hinder as often. The magnetic currents may affect, but it is in stimulating and intensifying, or, as they are adverse, in depressing. It is not instinct. Instinct is involuntary and unerring. Guided by instinct, the bird would not go astray, and the element of uncertainty upon which the sport depends would be lost. The homing pigeon not only errs, but shows indecision. Thus its action is voluntary and the result of a sort of reflection, and it is as the premises of which it takes cognizance are imperfect or false that its action is in error.

The sight of the homing pigeon is only limited by the dip of the horizon and the altitude at which it can sustain itself in the air. Its memory exceeds human understanding. Thus a bird will rise from a basket and be over a strange place only long enough to go away from it; but, if it feels itself to be lost, is injured, or is unable to proceed, it will return to the place of the start.

Eighteen Keyport birds liberated in Charlotte, N. C., in the spring of 1884, were kept in the upper room of a hotel while waiting for the time of the start. All left the roof together at 5 A.M. and went away out of sight towards the west, but soon returned, and after circling over the hotel took their direction towards the south. Again they returned, and after taking several wide circles over the city took an air-line course towards the north-east, going out of sight at half-past six o'clock, at great speed. A few minutes later six came back and settled upon the Masonic Temple, opposite the hotel. Three of these went away later in the day, but the other three returned through the open window to the room of the hotel in which they had been kept.

The little travellers were being watched for at Greensboro, nearly a hundred miles to the north; but when at half-past seven o'clock the twelve past over, flying very high and with almost incredible swiftness, there was doubt expressed as to their identity, as the birds to be started numbered eighteen. The little travellers, to have been over that city at that time, must have travelled at the average speed of a mile and-a-half to the minute.

Another instance of intelligent although misdirected purpose will show another and not uncommon phase of the bird's character; if so, we may term it. "The Scamp" was purchased by Mr. E. O. Damon, Northampton, Mass., from the loft of Judge Willard, Utica, N. Y., when a squealer. In due time it was put upon the road, and it returned regularly from all of the journeys up to that from White Plains, N. Y., one hundred and five miles south-west. While its owner was watching for it from this start, he received a telegram advising him

of its presence in Utica, one hundred and fifty-three miles north-west of White Plains. The bird, sent home by express, was kept a prisoner until it was thought to have forgotten its escapade, and when liberated was seemingly the most contented bird of the flight. One morning, however, he breakfasted in Northampton, then persuaded his mate to fly with him to Utica, one hundred and thirty-eight miles away, where they were found at noon. They had taken possession of the nest-box in which "The Scamp" was hatched, after dislodging its occupants and wrecking their belongings, and had settled themselves in it for housekeeping.

My long experience with the homing pigeon in its vagaries and its methods leads me to rank its performance as the highest act of which an animal is capable, and to believe that it is not to be ascribed to the blind guidance of instinct or intuition, but that the bird is entirely dependent upon its intelligence; that its superior organization of brain permits some sort of mental direction to its actions of which others of the animal creation are not capable; that it is by its keen sight and wonderful memory, directed by its intelligence and poised by perfect physical condition, that it answers to the demand of the governing impulse of its nature—the love of home.

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## LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1886.

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**LUCK : ITS LAWS AND LIMITS.**—If we consider the general idea entertained by most men about luck, we shall find that what they regard as clear evidence of its existence is in reality the result of law.

To take, as typical of the rest, the ideas of men about luck in gambling. There are six classes of lucky men recognised by gamblers,—those who are always in the vein, *i.e.*, never have a spell of bad luck ; those who start on a gambling career with good luck and then lose it once for all ; those—the great bulk of the community—whose luck is varying and who may gamble successfully when in the vein, but should withdraw as soon as the maturity of chances brings a change of luck ; those who are constantly unlucky ; those who are unlucky at the outset of their career, but afterwards become lucky ; and those whose luck depends on special circumstances, such as time, place, company and the like.

It is obvious, however, that if only a sufficiently large number of persons set to work at any form of gambling, their fortunes must, according to the law of chances, be such that they will be divisible into the sets indicated above.

In illustration of this position, Mr. Proctor says :

Suppose a large number of persons—say, for instance, twenty millions—engage in some game depending wholly on chance, two persons taking part in each game, so that there are ten million contests. Now it is obvious that

whether the chances in each contest are exactly equal or not, exactly ten millions of the twenty millions of persons will rise up winners and as many will rise up losers, the game being understood to be of such a kind that one player or the other must win. So far, then, as the results of that first set of contests are concerned, there will be 10,000,000 persons who will consider themselves to be in luck.

Now, let the same twenty millions of persons engage a second time in the same two-handed game, the pairs of players being not the same as at the first encounter, but distributed as chance may direct. Again, there will be ten millions of winners and ten millions of losers. Also, if we consider the fortunes of the ten million winners on the first night, we see that, since the chance which each one of these has of being again a winner is equal to the chance he has of losing, *about* one-half of the winning ten millions of the first night will be winners on the second night too. Nor shall we deduce a wrong general result if, for convenience, we say *exactly* one-half; so long as we are dealing with very large numbers we know that this result must be near the truth, and in chance problems of this sort we require (and can expect) no more. On this assumption, there are at the end of the second contest five millions who have won in both encounters, and five millions who have won in the first and lost in the second. The other ten millions, who lost in the first encounter, may similarly be divided into five millions who lost also in the second, and as many who won in the second. Thus, at the end of the second encounter, there are five millions of players who deem themselves lucky, as they have won twice and not lost at all; as many who deem themselves unlucky, having lost in both encounters; while ten millions, or half the original number, have no reason to regard themselves as either lucky or unlucky, having won and lost in equal degree.

Extending our investigation to a third contest, we find that 2,500,000 will be confirmed in their opinion that they are very lucky, since they will have won in all three encounters; while as many will have lost in all three, and begin to regard themselves, and to be regarded by their fellow-gamblers, as hopelessly unlucky. Of the remaining fifteen millions of players, it will be found that 7,500,000 will have won twice and lost once, while as many will have lost twice and won once.

\*        °        \*        \*        °        °        \*

Half of the fifteen millions will deem themselves rather lucky, while the other half will deem themselves rather unlucky. None, of course, can have had even luck, since an odd number of games has been played.

Our 20,000,000 players enter on a fourth series of encounters. At its close there are found to be 1,250,000 very lucky players, who have won in all four encounters, and as many unlucky ones who have lost in all four. Of the 2,500,000 players who had won in three encounters, one-half lose in the fourth; they had been deemed lucky, but now their luck has changed. So with the 2,500,000 who had been thus far unlucky, one-half of them win on the fourth trial. We have then 1,250,000 winners of three games out of four, and 1,250,000 losers of three games out of four. Of the 7,500,000 who had won two and lost one, one-half, or 3,750,000, win another game, and must be added to the 1,250,000 just mentioned, making three million winners of three games out of four. The other half lose the fourth game, giving us 3,750,000 who have had

equal fortunes thus far, winning two games and losing two. The other 7,500,000, who had lost two and won one, won the fourth game, and so give 3,750,000 more who have lost two games and won two, so that in all we have 7,500,000 who have had equal fortunes. The others lose at the fourth trial, and give us 3,500,000 to be added to the 1,250,000 already counted, who have lost thrice and won once only.

At the close, then, of the fourth encounter, we find a million and-a-quarter of players who have been constantly lucky, and as many who have been constantly unlucky. Five millions, having won three games out of four, consider themselves to have better luck than the average; while as many, having lost three games out of four, regard themselves as unlucky. Lastly, we have seven millions and-a-half who have won and lost in equal degree. These, it will be seen, constitute the largest part of our gambling community, though not equal to the other classes taken together. They are, in fact, three-eighths of the entire community.

So we might proceed to consider the twenty millions of gamblers after a fifth encounter, a sixth, and so on.

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After the fifth encounter there would be (on the assumption of results being always exactly balanced, which is convenient, and quite near enough to the truth for our present purpose) 625,000 persons who would have won every game they had played, and as many who had lost every game. These would represent the persistently lucky and unlucky men of our gambling community. There would be 625,000 who, having won four times in succession, now lost, and as many who, having lost four times in succession, now won. These would be the examples of luck—good or bad—continued to a certain stage, and then changing. The balance of our 20,000,000, amounting to seventeen millions and-a-half, would have had varying degrees of luck, from those who had won four games (not the first four) and lost one, to those who had lost four games (not the first four) and won but a single game. The bulk of the seventeen millions and-a-half would include those who would have had no reason to regard themselves as either specially lucky or specially unlucky. But 1,250,000 of them would be regarded as examples of a change of luck, being 625,000 who had won the first three games and lost the remaining two, and as many who had lost the first three games and won the last two.

Thus, after the fifth game, there would be only 1,250,000 of those regarded (for the nonce) as persistently lucky or unlucky (as many of one class as of the other), while there would be twice as many who would be regarded by those who knew of their fortunes, and of course by themselves, as examples of change of luck, marked good or bad luck at starting, and then bad or good luck.

So the games would proceed, half of the persistently lucky up to a given game going out of that class at the next game to become examples of a change of luck, so that the number of the persistently lucky would rapidly diminish as the play continued. So would the number of the persistently unlucky continually diminish, half going out at each new encounter to join the ranks of those who had long been unlucky, but had at last experienced a change of fortunes.



After the twentieth game, if we suppose constant exact halving to take place as far as possible, and then to be followed by halving as near as possible, there would be about a score who had won every game of the twenty. No amount of reasoning would persuade these players, or those who had heard of their fortunes, that they were not exceedingly lucky persons—not in the sense of being lucky because they *had* won, but of being *likelier to win* at any time than any of those who had taken part in the twenty games. They themselves and their friends—ay, and their enemies too—would conclude that they *'could not lose.'* In like manner, the score or so who had not won a single game out of the twenty would be judged to be most unlucky persons, whom it would be madness to back in any matter of pure chance.

But that which *must* happen cannot be regarded as due to luck. The question whether the twenty persons who had so far won persistently would be better worth backing than the twenty who had persistently lost would be disposed of at the twenty-first trial in a very decisive way, for about half the former would lose and about half the latter would win.

To the possible answer that this is mere assertion, the answer is that the matter has been tested over again by experience, with the result of showing that some men are bound to be fortunate again and again in any great number of trials, but that these particular persons are no more likely to be fortunate on fresh trials than any other.

Even the supposed special classes of luck would be found to appear among a sufficient number of trials by twenty million players :

For example, there would be about a score of players who would have won the first game, lost the second, won the third, and so on alternately to the end ; and as many who had also won and lost alternate games, but had lost the first game ; some forty, therefore, whose fortune it seemed to be to win only after they had lost and to lose only after they had won. Again, about twenty would win the first five games, lose the next five, win the third five and lose the last five ; and about twenty more would lose the first five, win the next, lose the third five, and win the last five ; about forty players, therefore, who seemed bound to win and lose always five games, and no more, in succession.

Again, if any one had made a prediction that among the players of the twenty games there would be one who would win the first, then lose two, then win three, then lose four, then win five, and then lose the remaining five and yet a sixth if the twenty-first game were played—that prophet would certainly be justified by the result. For about a score would be sure to have just such fortunes as he had indicated up to the twentieth game, and of these nine or ten would be (practically) sure to win the twenty-first game also.

Moreover, though there can be no doubt that, if a man with sufficient means goes on playing long enough, his gains and losses in

the end will be nearly equal, it by no means follows that, if he starts with a heavy loss, he will recover it. Though this sounds like a paradox, it may be readily shown that it is not so :

- The idea to be controverted in this : that if a gambler plays long enough, there must come a time when his gains and his losses are exactly balanced,
- Of course, if this were true, it would be a very strong argument against gambling ; for what but loss of time can be the result of following a course which must inevitably lead you, if go on long enough, to the place from which you started ? But it is not true. If it were true, of course it involves the inference that, no matter when you enter on a course of gambling, you are bound after a certain time to find yourself where you were at *that* beginning. It follows that if (which is certainly possible) you lose considerably in the first few weeks or months of your gambling career, then, if you only play long enough, you must inevitably find yourself as great a loser, on the whole, as you were when you were thus in arrears through gambling losses ; for your play may be quite as properly considered to have begun when those losses had just been incurred, as to have begun at any other time. Hence, this idea that, in the long run, the luck must run even, involves the conclusion that, if you are a loser or a gainer in the beginning of your play, you must at some time or other be equally a gainer or loser. This is manifestly inconsistent with the idea that long-continued play will inevitably leave you neither a loser nor a gainer. If, starting from a certain point when you are thousand pounds in arrears, you are certain some time or other, if you only play long enough, to have gained back that thousand pounds, it is obvious that you are equally certain some time or other (from that same starting-point) to be yet another thousand pounds in arrears. For there is no line of argument to prove you must regain it, which will not equally prove that some time or other you must be a loser by that same amount, over and above what you had already lost when beginning the games which were to put you right. If, then, you are to come straight, you must be able certainly to recover two thousand pounds, and by parity of reasoning four thousand, and again twice that ; and so on *ad infinitum*, which is manifestly absurd.
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## BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1886.

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**MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE. IX. CRIMEAN AND CIRCASSIAN EXPERIENCES DURING THE WAR, 1854-55.**—The most important passage in these experiences is that in which Mr. Oliphant describes the circumstances which prevented the timely relief of Kars. Mr. Oliphant was before Sebastopol, whither he had proceeded with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in the hope of being sent on a secret mission to Schamyl which never came off. There was nothing at that time to prevent the despatch of Omer Pasha's army to the Caucasus, except the obstinate opposition of the French Commander-in-Chief.

It had become evident that Sebastopol could not hold out much longer ; but there was no reason to suppose that we were going to be dragged into a peace by the French, by which the results of the war would be in a great measure sacrificed. On the contrary, it seemed likely that the scene of operations would be transferred to another quarter, and that the Government would at last open its eyes to the fact that the most vulnerable spot in the Russian Empire was the Caucasian provinces. I did not then know, what I discovered afterwards, as may be proved by official documents, that it entered into the policy of our allies to sacrifice our Eastern interests to their own immediate necessities, though, as it afterwards turned out, at the period of my visit to the Crimea, General Pelissier was pursuing a course which could bear no other construction. At that very moment Lord Stratford was receiving from General Williams news of the straits to which the garrison of Kars was being rapidly reduced by the besieging army under General Mouravieff, and of the necessity of immediate relief being sent to prevent its capture ; and was urging on the British Government the expediency of sending the Turkish army, then lying idle in the Crimea under Omer Pasha, to its relief. Six weeks before our visit, Omer Pasha had met the Generals of the allied armies in conference, had explained

to them the useless inactivity to which he, with his whole army, was condemned and had implored them to let him at once undertake an Asiatic campaign for the relief of Kars; but his arguments had failed to move them—General Pelissier being most emphatic in his objection to it, and General Simpson being a passive tool in the hands of his French colleague. Lord Stratford, however, took a very different view of the situation, and so strongly advocated the measure urged by Omer Pasha, that he had extracted the consent of the British Government to it, qualified, however, by the proviso “that the Government of the Emperor will concur in it.” The Emperor only concurred in it subject to the approval of General Pelissier, who flatly refused. It was at this juncture that we were in the Crimea,—the battle of the Tchernaya had been fought, the fall of Sebastopol had become a matter of days. There were 150,000 allied English, French, and Italian troops awaiting its surrender, and not exposed to the slightest danger; and yet, in General Pelissier’s opinion the safety of these three European armies depended upon the presence by their side of 30,000 Turkish troops. Had this force been allowed to leave the Crimea while we were there, the event proved that they would have been in plenty of time to have saved Kars, which did not capitulate for three months after this. A month later, the Turkish army was still kicking its heels in front of Sebastopol, to the great discomfort of the other three armies, who had difficulty enough in finding camping-grounds and supplies. Sebastopol had fallen a fortnight before. General Pelissier had been deprived of his last excuse, and yet we read in a despatch from Colonel (now General) Sir Lionel Simmons, the English Commissioner with the Turkish Army, dated the 21 September: “General Simpson has informed me that he sees no objection to their [the Turkish troops] departure. The only obstacle seems to be that the assent of General Pelissier and the French Government has not been given.” At last, a week later, this consent was reluctantly extracted. And the record of the campaign of the Turkish army in the Caucasus, in which I took part, proved that it was given three weeks too late. Had the Turkish army been released even the day after Sebastopol fell, it would have been in Tiflis before Kars surrendered, and Mouravieff would have been compelled to raise the siege of that fortress. As it was, we had arrived at a point 130 miles from Tiflis, or ten days’ easy marching, with nothing to oppose our advance but a Russian force scarce a third of our own number, which had already suffered one serious defeat at our hands, and was in full retreat before us, when the news reached us of General Williams’s surrender.

It was a story which has since almost found its parallel in the failure of the expedition to relieve General Gordon at Khartoum; but the circumstances which attended the fatal delay were not so well known, for at that moment the *entente cordiale* with France was supposed to be a consideration of paramount importance in our policy, and it might have been seriously imperilled had the British public thoroughly understood at the time that the fall of Kars, which was being defended by British officers, was directly due to the refusal of the French Government to allow a force, which was doing nothing in the Crimea, to proceed to its relief.

The whole plan of our Crimean operations, Mr. Oliphant is of opinion, was wrongly conceived. He thinks we should have seized

and held the Isthmus of Perekop, which was practically unfortified, thus cutting off the whole of the Crimea and setting the bulk of our forces free to operate in the Caucasus and beyond.

Of the importance of despatching an expedition to the Caucasus and securing the co-operation of the Circassians, he says:—

It had always seemed to me that to ignore the existence of a race of brave and warlike mountaineers, who were fanatic Moslems, fighting in the heart of Russia for their independence, and yet most easily accessible by sea, was wilfully to cast aside a most powerful weapon for attack which the fortune of war had placed in our hands: we had only to land a strong Moslem force at Sujak Kaleh, on the Black Sea coast, whether of Beatson's Bashi-Bazouks, or Vivian's contingent, or Turkish regulars, provided they were Moslems, to have the whole male population of Circassia, every one a trained warrior, flock to our standard. Such a force would have the friendly mountains on its right flank to retreat to in case of necessity, the River Kuban to protect its left flank, and the rich plains which lie between the Kuban and the mountains to march across.

The objective points of such an expedition would have been the passes of Dariel and Derbend. These two mountain defiles closed by an allied army of Circassians and Turkish or irregular Moslem troops, all access into Transcaucasia would have been barred to Russia except by way of the Caspian Sea from Astrakhan—a most difficult and tedious operation, for in those days the steam-transport upon it was too limited for the conveyance of an army except in minute dribblets. The Russian army in the Caucasus, at that time under General Mouravieff, only amounted to 60,000 men. The Transcaucasian Provinces of Abkhasia, Mingrelia, Imeritia, Georgia, and Gouriel were all of them disaffected to Russia,—as I afterwards had an opportunity of knowing when I campaigned through them,—and being almost exclusively Christian, would have welcomed with delight a Christian army come to release them from the Muscovite yoke. This army would only have had to contend with that under Mouravieff, and would have operated in combination not only with the force on the Kuban, holding the northern passes, but with a Turkish army advancing from the direction of Kars. Mouravieff and his force would thus have infallibly been caught in a trap, from which there was positively no escape. Not only would Kars never have fallen, but Russia would have lost all her Transcaucasian provinces to boot. At that time the allied armies, French, English, and Italian, round Sebastopol numbered 150,000 men; but even supposing none of these could be spared, Turkey could have furnished a force of 50,000 men under Omer Pasha, exclusive of the Kars troops, which, with 25,000 of Vivian's and Beatson's, would have sufficed for the operation.

**A SKETCH FROM MESSINA.**—It is well worth while going to Messina, says the writer, if only for the scenery and the sardines, which are both of incomparable excellence. Perhaps the noblest sea view in Europe is that from the ancient amphitheatre of Taormina.

From the amphitheatre over the broad blue sweep of the Straits, you embrace the semicircular panorama of the rugged Calabrian Hills; the slopes on either shore are studded with white-walled towns and yellow villages gleaming in the sunshine; while to the landward, on the left, is the towering mass of the

"Mongibello," which casts its mighty shadow half over Sicily. In the background at Taormina, in the background, and all about, is the strangest jumble of fertility and sterility, of prosperity, desolation, and picturesque decay. There are smiling hamlets and snug farm-buildings; there are flat-roofed cottages half concealed in the clustering almonds, orange and olive trees; there are terraced gardens descending to the sea, strewn thickly with the fallen bloom from the showers of pink and purple blossoms; here and there the lower heights are crowned by convents with their cloistered arcades, turned to secular uses as villas or palaces; while through the black-green thickets behind the spiked hedges of the Indian fig, you catch glimpses of the vivid hues of the moss-grown remains of Roman, Saracenic, or Norman masonry. Etna, with its magnificent shapes and its ever-menacing subterraneous forces, must always be the most imposing feature in the landscape.

Seen in the glow of Sicilian sun set, it is almost impossible for the fancy to associate the mountain with menaces of death and devastation.

Not even in the transparent air of the Libyan desert, flickering over the burning sands behind the huge pyramids of Ghizeh, are the splendours of the dying sunset more glorious. The hidden furnaces would seem mysteriously to add an intensity of sympathetic reflection to those celestial fires of orange and crimson, till the flashing lights, fading down into vivid purples, make the barren lava-beds and the broken precipices blaze in what may be prosaically described as great breadths of purple pickled cabbage. No artist has ever caught those tints, which are simply unseizable by pen or brush.

From Messina itself the Mongibello is invisible. But—there are the same views across the bright-blue belt of the Straits, which still boil, even in calm, in swift and ever-changing currents between the castle-rock of Scylla and the mythical whirlpool of Charybdis. There is the flourishing city of Reggio, full in front, though more imposing from a distance than on closer inspection. There are the Calabrian Apennines towering tier over tier, before sinking seaward in a series of break-neck cliffs at the toe of the Italian boot; while close behind, the Sicilian seaport is girdled by its own Sicilian Hills, which are only to be surmounted by sharp, stiff zigzags, or through the deep gorges or water-gutters, which try the legs as well as the lungs.

Apart from the scenery, the special attraction of Messina is the constant bustle of boisterous life going on beneath the stranger's windows.

Whichever of the hotels it may please him to patronise, he can have windows looking out upon the *quais* and the harbour. If he be wise, he had better choose his rooms in an upper storey, for the sounds from the street are deafening and ear-piercing, as the scents are neither balmy nor salubrious. Those excitable Southerners always shriek, and they keep their voices, for ordinary intercourse, pitched on the shrillest falsetto. The most friendly chat between a couple of neighbours sounds like a furious quarrel, and might be heard a long mile away, if there chanced to be silence. The children playing cheerily before their doors, screech like so many small souls in torment. But silence there never is, save from sundown to early dawn. The busy street-vendors

are up and about before the birds that answer to our larks have broken into song in the gardens. The vendors of garden-produce come first on the scene, with the cheap vegetables that chance to be in season ; and the market-gardens in that genial climate seem to bear promiscuously all the year round. There are green peas and asparagus at Christmas-tide, with Alpine strawberries long before Easter ; and the common people, like Neapolitan consumers of the *cocomero*, are fanatical fruit-eaters and inveterate vegetarians.

Vegetables and the salted fish are necessities of life ; but the seller of sweet stuff makes his appearance almost simultaneously. The children who have tumbled up, ready-dressed as they tumbled in, swarm round his unwholesome wares like so many clustering bluebottles. His yells resound like music in their ears. Trundling his wheelbarrow along, he carries a small table under his ragged arm ; he sets it up with the scales and weights at intervals in some side alley or spacious doorway, exchanging small packets of his sticky poison for the shabbiest and most debased of small copper coins.

In the market-place, half covered in, which is immediately beneath the windows of the Hotel Vittoria, the stationary retail trade, with its noise, is concentrated. There are the butchers, the bakers, and the fishmongers behind their stalls ; there you may see a variety of quaint specimens of the queerest fishes and of strangely eccentric growths of the semi-tropical vegetation. There are booths flaunting with their bright-coloured calicoes and gaudy silk handkerchiefs, which are to be shaped into bodices and petticoats for village belles, "or to be knotted round the necks of artisans and sun-burnt peasants ; while in striking contrast, in the way of colouring, are the piles of dull-red pottery of substantial texture and primitive shapes, that may possibly have originated with Carthaginians or Phœnicians.

Half a stone's-throw aside from the clamour of the stall-keepers and housewives, there is a display of cheap books and cheaper engravings along the sea-wall of the Palazzo di Città, as on the *quais* near the Pont Neuf at Paris. There are treatises on controversial divinity with the biographies of eminent brigands ; there are novels in English and German as well as in French, possibly for the benefit of the cosmopolitan seamen in the harbour ; while the Virgin and St. Rosalie amicably rub shoulders, in their gilded frames, with the Queen of Italy and the stars of the theatre or circus.

Beyond the market, for a long mile along the broad wharves, the scene is nearly as bustling and scarcely less boisterous. A score or more of black-hulled steamers, of various burthen and hailing from many countries—although mostly English—are lying moored end on to the *quais*.

One vessel is coaling, or stowing away bags of charcoal, brought down from the forests on the slopes of the hills ; another is disembarking the foreign imports which are to be distributed over the island ; while others are laying in their cargoes of oil and wine and grain, stowing away boxes of oranges and lemons, runlets of lemon-juice, raw skins and dressed leather. The wharves have been encumbered with great piles of barrels, which are rapidly disappearing into the holds. While all around are the rows of rude ox-carts that have

been delivering the goods, each span of oxen simply hitched up in rope traces secured to the yoke that is knotted across their horns—most of the teams being cast loose for the time, and leisurely making a meal off an armful of green food.

Of the city the writer says :

Messina being greatly given over to trade, though lively in that sense, is dull in most others. Yet, to say nothing of charming excursions in the neighbourhood, with the pleasures of boating about the Straits for those who enjoy that, two or three days may be very agreeably spent there. The situation is strangely romantic : the architecture and the plan of the town have adapted themselves to the eccentricities of the ground and the seasons ; while the people, picturesque in their habits and dress, live literally in public, and keep few family secrets from inquisitive strangers. The city is surrounded by isolated rocky heights, commanding gorges or winding passes leading downwards from the hills behind ; and each height has been crowned by a strong castle or fort, built for the most part by the kings of Spain or their viceroys.

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Those gorges or *fumare*, through which the hill country drains down to the sea, are the standing curses of the city. Climb any one of them in spring or summer, and all is dry and dusty. The glowing sun is reflected from half-naked rocks, scantily clothed in the clefts and hollows by *chevaux de frise* of the prickly pear, though here and there, in some secluded side-valley, is a smiling oasis of vines and fruit-trees. You labour through light sand or slip upon polished slabs of rock ; and should a gust sweep down from the heights above, you are blinded and choked in a whirling sand-storm. From the mule-track which has been ground out of the steep, you generally look down on a rocky bottom, where a tiny rill may be tickling along through a chaos of boulders that block the bed. Pumped back into a little tank here and there, fluid enough is stored up to supply the few cottages, and to water the little troops of goats and sheep. When the rains come down in a deluge in the wet season, these rills are swelled into raging torrents, rolling the boulders along like so many pebbles, and bringing down others in occasional avalanches from the landslips above. These sudden floods do little harm in the hill valleys, for the inhabitants have raised their paths and their dwellings above the reach of mischief. But five of these *fumare*, which at first follow as many of the suburban roads, finally form five of the thoroughfares through Messina. The suburban roads are filled with the flood which surges between strong garden-walls on either side : now and then, one of the walls is sapped and succumbs ; but otherwise no great mischief is done even there. But when the rising torrent tears down into the town, matters become more serious. It is true that square stone channels sunk deep below the level of the pavements have been prepared, but it is a question whether even these may not overflow ; and, moreover, there are places where the torrent is merely confined by the basement-stores of earthquake-shaken houses. Communications are kept open by narrow, high-arched, iron foot-bridges, secured to massive rings by ponderous chains. But it is a strange sight to see trees, and not unfrequently the carcasses of cattle, whirling along what is ordinarily a dusty thoroughfare ; and considering that children swarm at all times on the pavements, and that their mothers never



pay the slightest attention to them, it is a marvel that accidents to the innocents are not very much more common.

Elsewhere in the city between the hills and the wharves, there is a strange blending of magnificence and squalor. No town could be more easily drained, and in few towns is the drainage more deplorable. Traversed in its extreme length, from north to south, by three broad parallel thoroughfares, including the line of *quais*, between these are networks of sunless alleys, where all the refuse is habitually shot out of doors, and where consequently the smells in the heat are appalling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then there are lanes that climb the almost perpendicular hills, by flights of filthy steps that are more like ladders than staircases, to land you at last among the sea-breezes on some grassy eminence commanding the most glorious sea-views. So below, in the darkest and dingiest quarters, you stumble out upon a piazza blazing in the light, with one of those magnificent fountains in variegated marbles which have always been the pride of Messina la Nobile—where the classical and fantastical are inextricably mixed up, and where mythology seems to have run mad in a managerie of amphibious monsters.

The study of Sicilian life in the slums is not only disagreeable, but difficult and unsatisfactory; for the dens in which the populace kennel are so dark that there is no investigating their internal arrangements. That, however, is of the less consequence, that many of the hard-working folk have their homes in the main streets, where the sunshine floods the rooms, lighting up each nook and corner. Sauntering slowly past the open doors, you see everything between the beaten clay-floor and the white-washed roof. There is the big family bed, and the small brick cooking-range with the charcoal brasier; there are the kettle and the copper saucepan—the emblazoned cupboard or chest containing the family finery—the rickety table in the middle of the room, where the women work in wet weather—and the cheap coloured prints on the walls, which gratify their simple tastes. In fine weather, where there is any shade, as a matter of course the household bivouacs outside upon the pavement.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is little of what one would call national costume: the women are far from being good-looking, and regularity of feature is altogether the exception. Yet there is a certain piquancy in the brilliant colours of the bodices and the quaintly knotted head-gear and neckerchiefs, which, with the silver chains and the gilded brooches, set off the swarthy sun-burnt or olive complexions and the sparkle of the bright black eyes. The complexions fade soon, as the features grow haggard; but the black eyes continue to burn like carbon under the blow-pipe, in contrast with the prematurely cadaverous face. Really the most striking and harmonious of the costumes are the every-day wear of the brick-burners and the fishermen, who dress in tight-fitting suits, like the devils in "*Der Freischütz*," which seem charred to the same mahogany tints as the dusky skins of the wearers.

## THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1886.

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WORK FOR IDLE HANDS describes an attempt of Mrs. Ernest Hart to resuscitate the knitting, spinning and weaving industries of Donegal.

No one who has not been in Donegal can form a conception of the wild desolation of the district. Except in the little oasis about the inn at Gweedore, you may traverse the whole country and find yourself as completely out of the world as if you were in the backwoods of Canada.

You may drive on an outside car—the only means of locomotion—for twenty or thirty Irish miles, over absolutely desolate moorland and bog, without seeing a trace of man or woman, bird or beast. Now and then you may perceive, rising out of nothing, as it were, and moving about what is called a "farm," but is really only a mud hut, creatures that remind you of the aborigines of Australia or Africa—their big eyes gleaming from under a shock of unkempt hair, and their few poor rags barely held together—a mere apology for clothing.

But it was not always so. The wool of the Donegal sheep is the finest and softest known; the Donegal women are the best knitters in Ireland, and there was a time when travellers from as far as Lancashire used to attend the fairs and buy the cottage industries of the peasantry.

In the summer of 1883 Mrs. Hart and her husband were travelling in Donegal and were touched by the destitution they saw on all sides. Though actually starving, the people never begged, but only clamoured for work; so, with her husband's help, Mrs. Hart set to work to revive the old industries, organising centres for the distribution of the raw materials which she purchased and

supplied at cost price, encouraging the men to recommence hand-loom weaving, and showing them how to obtain permanent and beautiful dyes from the bog-plants in the neighbourhood.

For destitute Irish ladies, of whom there were many, she at the same time instituted the Kells Art embroideries, in which dyed and polished threads of flax are worked into Irish linen after patterns chiefly taken from the book of Kells.

Great difficulties had to be encountered.

It was no easy matter to get the women to work regularly, or see that a pair of socks must be of exactly the same length, that the colours must match, and the like. In the end she succeeded in getting a regular sale for her productions among the large London houses and elsewhere, and was able to distribute in Donegal, as payment, a sum of money which, during a severe winter, kept a whole district from starving. Her working capital brought in no interest; but she kept a list of her employes, ready to give them a bonus should circumstances allow.

By-and-bye, she dispensed with the aid of her Committee and set up a shop, now at 43, Wigmore Street, which is a flourishing concern.

CHINA TOWN IN SAN FRANCISCO.—In China Town 30,000 people sleep within an area of not more than a quarter of a square mile—a degree of crowding that has no parallel elsewhere. So small is China Town that a stranger may find himself in its midst before he is aware of it. The illusion is then so complete that he is tempted to wonder whether he is in a dream.

At first glance the houses seem to be thoroughly Chinese; they have curious little brilliantly painted balconies, some extending in front of the facades and others fitted into niches and recesses. Lanterns and banners hang in profusion in these balconies, while gaudily painted signs with characters often two to three feet in length adorn the walls and doorposts of the main building. The roofs are covered with small shed-like excrescences, any one of which an English gardener would despise as a tool-house; yet into each some four or five Chinamen will nightly crawl and sleep with apparent comfort. A Chinaman will build out a cupboard wherever he can do so without infringing on a neighbour's ground, and the result is that, seen from a little distance, a "China Town" house looks as if it were afflicted with a plague of warts.

The restaurants are the largest and most attractively fitted painted buildings. Their balconies are filled with flowers, shrubs, and lanterns, and liberally provided with seats. A Chinaman does not seem to mind climbing stairs, for in their restaurants the ground floor is devoted to the kitchens, and the quality of food served and the price charged increase from floor to floor, the highest being

immediately under the roof. The kitchens, which are freely shown to visitors, are kept scrupulously clean, but the intending eater should not examine too curiously the component parts of the dishes, which, if consumed in a spirit of trust and confidence, will often be found very savoury and appetising. All the cooking utensils have been brought from China, and the lightness, strength and finish of their saucepans, kettles, &c., far surpass American or English goods. Even their commonest pots and pans have a surface as smooth as that of a bronze casting. The furniture of the visitors' rooms is ebony, often exquisitely carved, but neither seats nor lounges have any cushions or coverings. The Chinaman does not seem to know, or at any rate does not care for, the comfort to be derived from upholstered furniture. All the tables are circular, and for dinner parties some of enormous size are provided. The Chinese do not use plates, but eat out of small bowls, which they from time to time fill up from larger ones set in the centre of the table. Very few white visitors venture upon anything except tea, cakes, and sweetmeats; but even in partaking of tea, the stranger can rarely get along without the aid of the waiter. A handful of tea-leaves is placed in a cup and boiling water poured thereon; a China cover is placed over the cup, and the contents left to steep for a few minutes. So far all is easy; but the would-be drinker is then expected to seize the burning hot steeper between his thumb and middle finger, and pour the tea into another cup, while his forefinger holds the cover of the steeper close to the edge, making an impromptu strainer which prevents any leaves going into the second cup. After having very completely burnt his fingers and spilt half his tea, the visitor has usually to call in the services of the waiter. It will doubtless delight many economical housekeepers to learn that the Chinese consider the second or third brewing superior to the first. The Chinaman does not take milk or sugar with his tea, but the barbarian visitor is allowed the latter, though never the former. In the making of pastry and sweetmeats the Chinese cook is an adept, and obtains very delicate crusts by the use of rice-flour.

The drinks sold are very sweet wines, and a coarse and ardent spirit distilled from rice, all drunk out of cups or glasses that hold little more than a thimbleful.

On the last floor of most of the restaurants is a "Joss" house.

Although there is supposed to be a law against the sale of opium, smoking dens abound, and one of the commonest of the street industries is the repairing of the bowls of opium pipes.

The articles principally sold to white people are tea, silk handkerchiefs, embroidered dressing gowns, china, and *bric-a-brac*. The cleanliness and neatness of the shops are in striking contrast to the filth and slovenliness in which most of the inhabitants live.

As to diet, the Chinese keep as much as possible to their national food.

Vast quantities of dried and smoked poultry and fish are annually imported, and even eggs are brought in covered with a coating of earth, which keeps them moist and fresh. Eggs so protected will, it is said, be eatable when four

years old. The fish is of many kinds, but the most popular is very small, something like whitebait. A kind of squid, about eight inches long and having many arms and feelers, is also in great demand. Almost the only meat is pork, and this, as a rule, consists but of such portions of the entrails as Christians throw away. Poultry is nearly always bought alive, as the blood is used in cooking. At some shops, where half of a 'duck' or chicken is sold, a small cupful of blood is given with each portion. Even the fish, after being cleaned, are smeared with their own blood.

In the outskirts of San Francisco are large market gardens where the vegetables used in China Town are grown, and which are marvels of neatness and productiveness. The vegetables most in demand are a green bean from twelve to eighteen inches long, a cucumber-like turnip, and a leaf like that of a cactus, from which the prickles are carefully scraped.

There is one narrow street in which a kind of daily market is held.

Here the candy-seller flourishes exceedingly, sweetmeats of all kinds being great favourites with the "pigtails." The letter-writer, whose implements are camels'-hair brushes and indian-ink, the charm-reader, the fortune-teller, and the medicine man are plentiful in the market, and apparently do a thriving business, though, as in the transaction of all Chinese business, one purchaser will attract a crowd of onlookers. Very few women are to be seen, and, as a rule, these are not of the best character. They also adhere to their national costume, but are not of the high class who cripple their feet. They are to barbarian eyes singularly unattractive, though they liberally adorn their yellow skins with rouge and cosmetics. In their hair-dressing they would, however, infuse despair into the hearts of the most accomplished Parisian "artist." Hollow rolls and bands of hair are built up often to a great height above the head, and fastened in place by long gold pins. Not a hair is ever out of place, but each roll is as smooth, black, and shiny as if carved out of jet. No bonnet or head-dress is ever worn, but in wet or sunny weather an umbrella is carried.

The writer thus describes a Chinese lodging-house, as seen at night :—

The first lodging house entered was about 9 feet long by 6 feet wide, and possibly 8 feet high. On the left the wall was clear for about 6 feet; on the right were four bunks, one above the other, and with less height between them than is usual in the forecastle of a ship. Across the end of the room were four more bunks. All were occupied, the proprietor being accustomed, when his hotel was full, to sit up at night and sleep in the daytime. His charge to his lodgers was one dollar per month, but this was considered to be a superior house, being almost level with the pavement. In some of the streets the occupants have excavated three tiers of cellars, and in the lowest of these sleeping room may be obtained for half a dollar a month. A tap of water in a passage-way or miniature yard was the only luxury beyond sleeping room with which the landlord supplied his lodgers. I descended into one of these third-tier cellars, and, at a depth of over twenty feet below the street, found a room about as

large as that mentioned above, and equally crowded. The flooring was the earth through which in many places the water oozed, as if it came up to meet that which ran down the walls and dripped from the ceiling. Rats ran familiarly about the place, and were evidently too common to attract notice. The smell was, to one unused to it, perfectly overpowering, but in such an atmosphere the Chinese live and apparently thrive.

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN.**—Strictly speaking there is nothing really British; all are naturalised aliens differing only in length of acclimatisation.

To take the men and women. Some are, no doubt, of remotely Norman blood; others are in the main Scandinavian, and others are true Saxon Englishmen, all just as much foreigners at bottom as the Spitalfields Huguenots or the Italian organ-boy. Even the Welshman and the Highland Scot may be traced, as the Cymry, across the face of Germany, and their predecessors, the brown Euskarians and yellow Mongolians, were themselves immigrants. There are no Autochthones, properly speaking, and so it is with the other animals and the plants.

If there be anything at all with a claim to be considered really indigenous, it is the Scotch ptarmigan and the Alpine hare, the northern holygrass and the mountain flowers of the Highland summits. All the rest are sojourners and wayfarers, brought across as casuals, like the gipsies and the Oriental plane, at various times to the United Kingdom, some of them recently some of them long ago, but not one of them (it seems), except the oyster, a true native. The common brown rat, for instance, as everybody knows, came over, not, it is true, with William the Conqueror, but with the Hanoverian dynasty and King George I. of blessed memory. The familiar cockroach, or "black beetle" of our lower regions, is an Oriental importation of the last century. The hum of the mosquito is now just beginning to be heard in the land, especially in some big London hotels. The Colorado beetle is hourly expected by Cunard steamer; the Canadian roadside erigeron is well established already in the remoter suburbs; the phyloxera battens on our hothouse vines; the American river-weed stops the navigation on our principal canals. The Ganges and the Mississippi have long since flooded the tawny Thames, as Juvenal's cynical friend declared the Syrian Orontes had flooded the Tiber. And what has thus been going on slowly within the memory of the last few generations has been going on constantly from time immemorial, and peopling Britain in all its parts with its now existing fauna and flora.

In England, as in Northern Europe generally, modern history begins with the passing away of the glacial epoch.

During that great age of universal ice our Britain, from end to end, was covered at various times by sea and by glaciers; it resembled on the whole the cheerful aspect of Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla at the present day. A few reindeer wandered now and then over its frozen shores; a scanty vegetation of the correlative reindeer-moss grew with difficulty under the sheets and drifts

of endless snow ; a stray walrus or an occasional seal basked in the chilly sunshine on the ice-bound coast. But during the greatest extension of the North-European ice-sheet it is probable that life in London was completely extinct ; the metropolitan area did not even vegetate. Snow and snow and snow and snow was then the short sum-total of British scenery. Murray's Guides were rendered quite unnecessary, and penny ices were a drug in the market. England was given up to one unchanging universal winter.

After the melting of the ice, the European fauna and flora moved but gradually and tentatively north-westward, and before any large portion could settle in England, it was cut off from the mainland by the gradual wearing away of the cliffs at Dover and Calais.

As long ago as the sixteenth century, indeed, Verstegan the antiquary clearly saw that the existence of badgers and foxes in England implied the former presence of a belt of land joining the British Islands to the continent of Europe ; for, as he acutely observed, nobody (before fox-hunting, at least) would ever have taken the trouble to bring them over. Still more does the presence in our islands of the red deer, and formerly of the wild white cattle, the wolf, the bear, and the wild boar, to say nothing of the beaver, the otter, the squirrel, and the weasel, prove that England was once conterminous with France or Belgium. At the very best of times, however, before Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel had killed positively the last "last wolf" in Britain (several other "last wolves" having previously been despatched by various earlier intrepid exterminators), our English fauna was far from a rich one, especially as regards the larger quadrupeds. In bats, birds, and insects we have always done better, because to such creatures a belt of sea is not by any means an insuperable barrier ; whereas in reptiles and amphibians, on the contrary, we have always been weak, seeing that most reptiles are bad swimmers.

The only good-sized animal which, so far as is known, is peculiar to the British Isles, is the red grouse, but even it is probably the original variety of the willow grouse of Scandinavia.

Since the insulation of Great Britain a great many new plants and animals have been added to its population. The fallow deer is said to have been introduced by the Romans, as also the edible snail. The carp was introduced by the mediæval monks. One of the commonest river mussels was ferried over from the Volga, clinging to the bottoms of vessels from the Black Sea.

Thus from day to day, as in society at large, new introductions constantly take place, and old friends die out for ever. The brown rat replaces the old English black rat ; strange weeds kill off the weeds of ancient days ; fresh flies and grubs and beetles crop up, and disturb the primitive entomological balance. The bustard is gone from Salisbury Plain ; the fenland butterflies have disappeared with the drainage of the fens. In their place the red-legged partridge invades Norfolk ; the American black bass is making himself quite at home, with Yankee assurance, in our sluggish rivers ; and the spoonbill is nesting of its own accord among the warmer corners of the Sussex downs.

As to plants, even the stinging nettle is probably not truly indigenous, and the two worst kinds, the smaller nettle and the Roman nettle, are quite recent denizens. The shepherd's purse and many other common garden weeds came from the Mediterranean region with the seed-corn and the peas; the scarlet poppy has probably followed the course of tillage from some remote and ancient Eastern origin. A pretty blue Veronica, unknown in England some thirty years since, is now one of the commonest and most troublesome weeds in the country.

Other familiar wild plants have been first brought over garden flowers.

There is the wallflower, for instance, now escaped from cultivation in every part of Britain, and mantling with its yellow bunches both old churches and houses, and also the crannies of the limestone cliffs around half the shores of England. The common stock has similarly overrun the sea-front of the Isle of Wight; the monkey-plant, originally a Chilian flower, has run wild in many boggy spots in England and Wales; and a North American balsam, seldom cultivated even in cottage gardens, has managed to establish itself in profuse abundance along the banks of the Wey about Guildford and Godalming. One little garden linaria, at first employed as an ornament for hanging-baskets, has become so common on old walls and banks as to be now considered a mere weed, and exterminated accordingly by fashionable gardeners. Such are the unaccountable reverses of fortune, that one age will pay fifty guineas a bulb for a plant which the next age grubs up unanimously as a vulgar intruder. White of Selborne noticed with delight in his own kitchen that rare insect, the Oriental cockroach, lately imported; and Mr. Brewer observed with joy in his garden at Reigate the blue Buxbaum speedwell, which is now the acknowledged and hated pest of the Surrey agriculturist.

A curious instance of the vagaries of plant emigration is furnished by the Bermuda grass lily, which is known in a wild state nowhere in Europe, except at Woodstock, in County Galway.

Nobody ever planted it there; it has simply sprung up from some single seed, carried over, perhaps, on the feet of a bird, or cast ashore by the Gulf Stream on the hospitable coast of Western Ireland. Yet there it has flourished and thriven ever since, a naturalised British subject of undoubted origin, without ever spreading to north or south above a few miles from its adopted habitat.

The pretty little Yankee weed, the Claytonia, now common in parts of Lancashire and Oxfordshire, was probably introduced through its seeds coming mixed with the sawdust in which Wenham Lake ice is packed.

Some aliens of American origin, as the jointed pond-sedge of the Hebrides, were, no doubt, introduced before the discovery of America, and the number of such peculiar, in Europe, to the



western shores of Britain, might, had there been scientific naturalists in those days, have suggested the existence of a great Transatlantic continent.

Of sinister suggestiveness is the fact, that the deadly belladonna is found only in the immediate neighbourhood of old castles and monastic buildings.

The following general survey concludes a very curious and interesting paper :—

Belladonna has never fairly taken root in English soil. It remains, like Roman snail and the Portuguese slug, a mere casual straggler about its wonted haunts. But there are other plants which have fairly established their claim to be considered as native-born Britons, though they came to us at first as aliens and colonists from foreign parts. Such, to take a single case, is the history of the common alexanders, now a familiar weed around villages and farmyards, but only introduced into England as a potheb about the eighth or ninth century. It was long grown in cottage gardens for table purposes, but has for ages been superseded in that way by celery. Nevertheless, it continues to grow all about our lanes and hedges, side by side with another quaintly named plant, bishopweed or gout-weed, whose very titles in themselves bear curious witness to its original uses in this isle of Britain. I don't know why, but it is an historical fact that the early prelates of the English Church, saintly or otherwise, were peculiarly liable to that very episcopal disease, the gout. Whether their frequent fasting produced this effect ; whether, as they themselves piously alleged, it was due to constant kneeling on the cold stones of churches ; or whether, as their enemies rather insinuated, it was due in greater measure to the excellent wines presented to them by their Italian *confreres*, is a minute question to be decided by Mr. Freeman, not by the present humble inquirer. But the fact remains that bishops and gout got indelibly associated in the public mind ; that the episcopal toes were looked upon as especially subject to that insidious disease up to the very end of the last century ; and that they do say the bishops even now—but I refrain from the commission of *scandalum magnatum*. Anyhow, this particular weed was held to be a specific for the bishop's evil ; and being introduced and cultivated for the purpose, it came to be known indifferently to herbalists as bishop-weed and gout-weed. It has now long since ceased to be a recognised member of the British Pharmacopœia, but, having overrun our lanes and thickets in its flush period, it remains to this day a visible botanical and etymological memento of the past twinges of episcopal remorse.

Taken as a whole, one may fairly say that the total population of the British Isles consists mainly of three great elements. The first and oldest—the only one with any real claim to be considered as truly native—is the cold Northern, Alpine and Arctic element, comprising such animals as the white hare of Scotland, the ptarmigan, the pine marten, and the capercaillie—the last once extinct, and now reintroduced into the Highlands as a game bird. This very ancient fauna and flora, left behind soon after the glacial epoch, and perhaps in part a relic of the type which still struggled on in favoured spots during that terrible period of universal ice and snow, now survives for the most part only in the extreme north and on the highest and chilliest mountain-tops, where it has gradually

been driven, like tourists in August, by the increasing warmth and sultriness of the southern lowlands. The summits of the principal Scotch hills are occupied by many Arctic plants, now slowly dying out, but lingering yet as last relics of that old native British flora. The Alpine milk vetch thus lingers among the rocks of Braemar and Clova; the Arctic brook-saxifrage flowers but sparingly near the summit of Ben Lawers, Ben Nevis, and Lochnagar; its still more northern ally, the drooping saxifrage, is now extinct in all Britain, save on a single snowy Scotch height, where it now rarely blossoms, and will soon become altogether obsolete. There are other northern plants of this first and oldest British type, like the Ural oxytropes, the cloudberry, and the white dryas, which remain as yet even in the moors of Yorkshire, or over considerable tracts in the Scotch Highlands; there are others restricted to a single spot among the Welsh hills, an isolated skerry among the outer Hebrides, or a solitary summit in the Lake District. But wherever they linger, these true-born Britons of the old rock are now but strangers and outcasts in the land; the intrusive foreigner has driven them to die on the cold mountain-tops, as the Celt drove the Mongolian to the hills, and the Saxon, in turn, has driven the Celt to the Highlands and the islands. But as late as the twelfth century itself, even the true reindeer, the Arctic monarch of the glacial epoch, was still hunted by Norwegian jarls of Orkney on the mainland of Caithness and Sutherlandshire.

Second in age is the warm western and south-western type, the type represented by the Portuguese slug, the arbutus trees and Mediterranean heaths of the Killarney district, the flora of Cornwall and the Scilly Isles, and the peculiar wild flowers of South Wales, Devonshire, and the west country generally. This class belongs by origin to the submerged land of Lyonesse, the warm champaign country that once spread westward over the Bay of Biscay, and derived from the Gulf Stream the genial climate still preserved by its last remnants at Tresco and St. Mary's. The animals belonging to this secondary stratum of our British population are few and rare, but of its plants there are not a few, some of them extending over the whole western shores of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, wherever they are washed by the Gulf Stream, and others now confined to particular spots, often with the oddest apparent capriciousness. Thus, two or three southern types of clover are peculiar to the Lizard Point, in Cornwall; a little Spanish and Italian restharrow has got stranded in the Channel Islands and on the Mull of Galloway; the spotted rock rose of the Mediterranean grows only in Kerry, Galway, and Anglesea; while other plants of the same warm habit are confined to such spots as Torquay, Babbicombe, Dawlish, Cork, Swansea, Axminster, and the Scilly Isles. Of course, all peninsulas and islands are warmer in temperature than inland places, and so these relics of the lost Lyonesse have survived here and there in Cornwall, Carnarvonshire, Kerry, and other very projecting headlands long after they have died out altogether from the main central mass of Britain. South-western Ireland in particular is almost Portuguese in the general aspect of its fauna and flora.

Third and latest of all in time, though almost contemporary with the southern type, is the central European or Germanic element in our population. Sad as it is to confess it, the truth must nevertheless be told, that our beasts

and birds, our plants and flowers, are for the most part of purely Teutonic origin. Even as the rude and hard-headed Anglo-Saxon has driven the gentle, poetical, and imaginative Celt ever westward before him into the hills and the sea, so the rude and vigorous Germanic beasts and weeds have driven the gentler and softer southern types into Wales and Cornwall, Galloway and Connemara. It is to the central European population that we owe or owed the red deer, the wild boar, the bear, the wolf, the beaver, the fox, the badger, the otter, and the squirrel. It is to the central European flora that we owe the larger part of the most familiar plants in all eastern and south-eastern England. They crossed in bands over the old land belt before Britain was finally insulated, and they have gone on steadily ever since, with true Teutonic persistence, overrunning the land and pushing slowly westward, like all other German bands before or since, to the detriment and discomfort of the previous inhabitants.

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The Labor Question. By GEORGE FREDERIC PARSONS	...	...
In the Clouds. XVII., XVIII. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK	...	...
Two American Novels	...	...
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OIDA.—We have, in this paper, a valiant attempt to find some good in Ouida.

Everybody reads her twenty or thirty books—the critic with a shrug, the moralist with a sigh, the grave student with an apology, the school girl with bated breath and shining eyes, and the bank-clerk and the lady help with nameless thrills of envious rapture ; but everybody reads them, and this is a phenomenon undoubtedly worthy of attention.

In the general type of her tales, she is the heir of very high traditions. Like Scott, George Sand, Victor Hugo, she is a flagrant romanticist, and thus a member of no mean school.

They are all free, and profess to make their readers free, of a world of ardent love and furious war ; of vast riches and dazzling pomp ; of heroic virtues and brutal crimes ; of consummate personal beauty, flower-like, fairy-like, god-like, as the case may be ; of tremendous adventures, enormous windfalls, crushing catastrophes, and miraculous escapes. High color, strong contrasts, loud music, and thrilling sensations (" I can do the big bow-wow style myself with any now going," says Scott, in his gallant and charming tribute to Jane Austen) are the common properties of them all, and there can be no question that the average human reader has a natural relish for such things, which is bound to gratify itself even when, as happens at the present moment, they are decidedly out of

the literary fashion. We smile at the perfumed baths and jewelled hair-brushes of Ouida's young guardsmen ; at the cataracts of diamonds which descend from the shoulders of her heroines when they go to the ball, and the curtains of rose-colored Genoa velvet, edged with old Venice point, which the valet or the maid will draw noiselessly aside, in order to let the noontide sun steal in upon her jaded revellers on the morning after a festivity. But Chandos himself is not more expensive in his habits than Lothair, and the ecstatic sibilation, like that of a child over a stick of candy, with which Ouida dilates on the luxuries which surround her favorites is paralleled, to say the least, by the solemn rapture of the great statesman before the stock-in-trade of a fashionable jeweller.

The worship of wealth, though vulgar and demoralising, is not wholly and entirely vulgar. It marches with very noble things, the splendors of art, the possibilities of beneficence. Riches have always played, and were probably always intended to play, a great part in the moral development of mankind. The conception of Ouida as a moralist of this magnanimous type is doubtless a humorous one ; but she is not ignorant or forgetful of the lot of the extremely poor, and she shows herself a better political economist than the author of Lothair. She sets limits to the wealth even of her most opulent hero, and owns him subject to the law that entails ruin on the man whose expenditure is four times as great as his income. The writer takes Idalia as a type of the half-dozen voluminous tales of the period when Ouida was a romanticist pure and simple, and, after partially analysing it, remarks that it is, upon the whole, the ablest. Of the group she says :—

Taken altogether, these books reveal a truly remarkable wealth of invention and no mean constructive power ; an ability which may well challenge our admiration to conceive an almost endless variety of striking figures and picturesque situations, combined with an independence of conventionalities, whether moral or literary, which moves one to something like awe. These books have, moreover, beside their intrinsic qualities, a certain interest in the history of fiction, as constituting, along with Lothair and perhaps *My Novel* and *What Will He Do With It?* as well as the earlier efforts of Ouida's direct imitators, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Wood, etc., the very last of the strictly romantic novels which can have been written in entire good faith upon the author's part.

Italian residence had a marked effect in the development of Ouida's descriptive powers, but it was destined to do more for her as an artist in the larger sense of the word than to satisfy her ideal of the beautiful in landscape.

An experience was reserved for her there, or, more probably, a series of experiences, which vastly enlarged her knowledge of living men and women, and corrected, rudely perhaps, but effectually, her notions of civilized human society in the nineteenth century. Whatever one may think of the spirit in which it is conceived, there can be no doubt that the book which goes by the

sarcastic name of *Friendship* marks a distinct intellectual advance on the part of the author. In it she clears at one leap the bounds which divide the romantic from the realistic school, and comes down on her old Pegasus, indeed, and with plumes all flying, among the grim observers of our disillusioned latter day. *Friendship* is indubitably coarse and crude in parts, but there is no part of it which is not pre-eminently readable, and this is more than can be said of some of the innocuous "idyls." As for the identifications with real people, over which all tongues were busy, for a time, in the city where the scene of *Friendship* is supposed to be laid, the critic has absolutely nothing to do with them. He who will may see a bit of enraptured self-portraiture in the superfine figure of the peerless Etoile. Strictly speaking, the reader is concerned only with the fact that, though the painting is somewhat overcharged, the figure is really one of extraordinary grace; while there is a certain penetration and subtlety in the analysis of Etoile's nature to which, for whatever reason, the author has not previously come near attaining. How profoundly and unsparingly studied, how consummately, if maliciously, painted, are the figures of Lady Joan Challoner and Prince Ioris! Each is almost a new type for the jaded devotee of fiction, and each leaves behind a singularly vivid memory. The intimate mixture of love and scorn with which Ouida seems to regard the entire Italian people is raised to the power of a consuming passion in her portraiture of Ioris: the gentlest and most helpless of aristocrats; the tenderest, falsest, and most worthless of lovers; the refined, sorrowful, indolent clairvoyant,—appealing and exasperating, fascinating and contemptible, representative of a thoroughly exhausted patrician stock. The picture drawn in *Friendship* of the foreign colony in a Continental city, its frivolity and irresponsibility, its meanness, moral and pecuniary, its prostrate subserviency to rank, and its pest of parasitic toadies and busybodies, is without doubt an ugly one: but it does resemble the real thing, alas! and is not *very* grossly caricatured; and if it have power to dissuade one individual, with strong home ties and affections and an appreciable stake in life, one who is not driven away by the positive compulsion of circumstances, from deciding to expatriate himself, it will not have been dashed off in vain.

And this note of sound reality continues to vibrate through all her subsequent productions. And what, may we suppose, was the secret of the change?

She had expected to assist at an apotheosis; had dreamed of the brilliant exit from its dusty chrysalis of a regenerated and rejuvenated nation; of the triumph, self-decreed, of an entire people; of a procession as long as Italy; and of a laurel crown for her own flowing locks, very likely, upon the Capitol. She found herself partaker in a sordid and dismal disappointment. Loving the Italian lower class, especially in Tuscany,—as who can help loving who has ever lived among or been served by them?—loving them with all their faults, and the better, almost, for the childlike character of a good many of their faults, she could not fail soon to perceive that they at least were no great gainers by the change which had transferred them from the mild, hap-hazard surveillance of the amiable last Grand Dukes to the hands of the fussy and rapacious bureaucracy which meddles with all their humble affairs in the name of United

Italy. There were indications, both in Pascarel and in Sigma, that her sympathy with these helpless and obscure victims of modern progress might, some days, get the better of her self-consciousness, and sharpen her busy pen to a more stinging point than that, even, which had recorded the treachery of Ioris and the despair of Etoile. Finally, in the Village Commune, she brings her formal indictment against the present Italian Government, and a tremendous indictment it is. The sad and simple *intrigue* of the book, the story of the poor, insignificant folk, whose minute means of subsistence were destroyed, their hopes crushed, and their lives quite ruined, because their lot happened to lie in the pathway of the big, new governmental machine, is told with great terseness and simplicity, for Ouida. It merely illustrates and is quite subordinate to the political purpose of the Village Commune, which is, to say the truth, rather a pamphlet than a novel.

Power and variety, remarks the writer, are possessed by Ouida in a degree that few female authors now living can rival, though it is impossible to dissociate her books and name from a certain persistent medium; and in the Village Commune there is matter fit to atone for many literary and social sins.

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